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GOETHE'S FAUST:

THE FIRST PART.

*A NEW VERSE TRANSLATION OF BOTH PARTS, WITH
A FULL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.*

By JAMES ADEY BIRDS, B.A. F.G.S.

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‘ As a rule, Mr. Birds is wonderfully successful in rendering not only Goethe’s meaning—the intellectual substance of which can be set down in plain prose—but the very spirit and atmosphere of the work, the intangible something which, under the hand of a merely mechanical translator, always evaporates. From a metrical point of view this translation must be warmly commended. It has ease, fluency, and variety, and Mr. Birds’ ear is uniformly good. The elaborate Notes . . . can be praised without reserve.’—MANCHESTER EXAMINER.

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FAUST

THE LORD

A good man, even in his darkest day,
Is ever conscious of the Better Way.'

Faust, Part I - Prologue in Heaven.

ANGELS

Saved is the glorious scion, see,
Of the spirit-world for ever!
Who alway strives with evil we
From the Evil One can sever.'

Ib. Part II.

'Then, said Goethe, they come and ask what idea I meant to embody in my Faust, as if I knew myself and could inform them.....

'That the Devil loses the wager, and that a man, continually struggling from difficult errors towards something better, should be redeemed, is an effective and, to many, a good enlightening thought. But it is no idea which lies at the foundation of the whole, and of every individual scene. It would have been a fine thing, indeed, if I had strung so rich, varied, and highly diversified a life as I have brought to view in Faust, upon the slender string of one pervading idea.'

GOLDBLUM, *Conversations with Eckermann
and Schlegel* (Ovenford's Translation, n.
1874), p. 253

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F A U S T

A TRAGEDY

BY

GOETHE

TRANSLATED, CHIEFLY IN BLANK VERSE

with Introduction and Notes

BY

JAMES ADEY BIRDS, B.A., F.G.S.

LONDON

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1880

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LONDON: PRINTED BY
J. EDWARDS AND CO., NEW STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

13651
19/9/91

PREFACE.

A NEW TRANSLATION of 'Faust' would certainly seem to require some sort of Preface or word of apology to introduce it to the English reader ; seeing that from the first translation of 'Scenes from Faust' by Shelley in 1820, Lord F. L. Gower's (afterwards Lord Ellesmere) of nearly the whole poem in 1823, Dr. Anster's of the whole in 1828, and Mr. Hayward's prose translation in 1833, down to Mr. Scoones's (in verse) last year, some twoscore and more translations, with or without notes, have already issued from the press.¹

My own reasons for attempting a new one are probably the same that have influenced each successive translator, namely, that former translations, excellent as in many respects they have been, have failed to satisfy myself, and that I felt there was still room for a further effort, with the aid of former endeavours and all the advantages of the present time, to lay before the reader unacquainted with

¹ This is perhaps an exaggeration. The actual number of translations of Part I. in the British Museum is twenty-eight, and it is hardly probable that there are a dozen more not in that library.

German, in a new or hitherto almost unattempted form, this 'greatest of modern poems.' With what amount of success I may have been able to do this is for the critics and the public to decide. All that I can say is that I have spared no pains in the undertaking.

As to the translation of 'Faust' in general, it is my conviction that it should be in verse, and moreover in blank verse; and I have at least two eminent authorities upon my side. Coleridge, referring to Mr. Hayward's prose translation, said: 'I would in general rather see verse attempted in so capable a language as ours;'¹ and Shelley was led by his poetic instinct to actually adopt blank verse in the specimens which he gives from the 'Walpurgis-Night.'

The two best translations of Dante's 'Divina Commedia,' as well as Mr. Tennyson's inimitable specimens of translation from Homer, are likewise in that metre.²

The idea that *exact similarity of form* is essential to a verse translation appears to have had its origin in two articles—one in the 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 215, and the other in the 'Examiner' for March 24, 1833, referred to by Mr. Hayward in his Preface—in the latter of which the writer eloquently says: 'The sacred and mysterious union of thought with verse, twin born and immortally wedded from the moment of their common birth, can never be understood by those who desire verse translations of good poetry.' This union of thought and language is no doubt true of original compositions, and it is a sufficient reason why no translation can ever adequately reproduce the spirit and beauties of the original; but it is no reason why a medium should not be adopted which may reproduce as much of the

¹ *Table Talk*, ed. 1851, p. 212.

² See *Enoch Arden*, ed. 1869, p. 177.

spirit and as many of the beauties as possible—one which, if it cannot ‘form an orchestral accompaniment to the tone of mind [of the poet] in its creative mood,’ may yet give back an echo, more or less distinct and musical, of both ; and this medium, I contend, is found in blank verse better than in prose. Blank verse, indeed, appears to me to be the practicable mean between prose and an imitation of the original metres, both of which, though from opposite causes, are inadequate instruments to reproduce the poetry. A translation in prose does not allow full scope to the powers of the language ; while one in the original—perhaps in any rhymed metres—exceeds them.

The ‘Dedication’ and the two ‘Prologues,’ as well as the songs and one or two passages in the body of the work, have been rendered in rhyme where that was obviously the natural form.

The Introduction will be found to contain the whole history of Faust, so far as it is known, and of the Faust-legend, as well as an account of the numerous works to which it gave rise, down to the appearance of Goethe’s ‘Faust’ in 1808, to which have been added some observations on the difference between the age of the legend and that of Goethe, as well as on the variety of attractions which the story possessed for such a mind as his, together with an answer to adverse criticisms on his work.

The Notes are almost exclusively explanatory and illustrative, both the explanations and illustrations being taken mainly from Goethe’s own life and writings, but also from other sources, especially the Bible with its most enlightened expositors, and Shakespeare. The proximate sources, however, of the greater portion of them are Düntzer’s exhaustive ‘Explanation,’ and Mr. Hayward’s and Mr. Bayard Taylor’s

notes appended to their translations—the cream of which I have endeavoured to gather into the present volume. My very great obligations to those works I desire most unreservedly to acknowledge.

April 21, 1880.

FAUST.



INTRODUCTION.

I.

Dr. Faustus—Contemporary Witnesses: Begardi, Gastius, Manlius, and Melanchthon, &c.—Frescoes in Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig—Letter of Trithemius—Summary of Evidence concerning Dr. Faustus, his Life and Character—Fancy Portraits by C. von Sichen. Rembrandt, &c.

OF all the names that have been celebrated in legend, or immortalised in poetry, there is perhaps hardly one concerning which more is fabulously reported or imagined, and less actually known, than that of the famous magician or conjuror of the sixteenth century, Dr. Johannes Faustus. The very existence even of such a person has been doubted,¹ and he has occasionally been confounded with the inventor of printing, John Fust of Mayence, who lived nearly a century before.²

¹ *Biographie Universelle*, art. 'Faust.'

² See Prideaux, *Connection of Old and New Test.* vol. i. p. 273. and note. This Fust, the coadjutor of Guttenberg in the invention of printing, is believed to have died of the plague in 1466. (*Biographie Universelle*, art. 'Fust, Jean.')

The whole history, however, of Faust and of the Faust-legend has been exhaustively explored by German authors, as Düntzer, Reichlin-Meldegg, and others,¹ and to their researches all English writers on the subject are naturally indebted. Volumes have been written; but the actual evidence concerning Faust is after all so meagre, that it may here be given *in extenso*.

The first certain notice of the great conjuror occurs in the 'Index Sanitatis' of one Philip Begardi, a physician, published in 1539. This writer says: 'There is still living a notorious adventurer, whose name, though I do not mention it, will be at once recognised. For within the last few years he has travelled through almost every country, principality, and kingdom [in Europe], advertising his name and proclaiming his wonderful skill, not only in medicine, but also in chiromancy, necromancy, physiognomy, crystalloscopy, and other such arts. In fact he has expressly adopted the style and title of a "celebrated and much-travelled master" of those arts; and has boasted, not without some reason, that he was in reality, as well as in name, "Faustus" (fortunate), and described himself accordingly, "Philosophus philosophorum," &c. But how many are there who have complained to me that they have been woefully deceived by him! For though his promises equalled those of Thessalus [of Tralles],² and his fame rivalled that of Theophrastus (Paracelsus),³ his performances, so far as I ever heard, were miserably poor and delusive; he made money, however, or, to speak more correctly, money passed through his hands rather than he acquired it; and afterwards, as I said,

¹ Most of these will be found in the collection by Scheible called the *Kloster*.

² A physician, a native of Tralles in Lydia. He lived at Rome in the reign of the Emperor Nero, 54-68 A.D. Galen gives an account of him, and describes him as a vain and boastful charlatan. (Smith's *Dict. of Gr. and Rom. Biog.*, art. 'Thessalus.')

³ Paracelsus died 1541.

he was obliged to part with a great deal in the shape of leg-bail (er hat viel mit den Fersen geseget) to escape the bailiffs. At any rate the money all vanished.'

So far Begardi.

The next witness to the actual existence and character of Faust is John Gastius, a Protestant theologian of the Brisgau, who, in his '*Sermones Convivales*,'¹ published in 1543, relates, as 'examples of the power of the Devil,' the two following stories :—

'On one occasion, about nightfall, Faustus arrived at a certain convent which bore a high reputation for wealth, intending to pass the night there. The little brother (*fraterculus*² [who served], placed before him some bad wine, somewhat "turned," and with little flavour in it (*pendulum ac nihil gratiæ habens*). Faustus begs he would draw him some better wine out of another cask, but which was generally kept for visitors of distinction. The little brother hesitates, saying, "I have not the keys; the Prior is asleep, and it would be a sin to wake him." Quoth Faustus: "The keys are there, in yonder corner; take them and open that cask to the left, and bring me a glass." The little brother objects again, that he had no authority from the Prior to provide the guests with any other wine than that he (Faustus) had. Whereupon the latter, growing angry, replied, "Very well, my excessively inhospitable little man, you shall soon see!"

'As soon as it was day he departed in high dudgeon, without taking leave of his host, and straightway sent a furious devil into the convent, who raised a terrific tumult day and night, and turned everything upside down, both in the chapel and in the dwelling-houses of the monks, so that, do what they would, they could never enjoy a moment's peace.

¹ *Sermones Convivales*, 4th ed. 1561, tom. ii. pp. 274, 275.

² St. Francis designated his disciples by the name *fraterculi*, 'little brothers.' (Waddington, *Ch. Hist.* vol. ii. p. 238, note.)

‘At last they held a council, whether they should abandon the convent or stay until, as seemed probable, they were utterly ruined. In the end they wrote to the Elector [Palatine], informing him of their troubles. He at once took the convent under his protection, turned out the monks, and, granting them an annual allowance (*alimenta in singulos annos*) out of their own estate, reserved the remainder for himself. Some say that to this day, whenever any of the monks enter the convent, such a tumult commences that the inmates cannot enjoy a moment’s peace.

‘So much has Satan the power to do.’

The above, it will be seen, is a characteristically German story of a ‘noisy ghost’ (*Pöttegeist*), which Faust was supposed to have at his command. The second example Gastius gives of the Devil’s power is as follows:—

‘I once dined with him (Faustus), in the great College at Basle. On that occasion he had given the cook fowl of various kinds to roast; but where he could have bought such, or rather who could have given them to him—as at that time there were none to be purchased—I cannot imagine. They were of a different kind, too, from any I had ever seen in our parts. He had a dog and a horse with him—devils I conclude they were—which were ready to execute all his commands. The dog, I was told, would sometimes take the form of a servant, and bring him food.

‘The wretch came to a miserable end; for the Devil strangled him (*nam a Satana suffocatus*). The body, when stretched upon the bier, would only lie with its face to the ground, though it was turned on its back five times. May the Lord preserve us, lest we become the slaves of Satan!’ Such is the testimony of Gastius.

The third contemporary witness is John Manlius, a theologian and disciple of Melancthon; who, in his ‘*Locorum Communium Collectanea*’ (1562),¹ says that he

¹ *Locorum comm. Collect.* ed. 1568, pp. 39, 40.

had the following account from the lips of the great Reformer himself :—

‘ I (Melanchthon) once knew a man, named Faustus, of Kundling (Knittlingen), a small town not far from my own native place (Bretten).¹ As a scholar of Cracow, he had learned magic, which formerly was held in high esteem, so that a professorship of the science had been established there. This Faustus had travelled about everywhere, and expounded many mysteries.’ (See ‘Secrets of Nature.’)

‘ Once, at Venice, wishing to exhibit a spectacle, he gave out that he would fly to heaven. The Devil, indeed, did raise him a certain height, but suddenly let him fall to the ground, so that he was nearly killed. He only just escaped with his life.²

‘ A few years since, this same Johannes Faustus, on the last day of his life, was sitting in a very melancholy mood (in an inn), in a village of Würtemberg. His host inquired why he was so low-spirited beyond his usual wont.—He was, in every respect, an abominable beast, and a most licentious rascal (*inquinatissimæ vitæ*), so that he had several times nearly forfeited his life through his intrigues (*penè interfectus sit propter libidines*).—Whereupon Faust replied :—“ I warn you beforehand not to be alarmed, should anything happen to-night.” His meaning did not appear at the time : but, about midnight, the house was shaken as if by a terrible earthquake. Next morning, as Faust did not appear, and it was now nearly noon, the host, with some others, broke into his room, and there they found him lying on his face by the bedside.

‘ So it was the Devil had killed him. He used to have a

¹ Melanchthon (Schwarzerd) was born at Bretten, in the Palatinate, Feb. 14, 1497, and died 1560.

² The origin of this story may possibly have been some experiment in aëronautics. Otherwise it is a repetition of the old stories of magicians flying, which can be traced back at least to Simon Magus, and are continued down to the latest accounts of Mr. Home and Mrs. Guppy.

dog with him, which was a devil; just as that fellow, who wrote about the vanity of the arts (Cornelius Agrippa), had a dog attending him, which also was a devil. This Faustus escaped from our town of Wittenberg, after our most excellent Prince, Duke John,¹ had given orders for his arrest. In like manner, too, he escaped at Nuremberg. There, as soon as he had sat down to breakfast, he became restless (*astuavit*), and presently jumping up, paid the host his reckoning, and made off. He was hardly out of the house, however, before the bailiffs entered, searching for him. This same Faustus, the magician, a most abominable beast, and a common sewer of many devils (*cloaca multorum diabolorum*), used vainly to boast that all the victories which the Imperial armies had gained in Italy² had really been won by him through the use of his magic; and this indeed,' adds Manlius, 'was the vainest lie of all. I mention it, however, for the sake of our youth, that they may not immediately give assent to such vain-boasting charlatans.'

Two other contemporaries of Faust, viz. Wier, the 'famulus' of Agrippa,³ and Conrad Gesner, the zoologist, also make mention of Faust.

In addition to the above five or six independent witnesses, there is the more doubtful evidence of the well-known paintings on the walls of Auerbach's Cellar at Leipzig.

One of these represents Faust riding out of the cellar on a cask, and bears underneath the inscription⁴—

' Doctor Faustus zu dieser Frist
Aus Auerbachs Keller geritten ist,
Auf einem Fass mit Wein geschwind,
Welches gesehen viel Mutter Kind.

¹ John the Constant, Luther's patron, died 1532.

² The battle of Bisocca, 1522, and Pavia, 1525; siege of Naples, 1528; battle of Landriano, 1529, &c.

³ See Wier, *De Præstigiis Dæmonorum*, lib. ii. p. 156.

⁴ *Onomast. et Epist. Medicinæ*. See Scheible, *Kloster*, b. v. ss. 492, 493.

Solches durch seine subtilne Kunst hat gethan,
Und des Teufels Lohn empfangen davon.—1525.²

Which may be rendered :—

Doctor Faustus at this tide
Out of Auerbach's cellar did ride ;
Upon a wine-cask up sped he,
As many a mother's son did see.
This by his subtle art he did,
And the Devil's wages got for it.

The second picture shows the Doctor seated at a banquet with a party of students and musicians, and has inscribed under it—

'Vive, bibe, obgrægare, memor Fausti hujus, et hujus,
Pœen : Aderat claudo hæc, ast erat ampla gradu.'—1525.

The exact date at which these frescoes were originally painted cannot now be ascertained, but the probability is, that it was between 1530-1538, when the house over the cellar was rebuilt by one Dr. H. Stromer, commonly known as Auerbach.¹

In that case the pictures would be an additional evidence as to the actual existence of Faust and the character of his exploits.

There is also extant a letter, dated August 20, 1507, from Trithemius,² Abbot of Würzburg, to a friend of his, one Johann Wedunger, concerning a certain Georgius Sabellicus, who styled himself 'Faustus junior, fons necromanticorum, astrologus, magus secundus, chiromanticus, agromanticus, pyromanticus, in hydrá arte secundus,' whom Trithemius denounces as a vagabond, vain babbling heretic, who deserved to be flogged ('qui gyrovagus, battologus, et circumcellio est; dignus qui verberibus castigetur'). The Abbot's

¹ *Faust in Leipzig*, von A. Haupt, 1863, pp. 3, 7.

² This letter is given at length by Mr. Thoms, and is referred by him to the Faust of the legend. See *Early English Prose Romances*, by W. J. Thoms, vol. iii. pp. 156, 306-308.

account agrees generally with that of Begardi and Manlius, as to the boastful and pretentious character of the person in question. He had even, he says, been heard to say that 'if the works of Plato and Aristotle were lost, he could, like a second Ezra (*velut Ezras alter Hebræus*),¹ restore them from memory, and improve upon them;' and, again, that 'the miracles of Christ were nothing wonderful; for he himself could perform the same whenever he pleased.'

It is just possible that this letter of Trithemius may refer to John Faust at an earlier period of his career, when we may imagine him to have been still more arrogant and offensive than when Melanchthon knew him, and also Trithemius may have felt more bitter against him and painted him in darker colours. The probability, however, is that Georgius Sabellicus is a different person. The name 'Faustus' was not an uncommon one. It was that of a certain Manichæan Bishop in the days of Augustine; it was one of the names of Socinus; and that there was also an elder Faustus besides the hero of the legend—though who he was it is impossible to say—is implied in the letter of Trithemius itself.

The contemporary evidence, then, with regard to Faust, if we except the frescoes and the Abbot of Trithem's letter, is reduced to that of the first three authors cited—the physician Begardi, the theologian Gastius, and Manlius, who quotes from Melanchthon, together with Wier and Gesner. This, however, is amply sufficient to establish beyond doubt the fact of Faust's real existence, as well as the general character of his life and doings. The sum and substance of what we learn from these witnesses is that Faust was born

¹ The allusion here is to the restoration by Ezra of the law and early history of the world, and of the Jews (the Pentateuch), after they had been burnt in the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar (2 Esdras xiv. 21 *sq.*). The truth of this was admitted by Jerome, Clemens Alexandrinus, and others of the Fathers. (Draper, *Conflict between Religion and Science*, pp. 221-2.)

about the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century¹ at Kundling (Knittlingen), a village in the centre of Germany, not far from Heidelberg. He appears to have been educated at Cracow, which, as a 'high school of magic,' that is, 'natural magic,' or physical science, was, no doubt, one of the most advanced universities of the age.² On leaving Cracow, where probably he took his degree as a Doctor of Medicine, he seems to have at once entered upon the career of an adventurer, or superior sort of conjuror, and calling himself a number of fine-sounding names — 'astrologus,' 'chiromanticus,' 'necromanticus,' &c. &c., to have travelled through Europe with the twofold purpose of seeing life and acquiring a fortune, partly by amusing and partly by imposing upon the credulity of mankind. He became, in short, one of the class well known in the Middle Ages as travelling scholars (*scholastici vagantes*). In this character we hear of him at Venice, Basle, Wittenberg, Leipzig, and many other of the principal cities of Europe. He no doubt travelled on horseback—the only means, indeed, of locomotion in those days—and he was probably accompanied by a favourite dog.

¹ The probable dates of Faust's career may be arrived at thus. Manlius relates that he heard his history, including the account of his death, from Melanchthon, and this must have been before 1560, in which year the latter died. Melanchthon also speaks of Faust's death as having occurred a few years before ('ante paucos annos') the time of his relating it, which would bring it to somewhere between 1550–1555, or, it might be, a little earlier. Melanchthon also speaks of Duke John (the Constant) having given orders for Faust's arrest, and this must have been before 1532, in which year Duke John died. The dates which Widman gives in the Preface* to his version of the legend agree with these dates: viz. 1521, as the year in which Faust first made the acquaintance of Mephistopheles, and 1525 as that in which he entered upon public life; and since the compact was made for twenty-four years, this would bring us to 1545 or 1549 as the year of his death.

² The University of Cracow was founded in 1349 by Casimir III. (the Great).

* Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 279.

As to the character of Faust, we may conclude that he was a man of superior intellect, and also, it is to be feared, of indifferent *morale*. Without the former he could never have acquired fame, and unless he had been in some degree chargeable with the latter, he would have given no ground for vilification even to the divines.

Constitutionally he seems to have been of a jovial and not ungenerous disposition, which occasionally lapsed into licentiousness. We can imagine that he was frequently in debt, and obliged to show his heels to the bailiffs ('er hat viel mit den Fersen geseget'). As regards religion, he was probably a Neo-Platonist, or Pantheist of præ-Spinosist type, and this of itself would be sufficient to draw upon him the enmity of the orthodox. His feats, so far as they have any basis in fact, are of course attributable to his superior knowledge and skill in the application of natural science, especially of chemistry and magnetism, perhaps also of so-called animal magnetism and mesmerism. No doubt, too, he was skilful in sleight of hand, as conjurors and jugglers, we know from the legend itself, existed in those days. The magic mirror (which was used by Cornelius Agrippa) and the art of pyrotechnics were probably also known to him; and, to complete the inventory of his stock-in-trade, we may suppose him to have been gifted with an exceptional organisation, including, perhaps, the power of ventriloquism, and even the still more mysterious one of clairvoyance. With such means, or but a portion of them, Faust could of course work wonders, which would naturally be attributed by popular ignorance and superstition to a diabolic source.¹

Faust's death appears to have been sudden, and due either to natural causes, as heart-disease, apoplexy, &c.; or, if Melanchthon's account is to be trusted, it is possible that he may have destroyed himself, either by poison, or

¹ See Frost's *Lives of the Conjurors*, 1876, and Dr. Carpenter on *Mesmerism*, 1877.

the fumes of charcoal. The expression in Melancthon's account, 'a diabolus suffocatus,' might be thought to suggest the latter alternative. So much, or rather so little, is the sum of all that we can infer from the evidence concerning the actual Faust. Portraits of him by contemporary artists there are none extant. The frescoes on the walls of Auerbach's Cellar, which represent him among the students—even were it certain that they had been originally painted by a contemporary—have been frequently restored; and as to fancy portraits, those by early artists are as little likely to resemble the original as those of later date, save indeed that the former must have been painted from the legend, while the latter have been taken from Goethe's 'Faust.'

Of such early fancy portraits several still remain: one by Christoph von Sichern (b. 1580), and others by Rembrandt (1607-1669), engravings of which are given in Scheible's 'Kloster' (b. ii.). The most striking of these, and that which agrees best with the legendary character of Faust, is the one by Rembrandt, a copy of which forms the frontispiece to the above work.

The head conveys the impression of high intellectual power, combined with sensuality, but, above all, of eagerness—we may almost say greediness, in the pursuit of its objects, whatever they might be.

The forehead, round and smooth, rises upward into a lofty dome; the nose is short and broad; the upper lip contemptuously curled, the lower thick and protruding; the chin square and fairly prominent. The most striking features, however, next to the expansive forehead, are the eyes, which gleam out eagerly from beneath full brows, and are flanked by a pair of enormous ill-proportioned ears, standing out wide from the head. The latter is bent slightly forward, and the general expression of the face is one of intense eagerness, recalling, involuntarily, the lines of the Laureate, concerning the desire of knowledge apart from wisdom:—

'For on [his] forehead sits a fire ;
[He] sets his forward countenance,
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.'

This, in fact, is the character attributed to Faust in the legend, and it is still further developed in Goethe's poem.¹

'Him hath Fate gifted with a spirit which,
Spurning all bounds, for ever forward hastes.'
Transl. infra, p. 161.

II.

THE FAUST-LEGEND.

Sources and Growth of the Legend—Lercheimer's *Christlich Bedenken*—The *Spies-Buch*—Abstract of the same—Metrical Version thereof—Ballads of the Life and Death of Dr. Faustus—Various Editions and Translations of the *Spies-Buch*—English Translation by P. R. Gent—Marlowe's 'Faustus'—Further Editions and Translations of the *Spies-Buch*—French Translation by Palma Cayet—Widman's *Hauptwerk*—Remarks on the same and its 'Reminders'—Pfizer's and Pfizer and Platz's Versions—Chr. Meynenden's Version and the *Volksbucher*—The *Puppenspiel*—Abstract of same—Mountfort's Play—Other Plays of Faust—Lessing's Fragment—Müller's and Klinger's 'Fausts'—Numerous other Faust-plays—The *Wagner-Buch* and Second Report of Dr. Faustus—Magical Works bearing Faust's name—Remarks on the Age and Origin of the Legend.

STORIES, says Düntzer, concerning the famous sorcerer, soon sprang up at the most widely separated points in Germany, especially after the report of his violent death had got abroad. 'Several places, besides Maulbronn (near Carlsruhe), where certain blood-stains still bear witness to his terrible end, a village of Würtemberg (referred to by Melanchthon), Cologne, the Castle of Wårdenberg, near Bommel in Holland, as well as Rimlich and Pratau, near Wittenberg, claimed to have been scenes of Faust's catastrophe; while Salzwedel (in Saxony), in addition to Knittlingen and Rhoda (in Weimar), contended for the honour of his birth. Erfurt, Nuremberg, Leipzig, and

Cracow, besides Wittenberg, associated themselves with his name, either as the scenes of his education, or of some of his magic feats.¹ A vast number of traditions, likewise concerning former sorcerers, were transferred to Faust, so that there is hardly one of the stories related of him, which cannot be traced back to accounts of some earlier magician. Even the devil of the Faust-legend is in part derived from the old German house-spirit or *Kobold*. The principal written source, however, of the legend, has been discovered in a work by one Augustin Lercheimer, published at Wittenberg in 1585, and entitled 'Christlich Bedenken und Erinnerung von Zauberei' (Christian Thoughts and Admonitions concerning Sorcery).² Several passages of this work make mention of Faust himself; e.g. 'In the time of Dr. Luther and Philip (Melanchthon), the black-artist Faust stayed for some time in Wittenberg. This he was permitted to do, in the hope that he would repent and be converted from the evil science which had so fascinated him. When, however, this was found not to be the case, but that he even led others astray (one of these, I know, when he wanted a hare, would go into the wood, and straightway one would come running into his hands). The Prince then gave orders for his arrest, but his spirit warned him, so that for the nonce he escaped. Not long after, however, he was slain in a most horrible manner by the same spirit, after he had served him four-and-twenty years.' Again: 'The notorious Faust once had a mind to repent and be converted; but the Devil so threatened and terrified him, that he signed his bond anew.' The particulars above mentioned of the four-and-twenty years of service, and of the renewal of the compact, were both incorporated into the legend. Altogether, out of a score and more of stories in the latter, Düntzer has traced nine (two being told of Faust, and seven of other sorcerers) to the above work of Lerchei-

¹ Düntzer's *Erläuterung zu Goethe's Faust*, s. 16.

² *Ibid.* s. 18.

mer, two more to Luther's 'Table-Talk,' one to Gastius, and another to Wier, the 'famulus' of Agrippa.

Such, together, no doubt, with a mass of what has been called 'floating narrative-talk,' were the original materials out of which the Faust-legend was constructed. The earliest written form of the legend, or first 'Faust-Buch' was published, in 1587, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, by one John Spies. It is entitled 'The History of Dr. John Faust, the Notorious Sorcerer and Black-Artist; how he bound himself to the Devil for a certain term, and, in the meantime, of the strange adventures he met with, and the wonderful feats he performed, until at last he received his well-merited wages; principally out of his own posthumous writings, as a shocking warning, and frightful example to all high-minded, presumptuous, and godless persons, collected and put in print. James liii.: "Submit yourselves to God; resist the Devil, and he will flee from you."'¹

From the dedication we learn that the work was compiled by a friend of the publisher, probably a Protestant theologian at Spires, and was intended partly as a religious warning against the sins of magic and witchcraft, and partly for the entertainment of hostelries and clubs (*Gastungen und Gesellschaften*), which formed the greater part of the reading or rather listening public of those times.²

The 'Preface to the Christian Reader' is occupied chiefly with proofs, from the Old and New Testaments, of the exceeding wickedness and peril of sorcery, and then follows the history itself.

An English translation by P. R. Gent (gentleman?) of a second edition of this work, was published a year or two after (1588-9), and this has been reprinted by Mr. Thoms in his 'Early English Prose Romances.' This translation

¹ This is reprinted in Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. ss. 933-1069.

² Gastius' *Sermones Convivales*, quoted above, seems to have been another of such popular collections of anecdotes.

omits the dedication and preface, and some few of the stories ; but, with these exceptions, it is nearly the same as the first edition, so that the earliest form of the legend is easily accessible to the English reader. For the sake, however, of presenting in one view an outline of the whole history, an abstract is here given of the original 'Spies-Buch' of 1587. According to this, Faust is the son of a peasant, and born at Rhoda, a village (not far from Weimar) in the centre of North Germany ; he has a rich uncle, living at Wittenberg, who, having no children of his own, adopts his nephew and sends him to school in that town, intending that he should study theology, probably with the view of his entering the Church. The boy, however, shows a great disinclination to that as well as to all other regular studies of the place, but at the same time a strong predilection for magic, by which we must understand 'natural magic,' or physical science. Still, notwithstanding his apparent idleness, he easily obtains the degree of Doctor of Theology. He is further described as a foolish, headstrong youth, much given to indulging in curious questions, whereby he obtains the nickname of 'the Speculator.' Presently he falls into bad company, throws his Bible behind his back, and abandons himself to an utterly godless and licentious mode of life.

From Wittenberg Faust is sent to the University of Cracow, in Poland, at that time celebrated as a 'high school of magic ; and there he becomes acquainted with students and professors learned in the Chaldean, Persian, Arabic, and Greek languages, figures, characters, conjurations, and incantations ;' also in 'Dardanian arts' (magic and witchcraft), 'necromancy, charms, poisoning (!), soothsaying,' &c. All this is delightful to Faust, and he occupies himself day and night in these pursuits. He gets to hate the very name of theologian, and calls himself '*doctor medicinæ, astrologus ac mathematicus.*' It is, however, admitted that he learned medicine and practised it for some time, and was

even at first 'helpful to many with his medicines, simples, roots, waters, drinks, *recipés*, and clysters.'

Philosophy, however, was his prime delight; and so, says the legend, 'taking to himself the wings of an eagle, he sought to explore the very ground and bottom of all things in heaven and earth (*wollte alle Gründe am Himmel und Erden erforschen*).' Nor was he satisfied with merely natural means at his disposal; but such was his rashness and wantonness that he even dared, by means of magic words, figures, characters, and incantations, to summon to his aid the Devil himself. For this purpose, he goes, one evening, into a wood near Wittenberg, called 'Der Spesser Wald,' and there, at a cross-road, describes his circles, and about nine or ten o'clock at night, begins to conjure for the fiend. 'Thereupon,' says the legend, 'there arose such an uproar in the wood, as though the end of the world had come. The trees rocked and bent to the ground, and the whole wood seemed to be alive with devils, which ran round about and into the midst of Dr. Faust's circles. There was nothing, however, to be seen, although the noise was like the rumbling of a hundred wagons. Next, the devils darted round to the four corners of the wood as it were shafts and bolts of light; after which there was a tremendous explosion, like the firing of cannon. Then a bright light shone forth, whereupon the sound of all kinds of lovely instruments, accompanied with singing and dancing, was heard in the wood. After this there was a noise as of the tilting and clashing of spears and swords, and Faust grew so alarmed, and the time seemed so long, that he was almost minded to break from the circle and run away. Still, as the Devil had not yet shown himself in visible shape, he summons courage for a second conjuration.

'Then,' we are told, 'there appeared a griffin or dragon hovering and flapping his wings over the circle, and, as Dr. Faust plied his enchantments, the beast whined and howled most piteously. Presently a fiery star shot down three or

four fathoms' length, and then changed into a globe of fire. At this Faust was greatly afraid, but being urged by the thought that he would have the Devil ('the highest head on earth,' as he afterwards boasted) subject to him, he adjures the star thrice, whereupon 'a pillar of fire rose up to the height of a man, and then falling again, six little lights appeared, which darted up and down, and this way and that, and at length settled into the form of a fiery man, who stalked round the circle for the space of a quarter of an hour, and then, coming forward in the shape of a grey friar, addressed Faust and asked what he desired.'

The preliminaries of a compact are then discussed, and, after several interviews, it is finally settled that Faust is to possess the form and nature of a spirit, and that the Devil—who is represented as a 'flying spirit' (a trait borrowed from the German *Kobold*), and gives his name as *Mephistophiles*—shall attend him in the form and habit of a Franciscan friar. He is to be invisible to all but Faust himself, and to carry a little bell in his hand to give notice of his approach. His service is to last for twenty-four years.

Faust, upon his part, undertakes to abjure the Christian faith, and become an enemy to all Christian people. He promises to turn a deaf ear to any attempts that might be made to convert him, and, at the termination of the twenty-four years, to surrender himself body and soul to the Devil.

Finally, in confirmation of these articles, he consents to write and sign a compact with his blood. 'So,' says the author, 'even in this very hour did this godless man fall away from his God and Creator, who had made him, and become a very limb of the Devil himself.'

He then describes how Faust took a sharp-pointed knife, and opened a vein in his left hand, upon which the blood, spurting out, formed the words 'O homo, fuge!' that is, 'O man, flee from him and do right.' Then, draining the blood into a saucer, he set it on some hot

coals, and therewith wrote the following compact ; which, as a singular specimen of its kind, is here given at length :—

‘I, Johannes Faustus, D., publicly declare, by my own hand, for the confirmation and strengthening of this Indenture: that having begun to speculate upon the elements, and forasmuch as by the gifts given and graciously bestowed upon me from above, I could neither find sufficient ability in myself, nor acquire it by the teaching of man, that therefore I have taken into my service the ambassador spirit here present, calling himself Mephostophiles, a servant of the hellish Prince of Orient, and have chosen the same to instruct and inform me in such matters. And he, upon his part, hath promised to be subject and obedient to me in all things.

‘And, on the other part, I also promise and engage that when twenty-four years from the date of this Indenture shall have expired, he shall have power over me according to his will and pleasure to do, act, perform, and direct, with all of me and mine, whether body, soul, flesh, blood, or wealth, and that for all his eternity.

‘And I hereby do renounce all who dwell therein, ye, all the heavenly hosts, and all human kind, and so it must be.

‘And for the further witness and confirmation hereof, I have, with my own hand, written and subscribed to this compact, and with my own blood, for this purpose drawn, of my own free mind, head, thought, and will, signed, sealed, and delivered the same. Subscription,

‘JOHANN FAUSTUS,

‘Approved in the Elements, and the Spiritual Doctor.’

The compact having been signed, the Spirit becomes frolicsome, and scampers about the house in the shape of a fiery man, muttering and bawling, ‘like the monks when they sing in chapel,’ and, adds the author, ‘quite as intelligibly ; for not a soul could tell what the song meant.’ After

this, some diabolic sport is exhibited for the edification of Faust. First a clashing of spears and swords is heard, as if the house was being stormed; then a vision of a stag-hunt appears, with hounds and hunters, &c., until, at last, the stag is driven into Faust's study, and killed. After this, follows a combat between a lion and a dragon; and then a series of magic-lantern pictures of peacocks, bulls, apes, &c.¹ The performance concludes with a concert of the most voluptuous music, of all kinds of lovely instruments then known, as organs, harps, viols, lutes, clarigolds, trumpets, cornets, fifes, &c., so that Faust fancies he is in heaven, while all the while he is with the Devil.²

The music over, Mephostophiles enters in his shape of monk, and takes away the compact, leaving a copy of it with Faust. The legend then proceeds to describe 'the manner of the Doctor's housekeeping.' Faust's uncle, at Wittemberg, having died, and left him his house, he takes possession, and lives there with only one young man as companion or attendant (*famulus*),—'a wild lickerish young fellow'—by name Christopher Wagner. Mephostophiles waits upon them, and brings them wine from the cellars of the Elector (of Saxony), the Duke of Bavaria, and the Bishop of Salzburg; provisions also ready-cooked from the palaces and mansions of the neighbouring grandees, and fine clothing from the mercers of Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Frankfort, as well as money to the amount of twenty-five crowns a week.³

All this would seem satisfactory enough, as far as it went. But Faust hankers after female companionship, and though it seems somewhat inconsistent with the character attributed to him, his thoughts are said to have turned

¹ These visions might have been produced in Faust's time by the magic mirror, which had long been known. The magic lantern was not invented (by Kircher) till the middle of the sixteenth century—before, however, the date of the legend.

² Similar spiritual music is still said to be produced at modern séances. See Home's *Incidents of My Life*.

³ This, also, is a trait borrowed from the German *Kobold*.

towards marriage. This, however, Mephostophiles peremptorily forbids, observing that matrimony was a divine institution, and would, therefore, involve a breach of the compact. Faust, nevertheless, continuing obstinate, the Devil raises such a storm in the house, and flings the Doctor about so unmercifully, that he is obliged to promise obedience, and cry out to his Spirit for help. Satan himself then appears in a terrible form, and threatens his victim with the direst penalties, unless he should abide by the terms of his compact for the future.

Mephostophiles then comes, and, instead of marriage, promises Faust a succession of mistresses, or magical *succubæ*, with which he is content. He also gives him a large volume on sorcery and necromancy, which, says the author, was found after his death, along with the original compact, in the possession of his servant Wagner.

Now follows a series of questions which Faust puts to his Spirit, *e.g.* (1) concerning his (Mephostophiles') own nature and condition, and the fall of his master, Lucifer; (2) concerning hell, its substance, site, and manner of creation; (3) of the form of government there, and its political divisions; (4) of the original form and condition of the fallen angels; (5) of the power of the Devil; (6) of the pains of hell, and whether the devils could hope to return to the favour of God again; lastly (7), what Mephostophiles would do, were he in his (Faust's) place, in order to regain the favour of God and man.

The answers to all these questions are compounded of texts of Scripture, passages from the classic poets, fragments of mediæval legends, and scraps of the orthodox Church teaching, the whole being improved with a free colouring of the author's own fancy.

The Spirit's answer to the last question, *viz.*, that it was too late to think of returning to God, leaves Faust in a state of extreme despondency, and, with this, the first part of the 'Spies-Buch' ends.

PART II.—Faust, having now recovered from his despair, applies himself to astrology and calendar-making; predicts the changes of the weather, and coming calamities, as wars, pestilences, famines, &c.; in all which inquiries and prophecies he is assisted by his Spirit, Mephostophiles. For his amusement, Belial, the immediate prince and master of Mephostophiles, pays Faust a visit, bringing with him his principal ministers and councillors, who ‘exhibit themselves in form and fashion as they appeared in hell.’ The account of their performance is a characteristic example of the author’s graphic power. Belial himself appears in the shape of a shaggy bear, of coal-black hue, except his ears and snout, which are fiery-red. He has enormous snow-white teeth, a tail three ells in length, and three huge wings upon his back, wherewith he flew. Lucifer comes next, in the form of a long-haired squirrel, about the height of a man, and ‘carrying his tail curled up on his back like a squirrel.’ Beelzebub follows, in the shape of a flesh-coloured hairy creature, with a head like an ox; Astaroth next, like ‘a worm going upright upon his tail;’ Satan as a grey-and-white monster, shaggy-haired, with the head of an ass and the tail of a cat: Anubis, with his Egyptian dog’s-head; Dythican, ‘a short thief,’ about an ell high, and in the form of a bird (*Ryphun* = partridge), but with a shot-green neck; and last of all, Drachus, a newt-like reptile, with four short legs, yellow and green, his body bluish-black, and his tail red. Then follows the herd of devils, in the shape of unreasonable beasts, as swine, roes, stags, bears, wolves, apes, &c. Faust asks them several questions, to which they return apparently satisfactory answers. They then go through a variety of curious antics and transformations, and finally depart in the order in which they had come.

Eight of the twenty-four years of Faust’s term had now passed; but as yet he had seen nothing of the world and its wonders. Accordingly, he applies to Mephostophiles for means of travelling; whereupon the latter immediately

sends Beelzebub, who conveys him on his back, seated in a chair of bone, down to the infernal regions. Afterwards, he is transported in a fiery chariot, yoked with flying dragons, round the whole circle of the heavens.

Lastly—but not until the sixteenth year of his term—Faust is taken by Mephostophiles himself, in the shape ‘of a flying horse, with wings like a dromedary’ (*sic*), on a ‘grand tour’ through all the principal cities and countries of Europe, and parts of Asia and Africa. Flying first to Trèves, the Spirit thence takes him by a somewhat circuitous route through Paris, Naples, Venice, Padua, &c., to Rome. There, making himself invisible, Faust stays three days in the Pope’s palace, and is stirred with envy and indignation as he beholds all the luxury and splendour of the Papal court—‘the crowd of courtiers and parasites attending, the host of servants going to and fro, the magnificence of the chambers, the sumptuousness of the vessels of gold and silver, the delicacy of the feasts, the more, in short, than even imperial pomp and state;’ so that he is forced to exclaim, ‘Fie on the Devil! why did he not make me a Pope?’ Sin also he beheld in its most flagrant shape, viz. all the vices and evil passions which abounded in himself, pride, arrogance, presumption, gluttony, drunkenness, licentiousness, adultery, &c.—the whole vile and godless life of the Pope and his abominable crew. At length he became so enraged, particularly at the Pope’s hypocrisy in crossing and blessing himself as he sat at meat, that he could refrain no longer, but ‘blew in his Holiness’s face, and then laughed and wept aloud till the roof rang again.’ The Pope, it is said, persuaded his attendants that the sound proceeded from some poor lost soul, and he ordered masses to be said, and he himself even underwent penance for it; at which Faust was very much amused. Finally, as the last course is being placed on the table, the Doctor raises his hands, and the dishes immediately spring into them, and he flies off to the Capitol, where he and Mephostophiles

regale themselves on the Pope's dinner, at leisure. Having forgotten the wine, however, Faust sends Mephostophiles back for flagons and goblets, and these, it is said, in proof of the truth of the story, were afterwards found lying on the Capitol.

From Rome Faust is conveyed by his Spirit to Milan, and thence back again to Florence, whence he is borne, in a similar circuitous course as before, to Lyons, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Geneva, Strasburg, Basle, Constance, Ulm, Warzburg, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Munich, Salzburg, Vienna, Prague, Cracow, &c., across the Adriatic and over Thrace, till at length he is landed in Constantinople. Here Faust takes up his quarters in the palace of the 'Grand Turk,' and commences what looks very like a series of pyrotechnic or electrical displays. He raises a storm of thunder and lightning in the Sultan's chamber, causing streams of fire to run round the walls, &c. The Grand Turk is astounded, as well he might be, and remains fixed to his seat in an ecstasy of awe and terror. The chamber is filled with a blaze of light, from the midst of which Faust stepping forth presents himself in the form of the Prophet Mahomet, but wearing the robes and jewels of the Pope. The Sultan instantly falls on his knees, and gives thanks to Mahomet for condescending thus to appear to him. Faust next envelops the 'Castle of the Harem' in a dense fog, under cover of which he enters, and remains feasting and diverting himself with the Sultan's ladies for the space of six days, after which he vanishes aloft, in the sight of all Constantinople, arrayed in the robes and jewels of the Pope. Mephostophiles now carries Faust southward to Cairo, and thence north again to Osen in Hungary, whence, taking a great round, he brings him through Silesia, and by Magdeburg, Lübeck, and Erfurt, home to Wittenberg, whence he had been absent altogether for one year and a half.

It is added that Faust also visited other parts of Europe,

as well as Asia, India, and Africa. Persia, too, he saw, along with the range of the Caucasus ('the highest island between India and Scythia'), from the summit of which Mephostophiles pointed out to him Paradise, with its four rivers, and a great pillar of fire, which, he said, was 'the fiery sword wherewith the angel defended the garden.'

The remainder of this part of the legend is occupied with Faust's answers to a few astronomical and meteorological questions: the answers to which are remarkable for the gross ignorance which they display, not only of the science, but even of matters of common knowledge of the time.

PART III.—The third and last part of the 'history' consists principally of stories of Faust's feats and adventures in various places, and a description of the manner in which he spent Shrovetide. Then follows an account of an attempt on the part of a pious old physician to convert him; of Mephostophiles' rage thereat, and his demand for a renewal of the compact: of Faust's remorse, and of his last days, together with his terrible end.

Of the stories, a few only need be given as examples.

While at Innsbruck, Faust conjures up the ghosts of Alexander the Great and his consort, for the amusement of Charles V. and his court. Alexander is described as a well-built, thickset little man, with a large red or brownish-red beard and red cheeks, of a stern countenance, and with eyes like a basilisk. He entered in a complete suit of armour, and bowed with reverence to the Emperor. His lady followed, in a robe of purple velvet, embroidered with gold and pearls. She was exceeding fair and rosy-cheeked, as it were 'milk and blood mixed;' of a slender figure, and with a pretty, round face. The Emperor wanted to touch and examine them, but this Faust would not permit.

When on a visit to the Prince of Anhalt, Faust presents the Princess, who happened to be *enceinte*, with a dish of magic fruit. Further, he conjures up a magnificent castle,

surrounded with a moat, which he fills with a variety of strange fish and waterfowl, while he likewise furnishes the courtyard and garden with a multitude of foreign animals, as apes, bears, buffaloes, chamois, &c. &c. He then provides a sumptuous banquet for the Prince and his friends, and concludes the entertainment with a select exhibition of conjuring tricks. As the Prince is returning to his palace, he is astonished to behold the magic castle in flames, amid which it presently vanishes with a terrific explosion.¹

The feats which Faust performs at the court of Charles V. and before the Prince of Anhalt form two groups of stories. A third is concerned with the manner in which he spent Shrovetide with a party of masters and students at Wittenberg. Here, as the Bacchus, or master of the cere-

¹ Some invention of pyrotechnic art, no doubt, lies at the bottom of this story. The following passage from Draper's *Conflict between Religion and Science*, p. 319, throws considerable light upon the origin of many of these stories:—'Inventive ingenuity' (in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries) 'did not restrict itself to the production of useful contrivances; it added amusing ones. Soon after the introduction of science into Italy, the houses of the *virtuosi* began to abound in all kinds of curious mechanical surprises and, as they were termed, magical effects. In the latter the invention of the magic lantern * greatly assisted. Not without reason did the ecclesiastics detest experimental philosophy; for a result of no little importance ensued—the juggler became a successful rival to the miracle-worker. The pious frauds enacted in the churches lost their wonder when brought into competition with the tricks of the conjuror in the market-place: he breathed flame, walked on burning coals, held red-hot iron in his teeth, drew basketfuls of eggs out of his mouth, worked miracles by marionnettes. Yet the old idea of the supernatural was with difficulty destroyed. A horse, whose master had taught him many tricks, was tried at Lisbon in 1601, found guilty of being possessed by the devil, and was burnt.'

Compare Beckmann's *History of Inventions*, vol. ii. p. 115. Bohn's Edition.

According to Gastius, Faust's horse and dog were devils.

* Or magic mirror, as the magic lantern was not invented till the seventeenth century, by Kircher.

monies, he first conveys his friends, each on a holly wand, to the Bishop of Salzburg's cellar. There being surprised by the butler, they are obliged to retreat; Faust, however, seizing that worthy by his hair, carries him to the top of a tall fir-tree, where he is found, by the bishop's people, next day, and released. Shrove-Tuesday and Ash-Wednesday are spent in feasting and drinking, enlivened by a magic dance of all the pots and pans. On the Thursday a number of apes are introduced, which give an instrumental concert, accompanied with a dance. Last, a great sledge, carved in the shape of a dragon, is brought in, and Faust and his friends, taking their seats in it, are borne swinging up and down about the room, 'in such sort that they fancied they had actually taken a journey in the air.'¹ On Whitsunday the Doctor conjures up the shade of Helena of Greece, who is graphically described as follows: 'This Helena appeared in a rich dark purple robe, with beautiful hair, of golden hue, hanging down almost to her knees, with coal-black eyes, and a most charming countenance; a little roundish head, with lips as red as cherries, and the sweetest little mouth, a neck white as a swan's, cheeks like the rose, and a lovely enchanting smile. A slender upright figure too she had—in short, there was no blemish in her; and she glanced about the chamber with free, mischief-making eyes, so that all the students were ravished with love of her.'

A score and more other stories are given, which it would be tedious to repeat at length, as how, when at the court of Charles V., Faust conjured a pair of horns upon a certain knight's head, and how the knight, wishing to be revenged, collected a band of horsemen, and waylaid the conjuror in a forest; whereupon the latter turned the bushes into horsemen, who, surrounding the knight and his band, took them prisoners, and inflicted suitable penalties upon them.

¹ One is reminded in this of the boat-shaped swings still to be seen at country fairs and other places.

Again, how Faust conveyed three young counts upon his mantle from Wittenberg to Munich, that they might assist at the wedding of the King of Bavaria's son; how he conjured the wheels off a peasant's wagon, and ate a load of hay with the wagon and horses; how he avenged himself on some grinning rustics, and fixed their mouths wide open;¹ how he cheated a horse-dealer; how he borrowed money of a Jew, leaving his leg behind in pawn; how he tricked some jugglers who pretended to cut off one another's heads, into actually performing the operation upon one of their number. Other stories are concerning a treasure which Faust discovered, but which was guarded by a monstrous dragon. The dragon he conjured till it crept away into a hole; but the treasure changed to coals. Upon his taking them home, however, they turned into gold and silver, to the sum of some thousand *gülden*. Concerning a winter garden, which he conjured up at Christmas, &c. &c.²

As to the origin of all these stories, many, as before remarked, have been traced by Düntzer and Reichlin-Meldegg to accounts of previous sorcerers, as Simon Magus, Theophilus of Adana in Cilicia (500-550), Virgilius, Cyprian of Antioch (fourth century), Pope Sylvester II. (999), Roger Bacon, &c. &c. Others may, perhaps, have had some foundation in feats actually performed by Faust himself. The performances of modern conjurors,³ and 'spiritualists,' with their 'mediums,' bear a great resemblance to, and often, indeed, even surpass, those of the mediæval magician.

What, however, we are inclined to ask, has become of

¹ This looks very like an electro-biological trick, and might be attributed to Faust's possession of mesmeric powers.

² 'In the sixteenth century,' says Dr. Draper, 'an increasing taste for the innocent pleasures of horticulture was manifested by the introduction of many foreign flowers in the gardens, *e.g.* the tuberose, the auricula, the crown imperial, the Persian lily, the ranunculus, and African marigold.'—*Conflict of Rel. and Sc.* p. 316.

³ *e.g.* Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's wonderful feats.

the high purpose with which Faust started, for which he conjured up the Devil, and signed the fatal compact? What of his aspirations after philosophy, and his earnest desire 'to discover the ground and bottom of all things in heaven and earth'? Not a word more has been said of all this, and the only reason we can suppose for the omission is that it would not have suited the author of the legend, even had he sympathised with such aspirations, to give a dry account of Faust's philosophic researches so well as a sensational history of his travels and magical tricks. It is probable, moreover, that Faust himself abandoned philosophy after he left Cracow, and took up the more lucrative and exciting rôle of a conjuror instead.

In the seventeenth year of the compact, a pious old man, a physician, attempts to convert Faust, and so far succeeds, that he induces him to repent and desire to revoke his compact. Mephostophiles, however, suddenly presents himself, and clutching the Doctor by the head, almost wrenches it off his shoulders, saying 'that it is too late to think of repentance; and, on peril of being torn in pieces on the spot, he must renew the compact, and sign it again with his blood.' This he accordingly does for the remaining seven years. Towards the end of his term the Doctor is described as becoming 'more and more swinish and epicurish;' and he takes to live with him as concubines seven diabolic *succubæ*, in the forms of the most beautiful women he had met with in his travels, viz. two Netherlanders, one Hungarian, one English, two Swabian, and one Frenchwoman. Also, in the last year of his life, Faust desires Mephostophiles to bring him Helena of Greece, by whom he has a son, whom he names Justus Faustus.

Faust now makes a will, by which he leaves all his property to his *famulus*, Christopher Wagner; for whom also he procures a familiar spirit like his own in the form of an ape, yclept *Auerhan* (heathcock or woodcock). The last month having arrived, our hero falls into a state of

miserable despondency. Mephostophiles taunts him with his folly, and conjures up before his fancy all the pains and horrors of everlasting torment in hell. On the last day but one the Spirit returns with the compact, and begs to inform his master that the Devil will come to fetch him away the following night. Faust breaks forth into piteous lamentation of his fate, while the Spirit only mocks and pretends to encourage him with the thought that 'many more, as Jews and Turks, ay, even non-Christian emperors and kings, lay under the same condemnation as himself;' moreover, the Devil would be very kind, and had even promised to give him a body and soul of steel, that he might not suffer like the rest of the damned ('*er wölle dir einen stahlen Leib und Seel geben, und solt nit leyden wie andere Verdampfte*').

The next day Faust invites his friends, some of the masters and students of Wittenberg, to dine and sup with him at Rimlich, a village about half a mile from the University. In the evening he bids them all farewell in a speech of considerable length. He informs them of the means by which he had been enabled to perform all his wonderful feats—how he had signed with his blood a compact with the Devil for four-and-twenty years, and how the last day of his term had now arrived. He asks forgiveness for any trespasses he might have committed against them, and begs them to regard his melancholy story as a warning against all presumptuous dealings with magic and the Evil One. He then desires them to retire to their rooms, and not to be alarmed or leave their beds, if they should hear a disturbance in the night, but if afterwards they should find his dead body, that they would commit it reverently to the earth. 'For,' said he, 'I die at once a good and a bad Christian: good, in that I heartily repent and pray without ceasing for mercy that my soul may be saved; and bad, because I know well that the Devil will have my body, and I am ready enough he should, provided only he will leave

my soul in peace.' Faust's friends are of course exceedingly surprised and grieved, but they still encourage him to hope and pray to heaven for mercy.

Between twelve and one o'clock, a tremendous hurricane arises, and beats against the house as though it would tear it from the ground. The students, who slept in the room next to Faust's, said that they heard a fearful whistling and hissing, as if the house were full of snakes and vipers; and suddenly Dr. Faust's door flew open, and he was heard to cry out 'Help!' and 'Murder!' but in a half-stifled voice: but the cries soon ceased, and were followed by an awful silence.

In the morning his room was found empty, and all bespattered with blood; his brains were sticking to the walls, and some of his teeth lay scattered about upon the floor. It seemed, indeed, as if the Devil had caught him up and dashed him from side to side against the walls—a horrible and ghastly spectacle it was. The body of the poor Doctor was discovered outside upon a dunghill, with the head almost wrenched off, and the limbs broken and torn from their sockets.

His friends begged and obtained permission to bury the remains in Rimlich. There, too, they found his servant, Wagner, overwhelmed with grief at his master's miserable fate. They likewise found 'this history,' written by the Doctor himself, except the account of his end, and what followed, which was added from the report of the students and Wagner.

Helena and her son had vanished. It is added, that Faust, after his death, showed himself in the body to his *famulus*, and expounded to him many secrets. He was also said to have been seen, by some passers-by, looking out of his window at night. 'So ends,' says the author, 'the whole true history and sorcery of Dr. Faust, whence every Christian may learn to fear God, to eschew sorcery, conjuration, and all other works of the Devil, which God hath solemnly forbidden, and not to receive the Devil as a guest, nor to give place to him as Faustus did.'

Such is an outline of the oldest form of the legend, or 'Spies-Buch,' which,¹ in the original, occupies about 130 pages of octavo print.

Enough has been given to show the general character of the work, as well as its literary merits—consisting chiefly in the display of a lively fancy—and its ostensible, and in part, perhaps, *bonâ fide* religious purpose.

It was published, as we have said, in 1587.

A metrical version of the work issued from Tübingen in the beginning of the following year (January 8, 1588). In this, seven of the stories are omitted, and the position of others is changed.

A few weeks later, a translation, or rather an abridgment, of this version appeared in England, in the shape of a ballad, entitled 'The Life and Death of Dr. Faustus, the Great Conjuror.' This was licensed to be printed by Aylmer, Bishop of London, February 28, 1588.

This ballad appears to have been lost, but another very much curtailed—of unknown, but still early date—believed to have been abridged from the original—and called 'The just Judgment of God shewed upon Dr. Faustus,' has been preserved in the Roxburgh Collection (viii. p. 280) in the British Museum. This is simply a wretched piece of doggerel, of about eighty lines, giving a short epitome of the Faust-story, directed 'to be sung to the tune of "Fortune my Foe."' ²

Later, in 1588, a second edition of the prose work (the 'Spies-Buch'), varying but slightly from the original, appeared in Germany. And about the same time, two translations, one in Low German (published at Lübeck),

¹ This, also, is given in Scheible's *Kloster*, b. iii. It appears to have been regarded with disfavour by the authorities, probably on account of its anti-Romish tendency, and both the author and publisher (Hoch) were subjected to punishment.

² It has been reprinted by Mr. Thoms in his *Early English Prose Romances*, vol. iii. p. 160. Another slightly different copy is given in Dyce's edition of Marlowe's *Works*.

and another in Danish. The English translation, by P. R. Gent, before referred to, was made from this second German edition, about 1588-1590. In this, the 'Dedication' by Spies, and the 'Preface to the Christian Reader' by the author, are omitted—as well as eight or nine of the stories—but, with these exceptions, the work is substantially the same as the original 'Spies-Buch.'

In 1590, or thereabouts (the exact date is not known), Marlowe wrote his drama, 'The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus.' It was first acted in 1593, the year of Marlowe's death.¹

It is not necessary to dwell at length upon a work so well known and easily accessible. Let it suffice to say, that Marlowe has followed very closely the English translation of the 'Spies-Buch,' abridging it, however, considerably, though, at the same time, he has introduced several new characters, as Valdes and Cornelius, friends of Faust; a Cardinal of Lorraine, &c.; and interwoven several comic scenes, which afford opportunities for some of the tricks attributed to Faust in the legend. The seven devils, Belial, Beelzebub, &c., are represented by the seven deadly sins. The grand difference, however, between Marlowe's play and the prose work is, of course, that while the latter is a mere history, and a long and somewhat tedious one, of Faust's feats and adventures, the former is a drama, and instinct

¹ Marlowe met his death on June 1, 1593. See *Marlowe's Works*, by Rev. A. Dyce, 1870, p. xx.

Mr. Dyce says (p. xx.) that the ballad licensed by Aylmer, February 28, 1588-9, was 'most likely derived from' Marlowe's tragedy; but this must be an error, as we cannot suppose that Marlowe had written before February 1588. It would have been more likely, indeed, that he took his play from the ballad. The probability, however, is, as Mr. Thoms says, and Mr. Dyce too, in the next page, allows, that Marlowe 'closely followed' the translation by P. R. Gent. Though acted in 1593, the *Faustus* does not appear to have been published till 1600-1, and the earliest edition extant is that of 1604. The order of the several works is evidently (1) the Prose Romance; (2) then the Translation, by P. R. Gent; (3) the Ballad; and last, Marlowe's *Faustus*.

with the spirit and poetry of a drama. We have a central figure, with subordinate ones grouped round him, and assisting towards the development of his fate. Instead of a long series of stories, wearisome on account of their incredibility and want of organic connection, we have a few selected as examples of Faust's magical skill, and interspersed, here and there, as a relief to the otherwise serious character of the piece. The play, moreover, occasionally contains profound thoughts, far beyond the author of the legend, which, if now commonplace, were, no doubt, new and striking, if not absolutely original, at the time. Lastly, it is pervaded with genuine poetic feeling, which rises almost to the height of passionate inspiration at the close. The language throughout is fluent and appropriate, and exhibits many specimens of Marlowe's 'mighty line.' In the opinion of Hazlitt, the 'Faustus' was its author's greatest work. Compared, indeed, with any of Shakespeare's plays, its inferiority in every respect is manifest; but this is no more than might be said of any dramatist that ever lived.

Marlowe had the merit of being the first to perceive the dramatic capabilities of the legend, and his drama, according to Duntzer, formed the groundwork of the German 'Puppenspiel.' Thus, indirectly, it even had an influence on Goethe's 'Faust'—though the only portion of the two in which there is any close resemblance is the opening scene, in the study, where Faust complains of the futility of all his endeavours after philosophy, physic, law, and theology, and announces his intention of devoting himself to magic. Even here, however, there is a noteworthy difference in regard to the motives represented as influencing Marlowe's and Goethe's Faust: the one having recourse to magic avowedly for the sake of power and likeness to the Deity;¹ the other from a yearning after deeper and truer knowledge for its own sake.

In 1591, a third edition (enlarged) of the 'Spies-Buch'

¹ *Marlowe's Works*, by A. Dyce, 1870, p. 80:—

appeared in Germany; in 1592, a fourth of the same (revised). In both these, the story of Faust's ride on a cask out of the cellar at Leipzig, and four more stories of his feats at Erfurt, are first introduced.

A Dutch translation of the edition of 1588 was also published in this year. In 1598, the first French translation, by Palma Cayet, a Protestant preacher, appeared. In 1599, an entirely new version of the legend was published, at Hamburg, by George Rudolph Widman,¹ a son, as we are informed in the Dedication,² of a councillor and advocate of Halle, and grandson of the author of the chronicles of that town.³ The title of the work is, 'The true History of the horrible and abominable Sins and Vices, as well as of many wonderful Feats and Adventures, which Dr. Johannes Faustus, a far-famed black-artist and arch-sorcerer, performed, and met with, in the pursuit of his black-art, until his terrible end: illustrated with needful reminders and select examples for manifold instruction and warning.'

The text itself of this version is considerably enlarged beyond that of Spies; and the 'Reminders' (*Erinnerungen*)—a sort of 'moral,' or practical, commentaries attached to each chapter, and generally four or five times the length of the chapters themselves—together with the Preface, swell the volume up to about 600 pages, or nearly five times the length of the original 'Spies-Buch.'

This being the principal form or 'head-work' (*Hauptwerk*) of the legend, upon which the subsequent German

'O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artisan!

Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity.'

¹ Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii., contains a reprint of this work, c. 10, 25, illustrated with eighty-four engravings by J. Nisle.

² Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 260.

³ *Ibid.* s. 595.

popular versions (*Volksbücher*) were founded, and also the one which Goethe has chiefly followed, it may be well to notice, briefly, the principal points in which it differs from the original. The dedication to Count George Friedrich von Hohenlohe-Langenberg, Widman's 'gracious master,' is of course new. In this the author gives his reasons for publishing a new version of Faust's story; namely, that the first was erroneous and imperfect. New sources of information he says, have been open to himself, in the shape of various letters of Faust's friends and acquaintances, as Thomas Wolhaldt, Christoph. Haylinger, Friedrich Bronauer, &c., and above all, in the written report left by Faust's *janulus*, Johann Waiger (Wagner).

All this, however, is regarded by Düntzer, R. Meldegg, and the best critics, as purely fictitious.

The 'Preface to the Christian Reader' is likewise new. It is chiefly occupied with an attempt to prove the reality of magic, by the mention of it in Scripture, by references to it in classical authors, and by the actual practice of it (as the author believes) by several of the holy fathers, as well as by certain friars, popes, and cardinals, who had claimed to possess the power of adjuring and exorcising devils; lastly, it was proved, by its being practised by some of Faust's own contemporaries, as Waiger, Cornelius Agrippa, Antonio More, Michael Scot, &c.

The enormity of the sin is next dwelt upon, as one, which from Widman's point of view it undoubtedly was, of high treason against the Almighty (*crimen læsæ majestatis divine*). A short paragraph is added, as to the dates (1521) at which Faust's most dearly beloved servant, Mephostophiles, first appeared to him; and (1525) when, after he had given himself body and soul to the Devil, the spirit actually entered his service.¹

¹ Widman seems to have forgotten these dates, when in the second part of the legend he puts back the period of Faust's exploits to the reign of Maximilian (1503-19).

Next follows a report of Doctor Luther's opinion concerning Faust. This also is entirely fictitious; the very name of Faust even not being mentioned in any of Luther's genuine writings.

The opinions attributed to Luther are those of the author himself, who is a zealous Lutheran; the substance of them being, that Faust was possessed by a proud, arrogant, and aspiring devil, who, whatever pleasure or profit he might bring him in this world, would infallibly lead him to destruction in the next.

In the legend itself Widman adopts the same general plan as the original '*Spies-Buch*,'¹ but with considerable alteration in the arrangement and details. Many new chapters are added, while the old ones are almost entirely rewritten and enlarged.

On the other hand, some important portions of the original, as Faust's journeys to hell, through the heavens, and over the world, are omitted. The principal variations in details are as follows:—

Faust's birthplace is changed from Rhoda (Rhod) to Sondwedel (Saltzwedel?) in the county of Anhalt. He is sent by his uncle to the high-school of Ingoldstadt, a popish university, instead of to Wittenberg and Cracow. He makes a collection of magic books and MSS., such as Thomas Hanner's '*Conjurations of the Devil*,' &c. &c., and learns from one Christoph Haylinger the art of seeing visions in

¹ The main divisions are:

The Spies-Buch.

PART.

- I. From Faust's birth to his last disputation with Mepho-tophiles.
- II. From his commencement as a kalendar-maker to the end of his travels.
- III. Stories of his feats to his end.

Widman's Hauptwerk.

PART.

- I. From Faust's birth to the story of 'how he served the grinning clowns.'
- II. From his renewal of the compact to his desire to marry.
- III. From the making of his will to his end.

crystal. In Faust's interviews with the Devil in his study the latter first appears as a shadow, which gradually takes the shape of a human head, and peeps out from behind the stove. On his second appearance he is represented as 'shaggy like a bear,' but still having a human head. The preliminary articles and the discussion of the compact are somewhat different, and the compact itself is formed for twenty years instead of twenty-four. On its conclusion the Devil (who is not Mephostophiles himself, as in the 'Spies-Buch,' but some other 'prince among the devils') appears in the shape of a monk of the order of S. Anthony, and promises to send Mephostophiles, 'a learned and experienced spirit,' who will serve Faust in the shape of a Grey Friar. Mephostophiles, when he comes, introduces himself, not as a devil, but as 'a familiar spirit, who was pleased to dwell with men.' The story then proceeds much as in the 'Spies-Buch,' only that there are ten instead of six disputations, principally on the same subjects, viz. hell—its government—its pains—Lucifer's fall, &c. &c.

Mephostophiles, however, adds concerning himself, that originally he had been friendly to man in the persons of Adam and Eve and their descendants; but that, since his master Lucifer's fall, he had been obliged, against his will, to persecute all the elements (elementary spirits), and the human race. The name of Faust's *famulus* Wagner is changed to Waiger, and he is described as a lad about fifteen, the son of a priest at Wasserberg, who had run away from his father—'a smart lad with a spice of roguishness (*Schalkheit*) in him.'¹ Many new stories are added, some of which Goethe has embodied in his poem, e.g. of a magic dog which Faust had, named 'Prestigiar,' and how he lent it to a friend, an abbot and soothsayer, for three years; of his riding on a magic horse from Prague to Erfurt, where, entering a hostelry, he found a party of boon

¹ Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 566.

companions at dinner, whom he astonished by boring holes in the table, whence streams of various sorts of wine poured forth for their enjoyment ; of his ride on the cask out of the cellar at Leipzig ; of a magic stag-hunt which he exhibited in the air for the benefit of 'that fatted pig of the Devil, Cardinal Campeggio.'¹

The exploits of Faust in conjuring stag-horns on the knight's head, and some others, are represented as having happened at the court of the Emperor Maximilian (1503-19) instead of Charles V. (1531-58) ; and two more stories are added, of how he caused a chamber to appear suddenly full of flowers and fruits and singing birds ; and how he conjured up a beautiful cloud (a rainbow ?) in a room, with real clouds, rain, thunder, and lightning, sun, moon, and stars, in the presence of the Emperor and his court. Many more stories are given, which it would be only tedious to repeat. Several examples of Faust's prophecies are added, and the concluding chapters concerning his terrible end are considerably lengthened by the introduction of some long-winded discourses of a theologian whom Faust's friends brought to convert him. The 'Reminders' or admonitions at the end of each chapter—which are generally four or five times the length of the chapters themselves—are a sort of practical commentaries on the text, consisting mainly of proofs and examples, from Scripture and other sources, of the possibility and indeed actual occurrence of the things related, followed by warnings, again and again repeated *ad nauseam*, against all such presumptuous solicitation of the Devil.

The style of these discourses cannot be complained of for want of fluency ; they only become wearisome from their length, and the eternal repetition of the same texts and examples. Further, they are instinct with a spirit of the narrowest prejudice and bigotry, displaying itself not only against Rome, but even against the author's fellow-

¹ Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 590.

Protestants, unless they belong to his own sect, the Lutheran. Zuinglians and Calvinists are both 'possessed by devils.'¹ The Albigenses are 'excessively Epicurish swine' (*gar oberauss Epicurische swen* ²).³

Gunpowder, and the game of chess, as well as cards and dice, are 'inventions of the Devil.'⁴

Some curious stories *à propos* of magic are occasionally inserted concerning certain popes and cardinals,⁵ monks and monasteries,⁶ nunneries,⁷ Jews,⁸ noisy ghosts (*Poltergeister*),⁹ which come as a welcome relief to the general dulness of the sermonising.

One might extract, if he wished, from these 'Reminders' an almost complete list of popes and cardinals who had been accused of magic and unlawful dealings with the Evil One, viz. John XIII. (elected A.D. 965); Silvester II. (Gerbert, cl. 999), whom, by the way, Widman confounds with Gregory VII. (Hildebrand); John XIX. (cl. 1024); Benedict IX. (cl. 1033); Gregory VII. (Hildebrand, cl.

¹ Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 417.

² *Ibid.* s. 640.

³ Such a spirit was one of the natural consequences of the Reformation.

'A decomposition,' says Draper, 'into many subordinate sects was inevitable. And these, now that they had no longer anything to fear from their great Italian adversary, commenced partisan warfares on each other.'—*The Conflict between Religion and Science*, p. 297.

And again: 'This principle of sectarian decomposition, embedded in the movement, gave rise to rivalries and dissensions between the Germans and the Swiss, and even divided the latter among themselves under the leadership of Zwingli and of Calvin.'—*Ibid.* p. 213.

The letters of the Reformers overflow with the gall and bitterness of religious partisanship. Thus, for instance, H. Bullinger, writing to Bishop Horn from Zürich in 1565, speaks of 'Lutheran doctors and presidents' as 'not very much unlike Papists,' whom he had just before described as the 'servants of the scarlet woman prophesied of by Hosea ii. 2.'—*Zurich Letters*, p. 202. Parker Society. 'Reign of Queen Elizabeth.'

⁴ Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 419.

⁵ *Ibid.* ss. 323-328.

⁶ *Ibid.* ss. 346-347, 354-359, 364, 466 sq.

⁷ *Ibid.* s. 327.

⁸ *Ibid.* ss. 340-343.

⁹ *Ibid.* ss. 564-566.

1073); John XX. or XXI., el. 1276 (Widman makes two persons); Gregory XI. (el. 1370); Paul II. (el. 1464); Alexander VI. (el. 1492).¹ The author says that from Silvester II. to Gregory VII. (999-1073 A.D.) there were no less than eighteen (or rather seventeen) popes who 'not merely practised sorcery, but absolutely and unreservedly surrendered themselves to the Devil.' Cardinal Gerhardus Brazutus² was præceptor in magic to several popes, and in particular to Gregory VII., who also had another friend, named Laurentius, a cardinal and arch-priest, who was 'a very great sorcerer.'³

As to the real character of these popes, many are described by Church historians as 'lax and worthless rulers';⁴ and the last, Alexander VI., is notorious as 'perhaps unequalled in the history of mediæval crime';⁵ but Gregory VII., who is selected by Widman as the chief offender, was, in reality, the greatest reformer of his age, and founder of the mediæval Church.⁵ Silvester II. (Gerbert) was also a reforming pope.

Examples of magicians mentioned in history or classic authors are repeatedly brought forward, as Zoroaster, Atlas, Nectanebus (King of Egypt), Circe, &c. &c.; the Christian fathers are quoted, and old national chronicles and legends appealed to in illustration of Faust's exploits, e.g. the story

¹ See Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. ss. 302, 303. Compare Hardwick's *Church History, Middle Age*, ed. 1853, pp. (1) 150, 151, (2) 243 and notes, (3) 350, (4) 362, 363.

² Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. ss. 304 and 786.

³ For the charge of magic against scholars and others, see Naudé, *Apologie pour les grands hommes accusés de Magie, passim*; also Maury, *Hist. de la Magie*, troisième édit. pp. 214, 215; also Cuvier, *Hist. des Sciences naturelles*, vol. i. p. 396; the *Warfare of Science*, by A. D. White, President of Cornell University, note, p. 77, ed. 1876.

⁴ e.g. Hardwick's *Church History, Middle Age*, pp. 149, 150, and note.

⁵ *Life of Gregory VII.*, by A. F. Villemain, translated by J. B. Brockley, 1874; and J. H. Newman, *Discussions and Arguments*, 1872, pp. 25 sq.

of Robert the Devil, Duke of Normandy, Merlin, the Pied Piper of Hamelin¹ (mentioned in the Saxon Chronicle), and a certain Count of Mascon, in the province of Lyons ;² also stories of Faust's own contemporaries, as P. B. Eydam³ (1538), Simon Müller of Nuremberg (1564), H. Corn. Agrippa, &c., and, above all, of a certain student,⁴ who, even after he had made a compact with the Devil, was rescued by Luther himself. One more point of interest in these 'Reminders' is that they contain a curious collection of the great Reformer's opinions both on religious and secular subjects, when connected with religion, e.g. the doctrines of election⁵ and predestination, of celibacy,⁶ of the joys of heaven, of purgatory, of demonology,⁷ and the pains of hell, of astrology, of *Poltergeister*,⁸ of the creation of the world,⁹ of hunting,¹⁰ music,¹¹ &c. &c. The belief of a Lutheran concerning eternal punishment, and hell as an actual place, *sine tropo historice*, is most emphatically affirmed, and supported by numerous passages of Scripture.¹²

After all, however, the 'Reminders' are only an 'extra-growth' on the subject of the legend, which itself remains unchanged, so that the only important difference between Widman's version and the 'Spies-Buch' lies in the more ostentatious display of the religious object of the story.

After the appearance of Widman's version, a long interval (1599-1674) occurs, during which there seem to have been no more prose editions or even translations of the Faust-legend. The only reference to it known is one by Camerarius in his 'Centuriæ,' published 1602. Some time or other, however, during this period the original German Puppet-play (*Puppenspiel*) must have had its rise.

In 1674, a new edition of Widman's Faust was published

¹ Scheible, *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 579.

² *Ibid.* s. 235.

³ *Ibid.* ss. 788-789.

⁴ *Ibid.* s. 547.

⁵ *Ibid.* ss. 397, 678.

⁶ *Ibid.* s. 325.

⁷ *Ibid.* s. 380.

⁸ *Ibid.* s. 561.

⁹ *Ibid.* ss. 480-481.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* s. 593.

¹¹ *Ibid.* ss. 556, 634.

¹² *Ibid.* ss. 431, 434.

by John Nic. Pflzer, a physician, at Nuremberg,¹ and, in 1695, a second edition of the same, by Pflzer and Platz.²

The first of these must have again attracted attention to the Faust story, as Neuman published his 'Disquisitio Historica de Fausto' in 1693.

Subsequently, the two versions together became the groundwork of 'A new and popular account' of Faust, which passed through several editions in the early part of the eighteenth century.³

The last of these was published by one Christian Meynenden at Frankfort and Leipzig, in 1728;⁴ and formed the first of the popular story-books (*Volkstbücher*).

To return now to the poetic form of the legend. 'Marlowe's play,' says Düntzer, 'was not without influence upon the German "Puppenspiel," nor is this at all surprising, since, even before the seventeenth century, adaptations of English pieces had been popular in Germany; and these were taken up later by the Puppet-play writers, and altered to suit their requirements.'

The precise date of the first appearance of the Faust 'Puppenspiel' does not seem to be known; but, according to Mr. Bayard Taylor, it was in existence as early as the latter part of the seventeenth century (1674),⁵ when Pflzer's

¹ This only differs from Widman's by slight alterations and omissions, and by the substitution of some 'new remarks' by the editor in place of Widman's 'reminders.'

² This edition has more than ordinary interest, from its having been the one which, it is said, Goethe found in Auerbach's cellar when he went to Leipzig as a boy. The actual volume which he is said to have studied was to be seen in 1866, and is probably there now. See *Faust in Leipzig*, by A. Haupt, 1863, s. 18.

³ Düntzer's *Erläuterung*, s. 43.

⁴ In this version the text of Pflzer is retained, but all Faust's 'disputations' with Mephistophiles, and many of the stories, are omitted, while two new ones are inserted out of the *Wagner-Buch*. It is reprinted in Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. ss. 76-104.

⁵ See Bayard Taylor's translation of Goethe's *Faust*, vol. i. p. 357.

new version of Widman's 'History' appeared. Goethe, when quite a child, saw it acted at Frankfort, about the middle of the next century.

Subsequently to this, the original play appears to have been lost. It was revised, however, by Schütz and Dreher, the managers of a theatrical company in North Germany; and, after a short period of migratory existence, at length found a permanent home at Potsdam, about 1824.¹

This play, too, it appears, was also lost; but, about thirty years since, it was restored by Karl Simrock, from memory and the notes of friends.²

The 'Puppenspiel' being the form in which Goethe, in his childhood, first became acquainted with the story of Faust, and which, he says, 'sounded and hummed through him many-toned again in early youth,'³ a brief analysis of it may not be unacceptable, especially as, it is believed, no English translation exists.

The opening scene is laid in Mayence, and shows us Faust sitting in his study, with some ponderous folios lying on the table before him. He begins, just as in Marlowe's and Goethe's dramas, by pouring out a complaint as to the uselessness of all his studies, which had not even sufficed to procure clothes to his back, or to keep him out of debt;

Mr. Hayward says: 'A play extemporised by a company of actors at Mainz in 1746, is the first of which anything certain is recorded in Germany;' but he adds: 'Neuman, *Disquis. de Fausto*, says generally that it was dramatised in the seventeenth century.'—Hayward's *Trans.* p. 241.

¹ Simrock's *Puppenspiel*, Preface, s. v.

² The Schütz-Dreher *Puppenspiel* was subsequently altered by Geisselbrecht (1832) and Bonneschky, and still further by the editors of the puppet-plays of Ulm, Augsburg, Strasburg, and Cologne. A collection of these, together with the disquisitions on them by Stieglitz, F. Horn, and others, is given in Scheible's *Kloster*, b. v. Stieglitz mentions several puppet-plays as popular in the eighteenth century, and Horn gives an account of one which he himself saw acted in 1807. See Hayward's *Trans.* p. 237.

³ Goethe's *Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 357.

accordingly, he had resolved to form a compact with hell, 'in order to fathom all the depths of nature; but, for that purpose, he must first acquaint himself with magic.'

A voice is then heard on his left, counselling him to abjure theology, and devote himself to magic, if he would be 'fortunate on earth, and perfect in knowledge.' Another voice is heard on the right, warning him to eschew magic and cleave to theology, which if he did, all would come right in the end. Faust, inquiring whose the voices are, learns that the one is that of his guardian angel, the other that of 'an ambassador from Pluto's realm.' He determines to follow the latter. The voice on the right is then heard weeping, while a host of voices on the left break out into diabolical laughter. Wagner, Faust's *famulus*, next enters, and announces the arrival of three students, who had brought a little 'tractatus' for his master, entitled 'Clavis Astarti de Magicâ,'—a rare volume, which Faust had long been looking for in vain. He is accordingly delighted at the news, and bids Wagner see to the entertainment of the youths.

The third scene introduces Casperle, the buffoon of the piece—a lad who has run away from home, because 'his mother did not give him any meat.' Having come to Mayence in search of a situation, he has entered Faust's house, mistaking it for an inn, and not being immediately attended to, he makes a noise, which brings Wagner to him, and a comic dialogue ensues between them, which ends in Wagner's engaging Casperle to be his private servant. The latter then runs off, singing some doggerel lines to the effect that—

Pickled cabbage and turnips,
They'd driven him away;
Had mother only giv'n him meat,
He'd have been lief to stay.

This brings the first Act to a close.

In the second, Faust enters, expressing his surprise

that he cannot find the students, who have mysteriously disappeared. Happily, however, they have left their 'tract' behind; which Faust eagerly opens, and, according to the directions therein given, commences his first essay in magic. Unfastening his girdle, he lays it in a circle on the floor, and, taking a staff, steps within, and begins muttering some mysterious words; whereupon, a host of spirits immediately appear in the form of hairy apes. Faust inquires their names and various degrees of swiftness, which he learns are in an ascending scale from the pace of Vitzliputzli, 'as slow as a snail in the sand,' to Mephistopheles, who is 'as swift as the thoughts of men.' Faust chooses the latter to be his servant, if so he will, and proposes the terms, viz. forty-eight years of service, during which he (Faust) is to enjoy all the 'pomps and vanities of the world,' beauty, luxury, fame, &c., and to receive true (!) answers to all his questions.

Mephistopheles agrees, subject only to his master Pluto's consent, which he forthwith vanishes to seek. He has no sooner gone than he returns, in the shape of a youth arrayed in a scarlet jerkin (*Unterkleid*) and long black cloak, and wearing a horn on his forehead. Pluto, he says, has objected to the term as too long, and reduced it by one-half, viz. to twenty-four years. The rest he is willing to grant; but requires, 'in case of accidents' (*Lebens und Sterbens wegen*),¹ Faust's signature to a compact, which must be written and signed with his own blood. At a word from Mephistopheles, a messenger, 'Mercurius,' appears in the shape of a raven, bringing the compact in his bill. Faust reads the conditions—which are, that he shall renounce God and the Christian Faith, &c., and after twenty-four years—'365 days to the year'—he shall consent to become Pluto's, body and soul. Some more rather disagreeable conditions are added, as that he is never to 'wash or comb his hair,' and that he shall abstain from marriage.

¹ Conf. Goethe, *Faust*, infra, p. 156.

Mephistopheles then takes the cock's plume out of his cap, and hands it to Faust, to sign the compact with. The latter scratches his finger with a nail, and the blood, spirting out, forms the letters H. F.; which Faust first interprets to stand for 'Homo, fuge,' 'Fly, son of man, and escape from the snares of the Evil One;' but, on second thoughts, it occurs to him that the letters may mean 'Fausto Herrlichkeit,' 'Glory to Faust.' Perhaps, however, it was all chance; at any rate it was too late to repent, and he signs the fatal compact. Immediately he is overwhelmed with a feeling of intense horror, and falls back in his chair in a swoon. Mephistopheles vanishes, and Faust's guardian angel appears, with a palm branch in his hand, and sings:—

'O foolish son of man, once pure and whole,
 Lost now, for ever lost, is thy poor soul.
 Born God to know, and Heaven's immortal bliss,
 To Hell thou sink'st—I fain must mourn for this.'

(Faust awakes, and his guardian angel vanishes.)

On recovering, Faust feels refreshed, and free from all apprehension. He calls for Mephistopheles, who, quick as his thought, reappears, and, at Faust's desire, gives the compact to the raven, Mercurius, who flies off with it amid the scornful laughter of devils. Mephistopheles next transports the Doctor, on a magic mantle (*Luftmantel*), to the court of the Duke of Parma, who happens to be celebrating the anniversary of his wedding.

Meanwhile, Casperle enters his master's study, and stumbles over his girdle; he finds the magic book, and begins declaiming out of it. At the word 'Perlippe,' the ape-spirits suddenly appear, and at 'Perlapppe' vanish again. Casperle repeats the words with the same effect; and he is so delighted with the experiment, that he goes on crying 'Perlippe,' 'Perlapppe,' as fast as he can, and keeps the spirits dancing in and out, till he is quite out of breath; the spirits then have their revenge, pulling and hustling him

about, and at last one of them sets a lighted torch to his hair, which flares up and explodes with a loud bang. Casperle shrieks, and falls to the ground ; but one of the apes (*Auerhahn*) picks him up, and sets him on his legs again. A comic dialogue then follows, which ends in Casperle engaging Auerhahn to be his servant ; and the pair fly off together, on a fiery dragon, to Parma, to seek for Faust.

The third Act opens in the garden of the Ducal palace at Parma, where the seneschal, Don Carlos, is seen pacing up and down and racking his brains for some novel spectacle to revive the somewhat flagging spirit of the festivities. Suddenly Casperle's flying dragon appears, like a meteor in the sky, and the next moment Casperle himself descends at the seneschal's feet. The latter is naturally a little startled, but, soon recovering himself, inquires of his strange visitor who he is, his business there, &c. ; and, on hearing that he is a servant of the famous necromancer Faust, it occurs to the seneschal that he is the very man to supply the desired spectacle. Casperle, however, declines to pledge his master's services too cheap ; and, after some chaffing of the seneschal, and doing him out of a *fourboire*, he scampers away laughing.

The next scene discovers the Duke and Duchess and suite upon the terrace, engaged in discussing the question of the spectacle, when Don Carlos, entering, informs them of the arrival of Faust, though, unfortunately, he does not know exactly where to find him. At this moment, however, Casperle is seen approaching, and diligently engaged in munching a piece of bread-and-butter. On seeing himself observed, the latter runs away ; but, at the request of the Duchess, Don Carlos sets off in pursuit of him, and a very animated chase ensues, in which the Duke himself takes part.

Meanwhile Mephistopheles, in the character of a herald, has introduced Faust himself to the Duchess. The latter begs that he will show her a specimen of his world-famous

skill in magic, and sends to call the Duke back from his chase after Casperle.

Faust then, waving his wand, brings on darkness in the chamber, and commences his exhibition. First he shows King Solomon seated on his throne, and afterwards kneeling at the feet of the Queen of Saba. Next he exhibits in succession Samson and Delilah, Judith and Holofernes, and last David and Goliath. In the first three tableaux the woman had borne a remarkable likeness to the Duchess; and the man, in the cases of Solomon and Samson, to Faust himself; but in that of Holofernes, to the Duke; so conveying an innuendo of a *liaison* between the magician and the Duchess, coupled with a still darker hint of the murder of the Duke. The Duchess perceiving this, and fearing for her reputation, forms a mental desire that Faust would show the image of Lucretia in her own likeness, to which, however, he replies that he has no power to exhibit what was not historically true, and though a Lucretius might have existed, a Lucretia never had.

‘Lucretz hat wohl gelebt, doch nie Lucretia.’

The tableaux are being continued, when Don Carlos enters, announcing supper. The Duke invites Faust to join them, and he is about to enter the banquet-hall, when he is pulled back by Mephistopheles, who informs him of a threefold peril hanging over his head: first, that the Duke, whose jealousy had been excited by his ogling the Duchess, intended to poison him; secondly, that the Inquisition was on his track, for having depraved the truth of Scripture in representing Delilah as not having betrayed Samson to the Philistines; and, thirdly, that he was in danger of being torn to pieces by the populace, who had been roused by his servant Casperle’s silly experiments with his ‘Perlippe,’ ‘Perlappé,’ till they had come to believe both him and his master to be possessed by devils. Faust accepts the warning, and, mounting on Casperle’s dragon, flies off with

Mephistopheles to Constantinople. Casperle seeing his dragon, or 'hellish sparrow,' as he calls it, vanish aloft with his master and his 'ourang-outang' of a spirit, is at his wit's end and in despair what to do for a living. At length he remembers his magic lesson, and utters the word 'Perlippe.' Immediately his old friend Auerhahn is at his side, and he embraces the ape rapturously. He informs him of what has happened, and begs that he may be conveyed back to Mayence, where he hopes to obtain the situation of a night-watchman which he had seen advertised in the newspaper. Auerhahn consents. A magic sofa immediately appears descending from the clouds, and sitting on it a beautiful young lady. On examination, however, the beautiful lady is found to be Casperle's sister, and he objects to her companionship as too near akin. The sofa vanishes, and reappears soon after with an elderly female thereon, in whom Casperle recognises his grandmother. At last he is obliged to mount the sofa with Auerhahn alone, and so they vanish aloft in the clouds.

In the fourth and last Act we return to Mayence. Scene I. is 'A street ; on the right a large house with an image of the Virgin in front ; on the left a cottage, Caspar's (Casperle's) home.'

Faust enters, bewailing his fate ; 'twelve years of his time had now passed, and he had travelled all over the world, but had failed to find any solid happiness ;' the foaming goblet of pleasure, he now knew, had bitter lees ; 'for vain and empty trifles he had bartered everlasting bliss,' &c. He tries 'what repentance can,' and falls into a reverie, from which he is awakened by Mephistopheles. He again asks, as in the legend, whether he can hope to return to the favour of God, and Mephistopheles is obliged at last to mutter, 'I know not,' and then vanishes, howling. Faust falls on his knees before the image of the Virgin, and gives thanks for even such a little gleam of hope. Mephistopheles, however, reappears, bringing with him

Helen of Troy. Faust is distracted from his prayers, and turning, sees Helen, and is fascinated with her charms ; he begs that she may be allowed to remain with him, and Mephistopheles consents, provided he will once more renounce the favour of God for ever. Faust complies, and rushes off madly with Helen into the house. The Devil then breaks out into hellish laughter—

‘Ha ! ha ! ha ! now art thou mine indeed,
Not all the Saints in Heaven could save thee now ;
Ha ! ha ! ha !——’

Presently Faust returns, cursing and swearing—the lovely Helen had turned out to be ‘a viper of Hell.’ Mephistopheles only laughs at his victim’s credulity, as if it were not the peculiar province of a devil to deceive. Deceived, too, Faust would find he had been even more than he thought; for the term of his compact was already at an end. Twenty-four years he had bargained for, and, though, according to human reckoning, only twelve had passed, yet as Hell counted the nights as days, twelve of its years were equal to twenty-four of man’s. At midnight, therefore, Mephistopheles would come to fetch him away. ‘O miserable advocate’s quibble !’ Faust exclaims—‘but what if it be true !’ The clock strikes nine, and a hollow voice, from above, cries :—

‘Fauste, Fauste, prepara te ad mortem !’

and he rushes off the stage wringing his hands.

In the next scene, Casperle appears quarrelling with his wife, an old vixen named Gretl ; and the rest of the Act is made up of short scenes, in which the terribly tragic situation of Faust is vividly contrasted with ludicrous parts, where Casperle appears in conflict with Gretl, or parading the streets, and bawling out the hour.

In the fourth scene the clock strikes ten, and the voice as before cries :—

‘Fauste ! Fauste ! accusatus es !’

Faust again endeavours to repent, but in vain. He repeats the lines of the ‘Dies Irae,’ introduced by Goethe into his Cathedral scene.

‘Quid sum miser ! tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus ?’

Again he tries to pray to the Virgin, but her features change into those of Helen; and the hollow voice from above sings:—

‘Gott verschworen, ewig verloren !’

God forsworn, for ever lost !

and Faust falls in a swoon.

He is awakened by Casperle stumbling over his body. The master and servant recognise each other, and the latter demands the arrears of wages due to him. Faust says he has no money; but tells Casperle to take his coat-buttons, which were worth much more than his wages—‘the first lie,’ he says, ‘he had ever told in his life.’ In gratitude for such generosity, the servant tells his master he is welcome, if he is afraid of the Devil, to hide in Gretl’s chamber, for the devils had such a dread of her, that they would be sure never to go there.

In the sixth scene the clock strikes eleven, and the voice cries:—

‘Fauste ! Fauste ! judicatus es !’

The seventh is a comic scene, in which Gretl is seen driving Casperle out of the house for having dared to conceal Faust in her room.

In the eighth, Faust returns and prays that his sentence might be commuted from Hell to Purgatory—‘a horrible hope indeed, but still a hope.’

The clock strikes twelve; and the voice cries:—

‘Fauste ! Fauste ! in æternum damnatus es !’

Faust exclaims, 'I am undone, annihilated!—annihilated! Oh, that I were annihilated!'—and therewith falls fainting to the ground. The devils seize his body, and carry it away in a tempest of fire.

The play ends with a short comic scene; in which Casperle, after a scuffle with Gretl, waltzes round the stage with her, flourishing a besom.

The German 'Puppenspiel,' of which the above is an outline, possesses, in the judgment of Simrock, the greatest poetic merit, after Goethe's poem, of all the works to which the legend has given rise. As a piece for stage representation, this may be true; but as a poem, some would be inclined to prefer Marlowe's 'Faustus.'

Of other poetic or rhymed versions of the story, whether in Germany or England, the earliest appears to have been a drama (or farce?) entitled 'The Life and Death of Dr. Faustus,' by W. Mountfort, which was first acted at the Queen's Theatre, Dorset Gardens, and was published in 1697.¹

An extempore play of 'Faust' was, as we have seen, exhibited at Mayence in 1746. Another written play was performed in Berlin, in 1753.²

Lessing's 'Faust, a Fragment,' appeared in 1759. This was a kind of herald of Goethe's. An allegorical drama of Faust, by an author unnamed, was published at Munich, in 1775; another at Mannheim, in 1776; the artist Müller's drama in 1778; 'A Fragment,' by Lenz, in 1777; and a fifth in Salzburg in 1782;³ another play, by F. M. Klinger, appeared in 1791.

'Between the publication of Goethe's "Fragment" in 1790 and that of the completed First Part in 1808, *nine*

¹ Hayward's Trans. of Goethe's *Faust*, p. 241 and note. Dyce says that Marlowe's *Faustus* was 'made into a farce,' &c., by the celebrated actor Mountfort, who was basely assassinated in 1692. (*Marlowe's Works*, edited by Rev. A. Dyce, p. xxii. note.)

² Duntzer, *Erläuterung*, s. 65, note.

³ See Scheible's *Kloster*, b. xi. ss. 757-785. A second edition was published in 1815.

additional *Fausts* by various authors made their appearance ; and between the latter date and the publication of the Second Part, in 1832, *fourteen* more ! Therefore, including the work of Lessing, the material of the Faust-legend was employed by *twenty-nine* different authors, during the period which Goethe devoted to the elaboration of his own original design ' (Taylor's Translation of Goethe's 'Faust,' i. p. 359).

Lessing's 'Fragment,' which is by far the most important of all the above Faust-poems, consisted merely of two plans ;¹ and all that remains of these is a portion of the Prologue.² Müller's and Klinger's dramas were likewise fragmentary, and so different from Goethe's, that no one, says Mr. Hayward, could suspect him of having borrowed anything from them.

The pantomimes founded upon the legend were numerous ; but two only,' says Hayward, 'produced at Leipzig in 1770 and 1809, and another produced at Vienna in 1779, are recorded by Dr. Stieglitz ;' but Mr. Winston, the secretary to the Garrick Club, had supplied him (Mr. Hayward) with a copy of three entries in his own private catalogue of performances, viz. 'Harlequin Dr. Faustus, with the Masques of the Deities, produced at Drury Lane in 1724 ; published Oct. 1724, by Thurmond, a dancing-master—Pantomime ; Harlequin Dr. Faustus, 1766, a revival of the last, with alterations by Woodward ; 'Harlequin Dr. Faustus, or the Devil will have his own—Pantomime, 1793.' Mr. Thoms says that the story has been 'frequently printed as a "chap-book" since the beginning of the present century.'³

In addition to regular dramas and pantomimes, a frag-

¹ See as to these Lessing's *Briefe die neueste Literatur betreffend*, part i. p. 103 ; the *Analekten für die Literatur*, part i. p. 110, and the second part of his Theatrical Legacy (*Nachlass*). Hayward's Translation of Goethe's *Faust*, ed. 1864, p. 243.

² This has been translated by Lord F. Egerton (afterwards Earl of Ellesmere), and is to be found in the appendix to his translation of Goethe's *Faust*.

³ Thoms' *Early English Prose Romances*, vol. iii. p. 159.

ment (about 100 lines) of a German ballad was once published on a flying sheet at Cologne, which, however, 'has only come down to us,' says Düntzer (*Erläuterung*, s. 66,¹ 'in a very mutilated form.' Even judging from these remains, it seems to have been a superior performance to the English ballad of 'The Just Judgment of God on Dr. Faustus,' mentioned above (p. 32).

Very soon (1593) after the appearance of the first 'Spies-Buch,' a similar work appeared in the shape of a 'Life of Faust's Famulus, Christopher Wagner.' This is an evident imitation of the Faust-legend. Wagner, like his master, signs a compact with the Devil; he is attended by a familiar spirit in the form of an ape (Auerhahn); he travels through the air, performs similar magic feats, and comes at last to a similar miserable end.

The book was translated into English in the year of its first publication, and formed the groundwork of a 'Second Report of Dr. Faustus.'²

Soon afterwards a translation appeared in Dutch.

No new German edition was published until 1712, when the original, with some additions, was reprinted at Berlin.

In 1742, according to Mr. Taylor,³ a play entitled 'The Vicious Life and Terrible End of Joh. Christoph Wagner,' was acted at Frankfort.

A variety of magical works bearing Faust's name appeared, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with fictitious dates of the fifteenth and sixteenth, viz. Dr. Faust's 'Great and Mighty Compulsion of Hell,' 1508 or 1509; Dr. Joh. Faust's 'Miracle, Art, and Wonder Book, or the Black Raven,' called also 'The Threefold Compulsion of Hell;' a Key to the same, 1575, &c. These may all be seen in Scheible's 'Kloster,' bb. ii. and iii. It is needless

¹ Düntzer has given a restoration of the ballad.

² A reprint of this is given in Thoms' *Early English Prose Romances*, vol. iii. p. 317 sq.

³ Translation of Goethe's *Faust*, vol. i. p. 357

to say more about them than that they are simply a farrago of silly and blasphemous nonsense.

We have now passed in review the whole story of Faust and of the Faust-legend; the fragments of contemporary evidence as to the man; the original 'History' by Spies, and the enlarged version (with its 'Reminders') by Widman, together with all the various editions and translations of each of those works; also the poetic works which arose out of the legend, from the first rhymed version of the 'Spies-Buch,' and Marlowe's 'Tragedy,' down to Simrock's restoration of the 'Puppenspiel,' not omitting mention of all the ballads, dramas, puppet-plays, pantomimes, and other works founded on the legend, until the time when Goethe's Poem appeared.

The legend itself is remarkable, not only on its own account, but also as being the latest important specimen of a myth arising and gaining general credence, in distinctly historical, although unscientific, times.

The age itself, comprising the period of the Reformation, from the first appearance of Luther and Zwingli as Reformers to the Peace of Augsburg (1517-1555), during which Faust lived, and the half-century following it (1555-1599), when the myth arose, was one in which belief in the reality of the Devil and his emissaries, as actual persons manifesting themselves in bodily shape, prevailed in what seems to us now a quite incredible manner. The Devil, of course, was always known to the Church as a spiritual person—the arch-enemy of God and man—but his visible appearance, or that of his ministers, was rarely, and that only in monkish legends, accepted as an actual fact. Magic and witchcraft, however, had been at all times, from Simon Magus downwards, more or less recognised and subject to punishment by the Church. But towards the end of the fifteenth century the practice of these arts seems to have arrived at a climax. In 1484 Innocent III. issued a Bull against them, and a few years later (1489) published his celebrated

'Malleus Maleficarum,' or Witch-hammer (a work in 625 pages quarto), in which, according to Ennemoser, 'the practice of sorcery was reduced to a system (a system of which the wretched old women who were its chief practitioners were perfectly innocent), and tests were proposed for the discovery and punishment of offenders.'¹

The Reformation unfortunately had no effect in dispelling the superstition; indeed, it rather inflamed it: for though the Bible was reopened and studied by the light of private judgment, it was still read under the conviction of its literal and infallible truth. Accordingly, when the Bible was found to be full of accounts and references to magic and witchcraft, to Satan and his kingdom, to Beelzebub the prince of the Devils, and to a whole host of principalities and powers of darkness, it was naturally concluded that these were real, personal, and occasionally even visible beings. The leading minds among the Reformers, Luther, Melancthon, &c., thoroughly accepted the belief. And even a century and more after, it was the popular creed of all classes. 'Who in that age,' says Hume, writing of a century later, with reference to James I.'s work on 'Demonology,' 'did not admit the reality of these fictitious beings?'—witches and apparitions.

On the other hand, the new discoveries and speculations in science, especially in Astronomy, were obviously at variance with certain parts of Scripture; and if the Bible was literally and infallibly true, then of course these pretended discoveries and speculations must be false. Nay, the probability even was that they had their origin in the 'Father of Lies' himself; for who but he would presume to contradict the 'Word of God'?

And thus the genuine students and professors of science came to be confounded with magicians, and conjurors, and jugglers. The former contradicted Scripture, which was

¹ Ennemoser, *History of Magic*, translated by W. and M. Howitt, vol. ii. pp. 158-171.

heresy, while the latter openly and avowedly leagued themselves with Satan. The doctrine of the literal truth and infallibility of the Bible was the ground of the persecution of both.

Protestants, who are at the same time men of science, have been anxious to exonerate the German Reformers from the odium of a bigoted opposition to truth.

Thus Whewell says, but without giving any authority for the assertion: 'We find no evidence which leads us to deny to these countries [Poland and Germany] the glory of having received the Copernican system of the world, from the first, with satisfaction, and without bigoted opposition.'¹ If this be true as regards Poland, with its university of Cracow, celebrated as a high school of magic, that is, of natural science, still the very reverse is the truth with regard to the centres of Protestantism in Germany.

Dr. Andrew White, President of Cornell University, U.S., says, giving his authorities: 'He [Copernicus] dared not send the MS. of his book *De Revolutionibus Orbium Cælestium* to Wittenberg to be printed, for there were the leaders of Protestantism no less hostile [than the Catholics]; and the founders of Protestantism were no less zealous against the new scientific doctrines. Said Martin Luther: "People gave ear to an upstart astrologer, who strove to show that the earth revolves, not the heavens, or the sun and the moon. Whoever wishes to appear clever must devise some new system, which of all systems is, of course, the very best. This fool wishes to reverse the entire science of astronomy. The sacred Scripture tells us that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and not the earth."'²

'Melancthon, mild as he was, was not behind Luther in condemning Copernik. In his treatise *Initia Doctrinæ Physicæ*, he says: "The eyes are witnesses that the heavens

¹ *History of the Inductive Sciences*, bk. vi. chap. iii. sec. 4.

² *Warfare of Science*, by A. D. White, p. 26. See Lange, *Geschichte des Materialismus*, vol. i. p. 217.

revolve in the space of twenty-four hours. But certain men, either from the love of novelty, or to make a display of ingenuity, have concluded that the earth moves; and they maintain that neither the eighth sphere nor the sun revolves. Now, it is a want of honesty and decency to assert such notions publicly, and the example is pernicious. It is the part of a good mind to accept the truth as revealed by God, and to acquiesce in it."¹ F. Schlegel, also a German, if a Catholic, bears similar testimony. He says: "The near and immediate effect of the Reformation upon philosophy and freedom of thinking was one of constraint. The idea of such liberality as that which prevailed in Italy and Germany under the Medici, Leo X., and Maximilian, was a thing utterly unknown among the zealous Protestants of the sixteenth and first part of the seventeenth century."²

And, to quote a third theologically disinterested witness, Professor Draper. 'The issue,' he says, 'of the Reformation was the acceptance by all the Protestant Churches of the dogma that the Bible is a sufficient guide for every Christian man. The authority thus imputed to the Scriptures was not restricted to matters of a purely religious or moral kind; it extended over philosophical facts and to the interpretation of Nature. Many went as far as in the old times Epiphanius had done: he believed that the Bible contained a complete system of mineralogy. The Reformers would tolerate no science that was not in accordance with Genesis. Among them there were many who maintained that religion and piety could never flourish unless separated from learning and science. The fatal maxim that the Bible contained the sum and substance of all knowledge, useful or possible to man—a maxim employed with such pernicious effect of old by Tertullian and by St. Augustine, and which had been so often enforced by Papal authority—was still strictly in-

¹ *Warfare of Science*, pp. 30, 31, and note, giving authorities—Luther's *Tischreden* and Melanchthon's *Initia Doctrinæ Physicæ*, &c. &c.

² *Lectures on the History of Literature*, Trans. 1846, p. 264.

sisted upon. The leaders of the Reformation, Luther and Melancthon, were determined to banish philosophy from the Church.' Dr. Draper then quotes a passage in which Luther exhibits his powers of abuse, in a tirade against Aristotle and the Schoolmen, and concludes: 'So far as science is concerned, nothing is owed to the Reformation.'¹

We have already seen how a Lutheran like Widman regarded gunpowder and printing as inventions of the Devil, and we can well believe that this was the popular view of all new inventions and discoveries, especially when they seemed to conflict with a literal interpretation of Scripture.

As to Faust, however, there is not the least ground for reckoning him among men of science at all; he has not left any writings, nor is a single scientific discovery or invention attributable to him. He was probably nothing more than a clever conjuror, employing what he knew of science—probably some elementary facts of chemistry, magnetism, electricity, optics (the magic mirror), pyrotechnics, &c., for his purposes. It is possible also that he had some knowledge of mesmerism, or so-called animal magnetism. He was very likely a free-thinker, and a voluptuary to boot.

Thus, though he escaped the scientific ban, he was equally if not more obnoxious to the Church as a conjuror or sorcerer. He avoided the Scylla only to be wrecked on the Charybdis of the theological rocks.

To return to the legend—its origin is to be found, primarily, in the mental condition of the age as regards belief in the actual bodily appearance of the Devil and his subordinates, and in the reality of magic and witchcraft. And if further we ask how such came to be the mental condition of Europe in those days, we find that it was attributable first to the doctrine that the Bible was a literally true and infallible interpreter of the universe; and secondly, in the general ignorance as to the existence of 'laws of nature,' prevailing at least throughout the whole domain of physics.

¹ Draper's *Conflict between Religion and Science*, pp. 214, 215.

Such being the first and principal source of the legend, or rather the soil out of which it grew, a second source—or the plant itself—owed its existence to the unknown Protestant divine who concocted the myth and furnished the enterprising publisher, John Spies, with the means of honestly enriching himself, at the same time that he had the comfort of thinking that he was entertaining and benefiting the public.

Thus, prompted possibly by the appearance of Lercheimer's 'Christlich Bedenken,' &c., and taking that as the foundation of his work, the author of the 'Spies-Buch' collected all the stories current about Faust, and adding a multitude more concerning magicians, conjurors, or *boni-fide* men of science, he compiled the whole into a Faustiad, the last of West-European myths.

III.

GOETHE'S FAUST.

Difference between the Age of Faust and the Legend, and Goethe's Age—Progress of Science in the Interval—Necessity for a Change in the Treatment of the Story—Its Central Point of Interest—Other Points of Attraction for Goethe—Answer to adverse Criticisms.

MARVELLOUSLY changed, indeed, was both the religious and intellectual condition of Europe about two centuries later (1775-1800), when the attention of Goethe was directed to the Faust-legend.

Religion, indeed, seemed almost to have vanished from the world, or at least to be confined to a few enthusiastic sects ; but reason, on the other hand, shone out free and clear from the clouds of superstition which had before enveloped it. We have only to think for a moment of 'The Reformation,' and of the great names connected therewith Luther, Melanchthon, Calvin, &c. ; or, if we will, to glance at the correspondence of the time, as, for example, the 'Zürich Letters' between leading divines in England and elsewhere, and their brethren in Switzerland, in the reign of Elizabeth,¹ and to compare these with the 'French Revolution,' and the names which stand foremost in connection with that—whether as predecessors or contemporaries—Rousseau, Voltaire, and the French Encyclopædists, in

¹ *Letters from the Archives of Zürich*, Reign of Queen Elizabeth, published by the Parker Society.

France, or Hume, Gibbon, and others, in England, to be at once fully conscious of the difference.

Apart from politics, theology obviously stands in the foreground in the first period : literature, history, and science, or the study of the laws of nature, in the second. In the one, men's minds are full of the thought of another world : in the other, of the due appreciation and the interests of this. Thus was a change commencing almost contemporaneously with the Reformation, analogous to that which Socrates introduced in Greece when he brought down Philosophy from the stars to Humanity, from heaven to earth.

Upon the history of this advance it may be worth while to dwell for a moment, if only by quoting a few passages from the writings of eminent authors, which will illustrate the subject far better than any *résumé* of my own.

Speaking of the period of Pope Nicolas V. (1447-1455), about the time of the invention of printing—and just after Faust's death—Mr. Draper says :—

‘I have not space to describe the scientific activity displayed in all directions. Mathematics, physics, chemistry, anatomy, medicine, and all the many branches of human knowledge, received an impulse. . . . Vieta made the capital improvement of using letters as general symbols in Algebra, and applied that science to geometry. Tycho, emulating Hipparchus of old, made a new catalogue of the stars; he determined that comets are beyond the moon, and that they cut the crystalline firmament of theology in all directions. Gilbert wrote his admirable book on the magnet ; Gesner led the way to zoology, taking it up at the point to which the Saracens had continued Aristotle, by the publication of his work on the history of animals. Belon, at the same time, 1540, was occupied with fishes and birds. Fallopius and Eustachius, Arantius and Varolius, were immortalising themselves by their dissections. . . . Piccolomini laid the foundations of general anatomy by his description of cellular

tissue. Coiter created pathological anatomy; Prosper Alpinus, diagnosis; Plater, the classification of disease; and Ambrose Paré, modern surgery. Such were the occupations and prospects of science at the close of the sixteenth century.¹

Auguste Comte again gives substantially the same account. 'It is difficult,' he says, 'to assign any precise date to the birth of Positive Science. It may be said to have been always going on—from Aristotle through the Arabians downwards; but, if we must fix upon some marked period, it must be that about two centuries ago (1600) when the human mind was astir under the precepts of Bacon, the conceptions of Descartes, and the discoveries of Galileo.'²

And from such a beginning there followed a succession of workers and discoverers in every branch of science, as well as in philosophy and general literature, the mere enumeration of whose names is sufficient to recall not merely the intellectual fertility of the period, but the truly astounding progress which the human mind then made.'

Following Kepler (died 1630), our own Newton (1642–1727) and Leibnitz (1646–1716), in mathematics and astronomy; Torricelli, Huygens, and the two Bernouilli, in physics; Volta and Coulomb, in electricity; Priestley, Lavoisier, and Montgolfier, in chemistry, &c.; Harvey and Bichat, in biology; Linnæus, Buffon, and De Saussure, in natural history; Gall and Spurzheim, in phrenology, &c.; philosophers, again, like Spinoza, Berkeley, Locke, Hume, Kant, and Fichte; poets also, historians, essayists, and writers of fiction, &c., who, if they were not discoverers of new truths, thereby enlarging or improving our conceptions of the universe, yet diffused and brought

¹ *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, by J. W. Draper, 1875, vol. ii. pp. 284, 285.

² Comte, *Positive Philosophy*, trans. by H. Martineau, 1853, vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

such knowledge home to the minds of multitudes who probably would never have cared to look into the works of the men of science or philosophers themselves.¹

Among such it may be enough to mention Milton, and after him Racine, Corneille, Molière, Le Sage, and the galaxy of writers of the age of Louis XIV. : Dryden, Pope, Gibbon ; Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot, and the French Encyclopædists, besides scores of others of hardly inferior fame.

To this catalogue of individuals must be added the discoveries in navigation and geography, and inventions, such as the spinning-jenny and the steam-engine²—the main causes of the development of manufacturing industry—and, last not least, the establishment of scientific societies.

'Imitating,' says Draper, 'the examples of the Academia Secretorum Naturæ, instituted at Naples (1560) by Baptista Porta, and of the Linnæan Academy, founded, 1603, by Prince Frederic Cesi at Rome, for the promotion of natural philosophy, the Academia del Cimento was established at Florence, 1637; the Royal Society of London, 1665; and the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris, 1666.'³

¹ The following dates are taken from the *Biographie Universelle* :—

Kepler	Born 1571—Died 1630	Lavoisier	Born 1743—Died 1794
Newton	1642—1727	Montgolfier	1740—181
Leibnitz	1646—1716	Harvey	1578—165
Torricelli	1608—1647	Bichat	1771—1802
Huyghens	1629—1695	Linnæus	1707—1778
Bernouilli (James)	1654—1705	Buffon	1707—1788
Bernouilli (John)	1667—1748	De Saussure	1740—1799
Volta	1745—1826	Gall	1758—1828
Coulomb	1736—1806	Spurzheim	1776—1832
Priestley	1733—1804		

² 'Watt's first patent was taken out in 1769, the same year that Arkwright patented spinning by rollers.'—Draper, *Intel. Development*, vol. ii. p. 385.

³ *Ibid.* p. 287.

Truly, then, does Heeren say of the latter part of the eventeenth and eighteenth centuries (1740-1786), that everything became subject to investigation: every notion was tried by the test of reason; and this was its most striking peculiarity. Nothing was thought beyond the reach of human intelligence.¹

Superstition, at all events for educated minds, had vanished, and especially the superstition of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as to the actual and visible apparition of the Devil and his angels.

Consequently, if the story of Faust was any longer to possess interest, it was obviously requisite that it should be entirely recast. It must be rationalised to suit the more rationalistic, i.e. reasonable, views of the age. The Devil could not possibly show himself any longer with horns and tail; if he is to appear at all, it must be in the shape of an actual man, embodying the worst and most hateful qualities of human nature. As Mephistopheles says—

‘The Northern phantom’s no more to be seen;
Where see’st thou now the horns and tail and claws?’

The very name, indeed, of Satan

‘had long ago
Been banish’d to the Fable-Book.’

He must be called ‘Sir Baron;’ he was ‘a cavalier like other cavaliers.’ Further, he could no longer find his principal occupation in the performance of silly conjuring-tricks, or the exhibition of ghosts, or the transport of his victim through the air. Such exploits, if admitted at all, could only form the external machinery of the poem. The Devil’s primary and essential function must be in the suggestion of evil thoughts and fanning of evil desires. So says Faust:—

¹ Heeren, *Manual of the Political System of Europe, &c.* v. 224.

'He fans within my bosom a wild fire
For that fair image unremittingly.'

And—

'Go in and comfort her, thou fool! . . .
I'll sing a moral song to-night,
More surely to befool the dear.'

This—the alteration of the form, necessitated by the advance of the age—is one of the chief points to be considered in comparing Goethe's 'Faust' with the legend.

Another, and hardly less important, is the peculiar interest and attraction which the story had for such a mind as Goethe's, so that it led him to make 'Faust' his grand work—the occupation at intervals of nearly all his life.

The first and most conspicuous element is, of course, the conflict between good and evil in the human soul, which will always form its chief and most general attraction.

But, in addition to this simple though profound issue, the legend was replete with interest for the poet.

To begin with, there was the ardent thirst for knowledge and philosophy displayed by Faust in his early years, when, as the legend tells us, 'he yearned to explore the very ground and bottom of all things in heaven and earth' ('*Er wollte alle Gründe am Himmel und Erden erforschen*'); and along with this desire, the painful discovery how inadequate were the means at his command for satisfying it. Akin to this, again, was the further discovery of the limitations of his nature on every side, physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual, accompanied with a bitter sense of rebellion against those limitations. Then the delusive hope which seemed to lie in magic, and intercourse with the unseen powers, ay, even with the very Spirit of Evil himself, who was perhaps, after all, not so evil as he had been painted by a tyrannical and worldly-minded Church—he would know the truth at all events, be the issue what it might.

Again, there was the attraction of paradox, and of opposition to the unsatisfying orthodoxy of the day—another link

of sympathy between the conjuror and the poet. Germs, too, there were of poetic beauty scattered here and there throughout the legend, as in the descriptions of woman—of Alexander's consort, and of Helena of Greece—and, last not least, there was the rich and varied succession of life-scenes through which Faust passes, and which were paralleled in Goethe's own many-sided nature and experience. Readers who are acquainted with Goethe's life will be ready enough to acknowledge the truth of all these points of comparison and sympathy between him and his hero; but, for the sake of others, a few passages may be quoted from the 'Autobiography,' which will put it beyond doubt. Thus Goethe, writing of himself when at Strasburg, about 1771, æt. 23, says:—'I also (like Faust) had wandered about in all sorts of science, and had early enough been led to see its vanity. I had, moreover, tried all sorts of ways in real life, and had always returned more unsatisfied and troubled. Now these things as well as many others I carried about with me, and delighted myself with them during solitary hours.'¹

Alchemical studies also he had pursued in early youth (æt. 19) on his return from Leipzig (1768), in company with his friend Fräulein von Klettenberg, the 'Fair Saint' of the 'Wilhelm Meister.'² To these he again refers in the continuation of the passage quoted above. 'But, most of all, I concealed from Herder my mystico-cabalistical chemistry and everything relating to it, although, at the same time, I was still very fond of secretly busying myself in working it out more consistently than it had been communicated to me.'³

That the Devil of the legend signified more to Goethe than a mere personification of moral evil, may be inferred from the following remarkable passage, which, notwithstanding its length, I am tempted to quote in full:—

¹ Goethe's *Autobiography*, Oxford's Trans. Bohn's ed. vol. i. p. 357.

² *Ibid.* pp. 292, 295.

³ *Ibid.* p. 357.

‘He thought,’ Goethe says of himself, ‘he could detect in nature, both animate and inanimate, with soul or without soul, something which manifests itself only in contradictions, and which therefore could not be comprehended under any idea, still less under one word. It was not godlike, for it seemed unreasonable ; not human, for it had no understanding ; nor devilish, for it was beneficent ; nor angelic, for it often betrayed a malicious pleasure. It resembled chance, for it evolved no consequences ; it was like Providence, for it hinted at connection. All that limits us it seemed to penetrate ; it seemed to sport at will with the necessary elements of our existence ; it contracted time and expanded space. In the impossible alone did it appear to find pleasure, while it rejected the possible with contempt.

‘To this principle, which seemed to come in between all other principles, to separate them, and yet to link them together, I gave the name of the Demonic, after the example of the ancients and of those who, at any rate, had perceptions of the same kind. I sought to screen myself from this fearful principle by taking refuge, according to my usual habits, in an imaginary creation.’

Then, after explaining how the exhibition of this principle was one main object of his ‘Egmont,’ and was perhaps the chief cause of the popularity of that play, he proceeds :—

‘Although this demonical element can manifest itself in all corporeal and incorporeal things, and even expresses itself most distinctly in animals, yet with man especially does it stand in a most wonderful connection, forming in him a power which, if not opposed to the moral order of the world, nevertheless does often so cross it that one may be regarded as the warp and the other as the woof.

For the phenomena which it gives rise to there are innumerable names ; for all philosophies and religions have sought in prose and poetry to solve this enigma, and to read once for all the riddle which, nevertheless, remains still unriddled by them.

‘But the most fearful manifestation of the demonical is when it is seen predominating in some individual character. During my life I have observed several instances of this either more closely or remotely. Such persons are not always the most eminent men, either morally or intellectually, and it is seldom that they recommend themselves to our affections by goodness of heart; a tremendous energy seems to be seated in them, and they exercise a wonderful power over all creatures, and even over the elements; and indeed, who shall say how much farther such influence may extend? All the moral powers combined are of no avail against them; in vain does the more enlightened portion of mankind attempt to throw suspicion upon them, as deceived if not deceivers—the mass is still drawn on by them. Seldom if ever do the great men of an age find their equals among their contemporaries, and they are to be overcome by nothing but the universe itself; and it is from observation of this fact that the strange but most striking proverb must have arisen—“*Nemo contra Deum nisi Deus ipse.*”’¹

The positive philosophy, which had hardly developed itself in Goethe’s time, enables us to explain a good deal of the meaning of this otherwise obscure passage—namely, that the ‘demonic’ is due to the constant intercrossing and entanglement of phenomena, each acting according to its own laws, which gives rise to what is called *chance*. If to this be added a number of other phenomena, the laws of which are as yet but imperfectly understood—as of meteorology, electro-biology, and so-called animal magnetism, and the whole pathology of the nervous system, perhaps also of clairvoyance, dreams, prophetic intimations, apparitions, &c.—we may be able in a measure to explain, or at least suggest an explanation of, what Goethe, seeing through a haze of

¹ Goethe’s *Autobiography*, vol. ii. pp. 157-9. In this sense Faust addresses Mephistopheles in the play as the ‘spirit of contradiction,’ and the latter describes himself as ‘the spirit that evermore denies.’

poetic imagination, has so enigmatically described as the 'demonic principle.'

This, however, is perhaps only a partial explanation.

There is a striking note in Professor Jowett's Commentary on the Galatians respecting the 'fulness of time,' which bears some similarity to the passage under consideration. 'Shall we say that great events arise from antecedents or without them, in the fulness of time or out of due time? by sudden crises or with long purpose and preparation? It is impossible for us to view the great changes of the world under any of these aspects exclusively. The spread of the Roman Empire, the fall of the Jewish nation, the decline of the heathen religions, Jewish prophecy, Greek philosophy, these are the natural links which connect the Gospel with the actual state of mankind, the causes, humanly speaking, of its propagation, and the soil in which it grew. But there *is something besides of which no account can be given.* The external circumstances do not explain history any more than life. Why the Gospel came into the world in a particular form, or at a particular time, is a question which is not reached by any analysis of this sort.'¹

That the heterodoxical standpoint which Faust occupied was also not without its fascination for the poet, may also be inferred from what the latter says of himself. 'The spirit of contradiction and the love of paradox stick fast in us all. I diligently studied the different opinions, and as I had often heard it said that every man has his own religion at last, so nothing seemed more natural to me than that I should form mine too; and this I did with much satisfac-

¹ *St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians, &c.*, by the Rev. B. Jowett, vol. i. p. 337, note; and compare *ibid.* vol. ii. p. 487: 'He (God) is not the order of nature, nor the progress of the mind, nor both together, &c. . . intelligence.' Compare too *The Devil's Advocate*, by Percy Greg, vol. ii. p. 289: 'In one word, I believed—that we were fighting against God. . . . Do you forget how often the hand of Providence has been manifestly against the better cause?'

tion. The Neo-Platonism lay at the foundation; the hermetical, the mystical, the cabalistic also contributed their share; and thus I built for myself a world that looked strange enough. I could well represent,' &c.¹

A still deeper reason, no doubt, for his opposition to the popular creeds, lay in his philosophic love of truth. It was this which had been working in him from his earliest childhood, when, as a boy of six, he tells us that his 'peace of mind was deeply disturbed on the occasion of the earthquake at Lisbon,' and when, a few months later, after the impression of that catastrophe had worn out at the sight of the general beauty and beneficence of nature, he attempted to 'approach the great God of nature, the Creator and Preserver of heaven and earth,' in the way that suggested itself to him as best, viz. the 'good Old Testament fashion, by building Him an altar.'² It was this spirit that had been setting him in opposition to popular dogmas all his life, down to the period when, as a man (æt. 44), he describes the successive religious phases through which his mind had passed as follows:—'In the course of this biography we have circumstantially exhibited the child, the boy, the youth, seeking by different ways to approach to the Supra-sensible—first looking, with strong inclination, to a religion of nature, then clinging with love to a positive one (apparently a semi-Moravian form of Christianity adopted under the influence of Katterina von Klettenberg), and finally concentrating himself in the trial of his own powers, and joyfully giving himself up to the general faith.'³ This 'general faith,' however, though based on Christianity, contained in it a large element of unsystematic and poetic Pantheism, derived originally from Spinoza.

Such a love of philosophic truth, then, combined with a natural disposition to paradox, formed still further sources

¹ *Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 300. ² *Ibid.* pp. 18, 19, and 30, 31.

³ *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 156.

of attraction in the Faust story. Finally, the charms of female grace and beauty here and there appearing in the legend, as well as the variety of life-scenes through which Faust is carried, were also potent elements of interest, which require no special illustration from the poet's life and works. Considering all these manifold elements of interest and attraction in the history of Faust, we cannot wonder that it should have exercised such an influence over Goethe, so that he says it 'led him quite early (at the age of 23 or 24) to select it as a mould wherein to cast his own thought and experience of life.'

With what wonderful alchemy he has transformed the tedious old 'history' into 'the greatest of modern poems' all the world has long since acknowledged. We can only compare it to Shakespeare's transformation of the 'Historie of Hamblett' by Saxo Grammaticus into his own immortal 'Hamlet.'

Something remains to be said as to the origin of the various scenes of the 'Faust,' as well as in answer to the adverse criticisms which have been passed upon it. Goethe himself is reported to have said that for the materials of 'Faust,' as of 'Werther,' he had 'to delve within his own breast;' and this, of course, is true as regards the inner sense of the work. It expresses the dissatisfaction which he so early felt at life and all that it contained. It is the common sentiment probably of most reflective minds, and has found its earliest and best-known expression in the book of Ecclesiastes—'Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.' The remedy, according to the Preacher, lies in faith and duty: 'Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man' (xi. 13). The Faust legend, on the other hand, exhibits the fatal consequences of an opposite course, ending in the destruction of the sinner. Goethe, however, influenced by the broader and more charitable views of his day, is not content to rest in this, but shows how a soul may pass through a period of discontent and misery, and be led back at last to peace and happiness, although only in

the same way as Ecclesiastes taught—namely, by duty, love, and self-sacrifice, represented in the poem (Part II.) by the draining of the marsh. In the Prologue in Heaven the Lord says to Mephistopheles:—

‘Eut stand ashamed when thou acknowledge must :
 A good man, even in his darkest day,
 Is ever conscious of the better way.
 Tho’ now he serve me in perplexity,
 Yet will I lead him to the daylight clear.
 The gardener knows, when buds the little tree,
 That flower and fruit will grace the future year.’

And in the Second Part the angels sing :—

‘ Saved the glorious scion, see,
 Of the spirit-world for ever !
 Who always strives with evil we
 From the Evil One can sever.’

The external machinery of the poem was of course derived partly from the legend itself, and partly from the poet’s general studies and practical experience of life. The legend probably led him to the study of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as well as to those curious experiments in alchemy which amused his early youth from the time when he left Leipzig to the first or second year after his entrance at Strasburg University.

Both his knowledge of history and his ‘mystico-cabalis-
 tical chemistry’ were embodied in the ‘Faust.’

Scenes such as that of ‘Faust study’ (in the cathedral cloister), that before the city gate, and the walk with Wagner, the students’ scene in Auerbach’s cellar, and that of the young student with Mephistopheles, were of course derived from Goethe’s experience of city and university life.

‘The witch’s kitchen’ may have been suggested partly by popular German tales of witchcraft and witch-mountains, witch-sabbaths, &c., and partly by Shakespeare’s ‘Macbeth.’ Margaret is an ideal maiden formed from memories of

several originals, as Margaret (Gretchen) of Frankfort ; Frederika Brion, the daughter of the pastor of Sesenheim near Strasburg ; 'Lili' (Elizabeth Schönemann, daughter of a banker of Frankfort) ; 'Lotte' (Charlotte Buff, the wife of Kestner, secretary to the Hanoverian legation at Wetzlar), and others. The scene 'at the well' of course is taken from the actual life of German towns, which probably, *mutatis mutandis*, is much the same now as it was in the sixteenth century. The 'death of Valentine,' with the exception of the presence of Mephistopheles, may only too easily be conceived to have had a foundation in real life. The 'cathedral scene,' again, embodies a portion of Goethe's personal experience, for he has himself told us in his 'Autobiography' how deeply he was affected on hearing the 'Dies Iræ' pealed forth in St. Peter's at Rome.

The 'Walpurgis-Night' and Brocken scenes were probably suggested by the comic poem, entitled the 'Walpurgis-Night,' by Johann F. Löwen, published in 1756,¹ and also by Shakespeare's 'Midsummer-Night's Dream' and Wieland's 'Oberon.' They were, however, only suggested—nearly all the characters, the thoughts, sentiments, and general treatment being peculiarly the poet's own. Lastly, the prison scene is also his own ideal creation, and was conceived very early in the history of the poem.²

As to the adverse criticisms which have been passed upon the 'Faust,' Coleridge—who had little sympathy with Goethe, and who tells us that he himself 'had once, before he had ever seen any part of Goethe's "Faust," though he was familiar enough with Marlowe's, conceived and drawn up the plan of a work, a drama, which was to be, to his mind, what the "Faust" was to Goethe's'—Coleridge had been pressed to translate the 'Faust,' and had therefore, he says, read it through with great attention; and he is reported

¹ Bayard Taylor's Trans. vol. i. p. 331.

² Goethe's *Autobiography*, vol. ii. p. 5.

to have pronounced the following criticism upon it, which appears to comprehend all the charges that ever have been or could possibly be brought against it.

‘The intended theme of the “Faust,” says Coleridge, ‘is the consequences of a misology, or hatred and depreciation of knowledge, caused by an originally intense thirst for knowledge baffled. But a love of knowledge for itself, and for pure ends, would never produce such a misology, but only a love of it for base and unworthy purposes. There is neither causation nor progression in the “Faust;” he is a ready-made conjuror from the very beginning; the *incredulus odi* is felt from the first line. The sensuality and thirst after knowledge are unconnected with each other. Mephistopheles and Margaret are excellent; but Faust himself is dull and meaningless. The scene in Auerbach’s cellars is one of the best, perhaps the very best; that on the Brocken is also fine; and all the songs are beautiful. But there is no whole in the poem; the scenes are mere magic-lantern pictures, and a large part of the work is to me very flat. The German is very pure and fine.’¹

‘Much of the language,’ also, he regards ‘as vulgar, licentious, and blasphemous.’²

(1) In consequence in the theme; (*a*) in the representation of misology, or a hatred of knowledge, as the result of an originally intense thirst for knowledge baffled; and (*b*) of such misology as the cause of sensuality; (2) want of unity or totality, and of connection and progression in the poem, the scenes being a mere ‘succession of magic-lantern pictures;’ (3) dulness and unnaturalness in the character of Faust, who is further described as ‘a ready-made conjuror from the beginning’(!); (4) blasphemy, licentiousness, and vulgarity in much of the language—these are the several charges in the indictment.

¹ Coleridge’s *Table Talk*, 4th ed. p. 209.

² *Ibid.* p. 211. Dr. Arnold’s opinion was to the same effect. (Stanley’s *Life*, vol. ii. p. 72, note.)

And now to answer them.

As to the first—that the intended theme of the ‘Faust’ is ‘the consequences of a misology’—not only has Goethe himself expressly denied that there is any such single theme or idea running through the poem, but the slightest examination shows that the misology is only *one out of many causes* of Faust’s discontent, which extends to life as a whole and all that it offers. In addition to his disgust at knowledge—which, by the way, was not the living and growing knowledge of nature’s laws, which science has since revealed, but the stunted, and for the most part dead, artificial product of mediæval scholasticism comprehended under the four ‘Faculties,’¹ viz. Philosophy (Logic and Metaphysics), Law, Medicine, and Theology—in addition to such a misology, Faust finds reason to complain of all the rest of life—his joylessness, his uselessness, his poverty, and worldly insignificance. And therefore he devotes himself to magic ; finding which fail—the vision of the macrocosm bringing no relief, the Earth-Spirit, too, disdainng him—he at last is driven to the only hope left, viz. in suicide. This attempt being frustrated, he renews his complaint, not only of the futility of knowledge, but of the limitation of all the human faculties, and our dependence on what we do almost as much as on what we suffer.

‘Ah ! our acts
Themselves, e’en as our sufferings too, confine
The current of our life.’

The ruin of his ambition, again, is another item:—

‘What am I then, if
It be not possible to win the crown
Of manhood for which all my senses strive ?’

¹ The ‘Faculties’ were settled by the University of Paris, about the commencement of the thirteenth century. See Waddington’s *Church History*, vol. ii. p. 367.

All these things together, and not misogyny alone, are the causes of Faust's discontent, and of his consequent temptation to sensuality. He cries :—

‘I'm despised
By the Great Spirit ; Nature shuts herself
Against my search, the threads of Thought are snapt,
Long have I loathed all knowledge.’

Therefore, he continues,

‘In the depth
Of sensual pleasure let us quench the glow
Of passion !’

His complaint is not merely of a ‘thirst for knowledge baffled,’ but of *the vanity of human life as a whole*, knowledge included. It is a repetition of the old cry of the Preacher : ‘Vanity of vanities, *all* is vanity !’ It is this, but it is the old lament diversified, enlarged, and set to new and richer music ; for it expresses a more complex life than men knew in the days of the Preacher, and above all the sense of the Infinite, and a consequent deeper dissatisfaction at mere earthly limits. Again and again this sense is expressed throughout the poem, and corresponding chords are struck, the music of which rises far above this world, and wanders away beyond the stars.

Secondly, as to the charge of want of dramatic unity. That the ‘Faust’ is not a drama of the type of the ancient Greek, or of the Shakespearean age, is, of course, admitted. It is difficult to say exactly to what class of poetry it belongs—it is almost unique ; nevertheless, it has a unity of its own, for it retains the original form of a history, and with that the unity, connection, and progression of a history, though of one transported into a higher region of poetry and philosophy, and gloriously transfigured therein.

The ‘Faust,’ it has been said, ‘is not to be judged by the dramatic standard. The poetic supremacy of “Faust”

lifts it to a height transcending this question of form, as well as obliterating the offence which might be taken at the incongruities of the parts, composed at different periods, and in different styles (incongruous among themselves, and yet in the *ensemble* forming an harmonious and attractive whole, like the different parts of the ruins of the castle at Heidelberg). "Faust" is our central poem, arisen from the inmost individuality of Germanic thought—the grandest, most complete attempt to poetically solve the enigma of life and of the universe—a poem whose like does not exist, for the profundity and wealth of its ideas bodied forth in pictures full of an indescribable charm and pulsation of life.¹

Thirdly, as to the accusation of blasphemy. Mr. Lewes in his 'Life of Goethe'² has apologised for the 'Prologue in Heaven,' which is the chief ground of the accusation, by Goethe's desire to give to his poem a mediæval 'colouring' or 'tint' in accordance with the old legend. But this seems hardly a sufficient answer to those who think that in this 'tint' there is an insult offered to their most sacred beliefs. It is one thing, they might reply, for Luther or Melancthon, of whose piety we have no doubt, in an age of naive conceptions, to approve of the miracle-plays, notwithstanding that the Divine Being was lowered to a ludicrous level, yet with a *bonâ fide* educational purpose; but it is quite another thing for a poet, of whose piety we have considerable doubt, and who lived in a very different age, to revive the same low conceptions, and that for a merely æsthetical purpose. And this, indeed, would be a satisfactory rejoinder, if the anthropomorphic conceptions of Deity, not only in their grossest, but even in their most refined and exalted forms, were felt to be as narrowly and literally true and real now as they were formerly believed.

If the Deity really is to be conceived in the form of 'a

¹ Strauss, *The Old Faith and the New*, translated by M. Blind, ed. 1874, p. 139.

² *Life of Goethe*, by G. H. Lewes, pp. 452, 453.

magnified man,' then indeed any but the most dignified representation, unless, as in the case of Luther and the Reformers, it were obviously naïve and well-intentioned, would be shocking to the religious sense ; but if, on the other hand, He is apprehended as the infinitely great but mysterious Cause of all, incapable of being adequately represented in any form, then this idea may lend itself 'to any mode of representation,' as 'Jehovah, Jove, or Lord,' which is not absolutely derogatory ; and there is nothing in the picture of the Lord in the prologue which can be considered as such.

And surely Goethe in his day had, and we in ours ought to have, advanced beyond the conception of God as the 'Ancient of Days' in the form of 'a magnified man,' as He is stereotyped in the sculptures and pictures of mediæval times. Who that looks, for example, at Murillo's 'Holy Family' in our National Gallery, can think that he is gazing at the highest representation Art can give of the infinite mysterious Power or Being we call God, and not rather at some semi-christianised patriarchal Zeus? Surely it is time that such representations should be regarded as the relics of a past ecclesiastical mythology, as remote almost from the real object of our worship as the idol gods of Greece and Rome. 'He who has a clear cosmical conception,' it has been truly said, 'in harmony with the present standpoint of astronomy, can no longer represent to himself a Deity throned in heaven and surrounded with angelic hosts.' The highest idea ever given to us of God is that of 'a Spirit,' which is utterly incapable of representation in a human or in any finite form. Any form, however, may be selected for a special purpose, provided the intention is not to degrade the idea ; and in the prologue Goethe has chosen the mediæval Christian 'Lord,' just as he might, if it had suited his purpose equally well, have chosen the ancient Grecian Zeus. For, as far as reality is concerned, the belief in the one is, or ought to be, as

obsolete as in the other. The sense of profanity or none in the representation depends upon the degree to which the mind is disengaged from merely Jewish and Mediaeval-Christian conceptions of the Deity. If this be complete, as was the case with Goethe, the mind will be in no danger of confounding the representation with the ideal object of its own worship. To those, then, whose minds are so disengaged, there is no blasphemy in the Prologue, but only a want of reasonableness—excusable, however, on many grounds—in his accusers.

Further, as to the supposed blasphemous character of much of the language and allusions in the body of the work, the old answer of Byron to those who raised a similar objection to the speeches of Satan in his 'Cain' is applicable here—that 'it is impossible to make the Devil speak like an orthodox clergyman.' The language which is objected to as offensive is in character with the person using it. And the same may be said in reply to the other charges of licentiousness and vulgarity. There is no more of either than is necessary to portray the characters and scenes.

Lastly, that the character of Faust is 'dull and meaningless,' there are few surely who would now repeat, any more than that he is a 'ready-made conjuror,' when in reality he does not perform a single conjuring trick, unless the exorcism of the poodle be considered one. On the contrary, all the magic comes to him in the shape of visions, as of the macrocosm, the microcosm, or the earth-spirit; or he is himself transported by Mephistopheles to Auerbach's cellar and the witch's kitchen, to Margaret's home, the Brocken, and the prison. The only real conjuring trick in the whole play is that of drawing wine from the table in Auerbach's cellar; and this is performed by Mephistopheles and not by Faust.

FAUST.

*DEDICATION.*¹

ONCE more, ye wav'ring forms,² do ye draw near,
 That erst appear'd unto my troubled eyes.
 Shall I attempt this time to hold ye here?
 Doth my heart still that fond illusion prize?
 Ye crowd upon me ! So then o'er me bear
 Dominion, as from cloud and mist ye rise ;
 My bosom now, as in my youth, still heaves
 Under the magic breath that round ye weaves.

Ye bring with ye the scenes of happy days,
 And many dear-belovèd shades³ again :
 Like to some old and half-forgotten lays,
 Return First-love and Friendship in your train ;
 The pang's renew'd, Life's labyrinthine ways
 Come back upon the mazes of the strain,
 And friends are named whom cruel Fortune tore
 From fairest hours, and left me to deplore.

They cannot hear, alas ! the later song,⁴
 Those souls to whom I sang the earliest ;
 Scatter'd as dust now is the friendly throng,
 And the first echo, ah ! hath sunk to rest. /

My strain is chanted unknown crowds among ;
E'en their applause strikes fear into my breast,
And all who once were gladden'd by my lay,
If still they live, are scatter'd far away.

And me a long unwonted yearning bears
After them to that solemn spirit-land ;
Like an Æolian harp my lyre appears,
Lisping in broken tones beneath my hand :
A shudder seizes me, tears follow tears ;⁵
The strong and austere heart ⁶ is half unmann'd ;
All I possess into the distance flies,
Only things vanish'd are realities.

PRELUDE IN THE THEATRE.⁷MANAGER.⁸ THEATRE-POET.⁹ MERRY-ANDREW.¹⁰

MANAGER.

YE twain, who oft have lent me aid
In my perplexity and need,
Say now, I pray, what hopes have ye
Of our success in Germany?
I fain would please the multitude, the more
As that 'to live and let live' is their way :
The posts are fix'd, and boarded is the floor,
And every one expects a treat to-day.
Already sit they, with uplifted eyes,
Patiently there, awaiting a surprise.
I know how to conciliate the crowd,
And yet so at a loss I ne'er did feel ;
True that the quality has not been good,
Still they have read and seen a monstrous deal.
How are we to contrive all fresh and new,
And with a pleasant meaning in it too ?
For verily I love to see the throng,
As to our booth the stream is forced along,
And with repeated travail-labour tries
To burst the narrow gate of Paradise.

Already, in broad daylight, ere 'tis four,¹¹
 Elbowing to the ticket-box they fight,
 As in a famine at a baker's door,¹²
 Breaking their necks almost to get a sight.
 This miracle on such a motley crew
 Only the poet works ; my friend, O do it now !

POET.¹³

O speak to me not of that motley crowd,
 At sight of whom the spirit taketh flight !
 O hide from me the swarming multitude,
 That gulps us in its Maelstrom in our spite !
 Nay, rather lead me to the heavenly land,
 Where only for the poet pure joy lies,
 Where Love and Friendship, as with godlike hand,
 Create and cherish the heart's secret bliss.
 Ah yes ! the spark that in our breast was lit,
 All that the lips had coyly lisp'd alone,
 Erringly now, and now perchance aright,
 The whirl of the wild moment swallows down.
 Oft when thro' silent years it hath been wrought,
 Shines forth at last the poet's perfect thought.¹⁴
 What glitters most, is born but for a day,
 The genuine work lives to posterity.

MERRY-ANDREW.

Posterity indeed ! what's that to me ?
 Suppose I prated of posterity,
 Who then would entertain the present age ?
 And entertainment it must have, and will.

The presence of a gallant lad is still
 Acceptable as ever—I'll engage.
 Whoso can mirth and merriment impart,
 Is not offended at the people's whim ;
 With bursts of laughter who can shake the heart,
 The largest circle is the best for him.
 Therefore be up, and show your excellence !
 Let Fantasy be heard with all her crew,
 Passion, Emotion, Understanding, Sense,
 But, mark me well ! not without Folly too !

MANAGER.

Especially, however, let there be
 Enough of incident : folk come to see,
 And will have their desire. If much you spin
 Before their eyes, so that the public stare,
 Immeasurable applause you're sure to win,
 A popular favourite at once you are.
 By mass alone the masses can you lead ;¹⁵
 Each one selects what suits his special case.
 Whoe'er brings much, he brings what many need,
 And all will go contented on their ways.
 You give a piece, in pieces give it then !
 Such a ragout success is sure to gain ;
 As easy to exhibit as invent.
 What boots a perfect whole that you present ?
 The public will dismember it again

POET.

You cannot feel how mean were such a trade,
 How ill the genuine artist it befits !

The botching of the poet-martinets ¹⁶
 By you, I see, is into maxims made.

MANAGER.

Such a reproach for me cannot be meant ; ¹⁷
 A workman, who would work aright,
 Must choose the fittest instrument.
 Consider, you've soft wood to split ;
 And only look for whom you write.
 While one is driven here by tedium,
 Another's heavy from too gross a meal,
 Others their heads full of the journal come ;
 And these, I reckon, are the worst of all.
 Distracted, as to a mask-ball, they fly
 To us, sped on by curiosity.
 The ladies sport themselves and their attire ¹⁸
 To best advantage—players without hire.
 What dream ye there upon your poet-height ?
 What puts a full house in a merry mood ?
 Behold your patrons by a nearer light !
 One half indifferent, and the other rude.
 This fellow is for cards after the play,
 That for a wild night on a wanton's breast ;
 Why, for such ends, poor fools, I pray,
 Should the kind Muses be distress'd ?
 I tell ye only give, give ever more and more,
 So 'tis impossible you miss your end :
 Seek to perplex and daze the public mind !
 To satisfy it is beyond your power.
 What ails you now ? Enthusiasm or pain ?

POET.

Go, get another slave to serve thy need !
 The poet, forsooth, to take the highest meed,
 The meed of man, which Nature gave to him,
 And make a wanton sport of for thy whim !
 Whereby moves he the hearts of all mankind,
 Whereby subjects the elements to his mind ?
 Is't not the music from his breast that wells,¹⁹
 And back into his heart the world compels ?
 When on her spindle the eternal-long
 Threads of all Life impartial Nature winds,
 When all Creation's inharmonious throng
 Jars with distressful war of differing kinds,
 Who takes the ever-flowing even row,
 Chooses, directs, inspires the rhythmic soul ?
 Who makes the individual atom glow,
 And throb in accord with the general whole ?
 Who bids the tempest rage with human wrath ?
 Who earnest thought into the sunset pours ?
 Who scatters up and down along the path
 Of the belovèd one Spring's fairest flowers ?
 Who takes the insignificant green leaves,
 And crowns thereof for every artist weaves ?
 Who wins Olympus, charms the gods in heaven ?²⁰
 The power of man, unto the poet given.

MERRY-ANDREW.

Then use ye now this power so fine,
 And ply the poet-business
 As one conducts a love-affair !

By chance he meets, he loves, he stays,
 And by degrees becomes enchain'd ;
 Fortune is kind, then rude perchance ;
 Now he's enraptured, now is pain'd,
 And, ere one knows, 'tis a romance.
 Let us, then, such a spectacle present,
 Plunge we at once into the flood of Life !
 Every one lives ; Life few can comprehend ;
 Choose where you will, some interest is rife.
 Pictures of many hues oft are not clear,
 Much error with a spice of truth combined,
 So the best beverage is brew'd to cheer
 And edify each different cast of mind.
 Then gathers round the choicest flower of youth,
 And waits the revelation you will show ;
 Then hearts imbued with tenderness and ruth
 Draw melancholy nourishment from you ; ²¹
 One's touch'd by this, one by another part,
 And each perceives what's hidden in his heart.
 They're equally prepared to weep or laugh,
 They love the strain, are pleas'd the scene to see :
 For finish'd critics nothing's good enough ;
 A growing mind will always grateful be.

POET.

O give me too the time again,
 When I still grew in youthful force,
 When songs unnumber'd gush'd amain,
 Upwelling from their crystal source,
 When mists from me the world conceal'd,
 When every bud a marvel spoke,

When the thousand flowers I broke,
Which the valleys richly fill'd !
Nothing had I, yet enough !
Joy in illusion, yearning after truth.
Give me uncheck'd that impulse wild,
The depth of bliss, tho' fraught with pain,
The strength of hate, love undefiled ;
O give me back my youth again ! .

MERRY-ANDREW.

Youth, my good friend, you need, perchance,
When in the battle foes oppress,
Or when a lovely maiden hangs
Upon your neck with a caress,
When, in the rapid race, from far
Beckons the crown of victory,
Or, after the mad dance, you are
To drown the night in revelry.
But the familiar lyre to seize,
With spirit and with grace to play,
To sweep along the cords with ease,
Upon a self-appointed way,
That, my old friends, belongs to you,
And still we honour you no less.
That 'Age makes childish,' is not true ;
He finds us children ne'er the less ! ²²

MANAGER.

Words enough you've bandied now ;
Deeds at last I'd see begun !

While you compliments bestow
On one another, nothing's done.
What boots to prate of disposition ?
To the lingerer ne'er comes she :
If a poet's be your mission,
Then command your Poesy !
Known to you is what we'd have ;
Strongest liquors would we quaff ;
Brew them straight ! what's not begun
To-day, to-morrow 'll not be done ;
Not an hour should be lost.
Resolve, and in your own selves trust,
Grasp by the forelock what you've got,
And take heed ye loose it not ;
But work away because ye must.
Ye know the stage in Germany—
How each attempts what best he may ;
Therefore spare me not to-day,
Prospects, or machinery !
Use the great and little light
Of heaven,²³ and the stars expend !
Water, fire, rocks without end,
Beasts and birds are yours to-night.
So in our wooden house trot out ²⁴
The whole creation roundabout,
And roam with speed, but pondering well,
From Heaven, thro' the world, to Hell !

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.²⁵

THE LORD,²⁶ *The Heavenly Hosts. Afterwards*
 MEPHISTOPHELES.

*The Three Archangels step forward.*²⁷

RAPHAEL.

Chimes as of old the sun among
 His brother spheres a rival-song,²⁸
 And his before-appointed path²⁹
 With thunder-roll accomplisheth.
 His countenance gives the angels strength,
 Fathom his light tho' no one may ;
 The high works, inconceivable,
 Are grand as on Creation-day.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and swifter than our sense
 Revolveth earth's magnificence ;
 Exchanging Paradise's light
 For the profound and dreadful night ;
 Foameth the sea in whit'ning waves
 Along the rock-built mountain-base ;
 And rock and sea are whirl'd away
 Amid the spheres' eternal race.

MICHAEL.

And storms with one another vie,
 From sea to land, from land to sea ;
 And raging weave a chain immense
 Of earth-encircling influence ;
 There flames the desolating flash
 Forment the thunder's rolling way.
 Still, Lord, thy messengers revere
 The calm procession of thy day.³⁰

ALL THREE.

Thy countenance gives the angels strength,
 Fathom thy truth tho' no one may,
 And all thy mighty works remain
 As grand as on Creation-day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.³¹

Since thou, O Lord, approachest us once more,
 And condescend'st to ask us how we fare,
 And since thou saw'st me gladly heretofore,
 Thou seest me now among thy servants here.
 Pardon, I cannot make fine speeches, even
 Though the whole circle should despise me for it ;
 My pathos, sure, would laughter move in Heaven,
 Had not long ages since high Heaven forsworn it.
 Of sun and worlds I cannot speak at all ;
 I only see what ills mankind befall ;
 The little god of the world holds his way
 As wondrously as on Creation-day.

A little better, certes, would he live,
 If heaven's light thou didst not to him give ;
 Reason he calls it, and employs it so
 That he's more bestial than all beasts I know.
 He seems to me (pardon, Almighty Grace)
 Like one of the cicada's long-legg'd race,³²
 Which aye would fly, and flying only springs,
 And even in the grass her old tune sings.
 And well if he'd lie always in the grass !
 He grubs his nose in every filthy mess.

THE LORD.

Hast thou no more to say to me ?
 Wilt always an accuser be ?
 Still on the earth is nothing to thy pleasure ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord, I find things there beyond all measure
 Bad ; men I pity in their round of woe ;
 Not I myself could plague the poor fools so.

THE LORD.

Knowest thou Faust ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Doctor ?

THE LORD.

My servant.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In wondrous wise, forsooth, he serveth you !

Not earthly is the poor fool's meat each day ;
 Its fermentation drives him far away ;
 Yet he's half conscious of his madness too ;
 From heaven he craves the fairest star,
 And upon earth the highest zest,
 And all things near and all things far
 Content not his deep-hungering breast.

THE LORD.

Tho' now he serve me in perplexity,
 Yet will I lead him to the daylight clear.
 The gardener knows, when buds the little tree,
 That flower and fruit will grace the future year.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wager will you ?³³ You shall lose him still,
 If only you will grant me leave
 To lead him gently down my hill !

THE LORD.

So long as he on earth doth live,
 So long be it permitted thee.
 Man errs as long as he doth strive.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thanks for so much ; for with the dead
 I never had concernment willingly.
 The full fresh cheeks I much prefer indeed ;
 To corpses I am 'not at home ;' my way
 Is always as at cat and mouse to play.³⁴

FAUST.

01

THE LORD.

Enough ! be it permitted thee !
Seduce this spirit from his source,
And lead him, if thou canst, with thee
Upon thy ever-downward course ;
But stand ashamed when thou acknowledge me :
A good man, even in his darkest day,
Is ever conscious of the better way.³⁵

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good so ! 'twill not last long, I trust.³⁶
I have no fear lest I should lose my bet ;
And, if my object I attain, you'll let
Me triumph then with a full-swelling breast.³⁷
Dust shall he eat, and that too with a zest,
As my old Coz., the far-famed serpent, did.

THE LORD.

In this too thou hast liberty ;
I never hated such as thee :
Of all the spirits that deny,
The wag is least offence to me
Too soon mankind's activity will droop,
He soon loves unconditional repose ;
Therefore I give him as companions those
Who, devil-like, must work and stir him up.
But ye, the genuine sons of God, be glad
In the rich living beauty round ye spread !
Nature, that ever lives and works,³⁸ embrace
You in the bonds of her all-loving grace !

And whatso in Appearance wavering floats,
Establish ye with everlasting Thoughts !

[Heaven closes ; the Archangels disperse.]

MEPHISTOPHELES *[alone]*.

From time to time I like to see the Old One,³⁹
And keep from breaking with him, as I can.
In such a mighty Lord 'tis very civil
To parley so humanely with the Devil.

FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDY.

NIGHT.

FAUST [*in a high-vaulted narrow Gothic chamber, moving restlessly on his seat at a desk*].

Philosophy, ah ! and Law, and Medicine,
 And, woe is me ! Theology also,⁴⁰
 Now have I studied through with burning zeal.
 And here I stick at last, poor fool ! and am
 Wise as I was before. Master yclept,
 Ay, Doctor too ; and now for these ten years,
 I've led about my pupils by the nose
 This way and that, and up and down, and see
 That we can know just nothing !⁴¹ This will burn
 My heart to ashes.
 Cleverer, true, I am than all the fops,
 The doctors, masters, philosophs, and priests ;
 No doubt or scruple ever troubles me,
 Nor fear of hell or devil. Therefore, too,
 Of joy am I bereft ;⁴² conceit I've none
 That I can know aught right ; conceit I've none
 That I can teach aught good, whereby mankind
 To better and convert. Moreover I
 Have neither land nor gold,⁴³ nobility,

Nor honour of the world ; a very dog
 Would not live longer so ! And therefore now
 I've given myself to magic,⁴⁴ if perchance
 Thro' power and by the mouth of spirits I
 May probe to many a secret, that no more,
 With sour sweat,⁴⁵ I may be forced to say,
 I know, what I know not ; that I may learn
 What holds the world together at its core ;
 See all the secret workmanship, and seeds
 Of all things,⁴⁶ and traffic in words no more.

O full-orb'd moon ! thou whom so many a night
 I've gazed on at this desk, would that thou now
 Didst look for the last time upon my pain !
 Then over books and papers, mournful friend,
 Didst thou shine down on me. Ah ! would that I
 On mountain-heights could wander in thy light,
 Round mountain-caverns among spirits float,
 O'er meadows weave amid thy twilight beams,
 And, from all knowledge-fumes deliver'd, so
 Bathe me to soundness in thy healing dew !

Woe's me ! Still am I in the dungeon mured ?
 Accursèd, musty, miserable cell,
 Where even the dear light of heaven itself
 Breaks melancholy thro' the painted panes !
 Cramp'd with these book-heaps which the worms begnaw
 And the dust covers, which to its high vault
 A smoke-soil'd paper plasters ; all around
 With glasses, boxes, weird instruments
 Encompass'd—antique house-gear stuff'd therein—
 That is thy world ! That forsooth's call'd a world !

And askest thou still why thy heart doth shrink,
 Fear-struck within thy bosom, why a vague
 Inexplicable pain checks thy life's flow?
 'Stead of that living nature wherein God
 Created man, surrounding thee behold,
 'Mid smoke and dust, brute-skeletons and skulls !

Up ! And away into the wide, wide field !⁴⁷
 And this mysterious book from the very hand
 Of Nostradamus' self⁴⁸—is't not enough
 Escort for thee ? Then shalt thou scan aright
 The courses of the stars ; Nature herself
 Shall teach thee, and thy soul shall rise in might
 As one unto the other spirit speaks.
 In vain the dullard sense would seek to expound
 The sacred signs : Spirits that hover near,
 O answer, if ye hear !

*[He opens the book, and perceives
 the sign of the Macrocosm.]*⁴⁹

Ha ! what delight transfused thro' every sense
 Thrills in me at this sight ! Again I feel
 The young, the holy happiness of life
 New glowing run thro' every vein and nerve.
 Was it a God, who traced these characters
 Which still the inner tumult, fill the heart
 With joy, and with mysterious flash reveal
 The powers of Nature round me everywhere ?
 Am I a God ? It grows so heavenly light !
 In these clear diagrams I seem to see
 Omnific Nature spread before my soul.
 Now first I comprehend what the sage saith :

'The spirit-world is never closed to thee ;
 Thy mind it is that's shut, thy heart is dead !'⁵⁰
 Up, scholar, up ! and bathe unweariedly
 Thy earthly breast in the red glow of morn !

[*He contemplates the sign.*

How all doth weave the whole,⁵¹ how each in each
 Worketh and liveth ! How the heavenly powers
 Mount up and down,⁵² and reach the golden pails,⁵³
 With bliss-exhaling motion of their wings,
 Thronging from heaven to earth, harmoniously
 All making music thro' the eternal All !⁵⁴

O what a vision ! But a vision, ah,
 Only ! Where can I grasp thee, infinite,
 Eternal Nature, where ? O ye breasts, where ?
 Fountains of Life, ye upon whom do hang
 Heaven and Earth—thither the parch'd breast yearns—
 Ye gush, ye offer drink, but I still faint.

[*He turns over the leaves of the book impatiently,
 and sees the sign of the Earth-spirit.*⁵⁵

How differently works this sign on me !
 Thou, Spirit of Earth, art nigher unto me ;
 Already do I feel my strength increase,
 Already do I glow as with new wine ;
 Courage I feel to rush into the world
 To share the woe, the happiness of earth,
 To battle with the storms, and tremble not
 E'en in the shipwreck's crash.

Clouds gather o'er—
 The moon conceals her light—

The lamp goes out !
 Vapours arise !
 Red rays dart round my head !
 A cold blast blows
 Down from the vaulted roof—
 A shudder seizes me !
 I feel thou hoverest near,
 Spirit adjured !
 Reveal thyself !
 Ha ! how my heart is rent !
 My senses all
 Quiver with new perceptions !
 My heart, I feel, is given up to thee !
 Thou must ! thou must ! ay, tho' it cost my life !
*[He seizes the book, and reads out mysteriously the
 citation of the Spirit.⁵⁶ A red flame flashes forth :
 and the Spirit appears in the flame.*

SPIRIT.

Who calls me ?

FAUST [*turning away*].

Horrible apparition !

SPIRIT.

Mightily hast thou drawn me, at my sphere
 Long suck'd, and now—

FAUST.

Oh ! I endure thee not.

SPIRIT.

Panting thou didst implore to gaze on me,
 My voice, my countenance to see, to hear.
 Thy strong-will'd supplication boweth me,
 And I am here ! What pitiful terror now
 Seizes upon thee, Demigod ? Where's now
 Thy soul's strong cry ? Where's now the breast that did
 A world create within itself, and bore
 And cherish'd it, which swell'd with trembling joy
 To lift itself to an equality
 With us the spirits ? Where art thou, O Faust,
 Whose voice resounded to me, who didst press
 With all thy might to me ? Art thou the *thing*,
 That, in my breath involvèd, quiverest
 To thy life's depths, a coward, cringing worm !

FAUST.

What ! shall I yield to thee, phantom of flame ?
 I am he, I am Faust, thy equal too !

SPIRIT.

In the flood of life
 Up and down I go,
 In the storms of strife
 Whirl I to and fro !
 Birth and death,
 An eternal ocean,
 Life's glowing breath,
 And its changeful motion,

So at Time's whizzing loom I ply,
And weave the life-garment of Deity.

FAUST.

Thou who the wide world round encompassst,
O busy Spirit, how near I feel to thee !

SPIRIT.

Thou'rt like the spirit that thou comprehend'st,
Not me ! ⁴ [*Vanishes.*]

FAUST [*dumb-founded*].

Not thee ?

Whom then ?

I, image of the Godhead !

And not even like thee ! [*A knock.*]

O Death ! I know it—'tis my Famulus !⁵⁷

The happiest moment of my life destroy'd !

That all the fulness of the vision should

Be marr'd by this dull groveller !

*Enter WAGNER, in dressing-gown and nightcap, with
a lamp in his hand. Faust turns round im-
patiently.*

WAGNER.

Pardon, I heard declaiming ; maybe 'twas
An old Greek tragedy you read ? That is
An art I fain myself would profit in,
For nowadays 'tis much in vogue ; I have
Often heard say, indeed, a player might
Instruct a priest.

FAUST.

Ay, if the priest be but
A player too, as oftentimes may hap.

WAGNER.

Ah ! when in his museum one's so penn'd,
Scarce sees the world upon a festival,
Scarce thro' a telescope, but from afar,
How can one by persuasion hope to lead it ?

FAUST.

If you not feel, you'll never get the thing
By hunting after it, except it springs
Fresh from the soul, and by original
Potent attractiveness compels the hearts
Of all the audience ; you may sit still
For ever, and glue bits together, cook
A ragout out of others' feasts, and blow
The miserable little meagre flames
Out of your ash-heap ! Be a wonderment
To children and to apes, if for so much
You have an appetite ; but never think
You can knit heart to heart, unless the word
Springs from your heart.

WAGNER.

But the delivery—
That gains the orator success ; ⁵⁸ I feel
Full well 'tis so, yet am so far behind.

FAUST.

Seek honest gains ! Be not a tinkling fool !
 Good understanding, and right sense of things,
 Express themselves with little aid of art ;
 And if you are in earnest in your say,
 Where's the necessity to hunt for words ?
 Ay, your fine speeches all so dazzling,
 Wherein ye cut and frizzle artfully
 The shreds and shavings of Humanity,⁵⁹
 Are unrefreshing as the foggy wind,
 That rustles thro' dry leaves in autumntide.

WAGNER.

Ah Heaven ! How long is Art, and short our life!⁶⁰
 And 'mid my critic studies oft I feel
 Fear haunting head and heart. How hard is it
 To compass but the means whereby one mounts
 To the fount-head ! And ere one has attain'd
 Halfway, perhaps, poor devil, he must die.

FAUST.

The parchment ! and is that the sacred spring
 A draught whereof quenches the thirst for aye ?
 Refreshment thou wilt never have obtain'd,
 Save it have well'd up out of thine own soul.

WAGNER.

Pardon ! It is a pleasure to transport
 Oneself into the spirit of past times,

To see how the sage thought before our day,
And how at length we've reach'd to such a height.

FAUST.

O ay ! high as the stars ! Past times, my friend,
To us are as a book with seven seals ;
What you miscall the spirit of the times
Is but, at last, the spirit of the men
In whom the times are mirror'd.⁶¹ 'That is oft,
In truth, a pitiful affair ! One runs
Away from it on the first glance thereat.
A very sweepings-tub, a lumber-room,
And, at the best, a kind of puppet-show,⁶²
With excellent pragmatic maxims, such
As in the mouths of puppets well befit.

WAGNER.

But then, the world ! the heart and spirit of man !
'Twere well to understand somewhat o' that.

FAUST.

Yes, what's call'd understand ! who dares to call
The child by his right name ? The few who have
Understood aught thereof, who foolishly
Refrain'd not their full hearts, but did unfold
Their feelings, views, unto the multitude—
They've from of old been crucified and burnt.⁶³
But prithee, friend, it is now dead o' night ;
We must at present interrupt our talk.

WAGNER.

I could have gladly sat up all the night
 To talk so learnedly with you ; but still
 To-morrow, being Easter day, permit me
 A question or two more ; with zeal have I
 Applied myself to study, and, indeed,
 Much I do know, yet fain would I know all.

[*Exit.*]FAUST [*alone*].

How from the fool alone hope vanisheth
 Not utterly, who clings to stalest trash,
 Who digs with eager hand for treasure-trove,
 And is rejoiced if he but find earth-worms !⁶¹

Dares such a human voice to echo here,
 Where all the throng of spirits compass'd me ?
 Yet ah ! for this once thank I even thee,
 The poorest of earth's sons. Thou'st rescued me
 From desperation, which had nigh destroy'd
 My senses. Ah ! the apparition was
 So giant-great, I ought to seem a dwarf.

I image of the Godhead, that but now
 Fast by the mirror of eternal Truth⁶⁵
 Seem'd to myself, and revelling in the light
 And glory of the heavens all bestript
 Of the earth-son's materiality ;
 I more than cherub,⁶⁶ whose enfranchised might
 Already in anticipation dared
 To flow thro' nature's hidden arteries,

And in creative energy enjoy
 The life of gods, how must I now atone?
 A thunderword has swept me from my feet.

Presume I may not to compare with thee.
 Tho' I'd the power to draw thee to myself,
 Yet to detain thee I'd no power at all.
 In that one blissful moment I did feel
 Myself so small, so great; thou cruelly
 Thrusted'st me back to the uncertain lot
 Of man. Who teaches me? What shall I shun?
 Shall I obey that impulse? Ah! our acts
 Themselves, e'en as our sufferings too, confine
 The current of our life.—

Unto the highest that the soul conceived,⁶⁷
 Stranger and stranger stuff grows evermore.
 If to the good of this world we attain,
 Then is the better call'd a lie and cheat.
 The glorious impulses, that gave us life,
 Stiffen and die in the turmoil of earth.

If Fancy once, with an adventurous wing,
 And full of hope, to the eternal soar'd,
 Yet doth a little room content her now,⁶⁸
 When hope on hope is shipwreck'd in Time's whirl.⁶⁹
 Care nestles straightway in the heart's profound,⁷⁰
 And there works secret pain, incessantly
 Rocks to and fro, and scatters joy and peace;
 She decks herself for ever in new masks,
 As house and land, as wife or child she comes,
 As water, fire, dagger, and poison-bowl;

Thou tremblest at each shaft that misses thee,
And ever wailest what thou ne'er dost lose.

The gods I am not like ! Too deep I feel ;
The worm it is I'm like, that in the dust
Crawls, and, while feeding upon dust, is by
The wanderer's step annihilate and entomb'd.⁷¹

Is it not dust, which, on a hundred shelves,
Encompasses me 'mid these lofty walls ?
The frippery which, in a myriad forms,
Encumbers me in this moth-haunted world ?
Here shall I ever find what I do lack ?
Shall I in perhaps a thousand volumes read,
That everywhere mankind torment themselves,⁷²
That here and there one has been happier ?
Why grinn'st thou so at me, thou hollow skull,
As tho' thy brain, like mine, once wander'd far,
Sought the bright day, and in the twilight gloom.
Yearning for truth, did piteously stray ?
Ye instruments, forsooth ye mock at me,
With wheel and cog, and ring and cylinder !
I stood at the door, ye should have been the key.
Your wards are crook'd, yet ye ope not the lock.
Mysterious ever in the garish day,⁷³
Nature will not be rifled of her veil,
And what she will not to thy spirit disclose
Thou'lt never wring from her with bars and screws.
Thou antique lumber, that I never used,
Art only here because my father used thee.
Thou ancient pulley⁷⁴ art begrimed with smoke,
E'er since the dull lamp burn'd upon this desk.

Far better had I spent my little all,
 Than with the little burden'd to sweat here !
 What from thy fathers thou'st inherited
 Use, an thou would'st enjoy it !⁷⁵ What is not
 Used is a heavy burden ; time alone
 And opportunity can show *the* use.⁷⁶

But wherefore fix mine eyes upon yon spot ?⁷⁷
 Is yonder flask a magnet to the sight ?
 Why all at once is it so heavenly clear,
 As when a moonbeam playeth in dark woods ?

I do salute thee, wondrous phial thou,
 As now with reverence I fetch thee down !
 In thee I venerate man's wit and art.
 Thou essence of all soothing anodynes,
 Thou extract of all deadly subtle powers,
 Instruct thy master in thy quality !
 I gaze on thee, my pain is straight assuaged ;
 I grasp thee, and my struggles are composed :
 My spirit's tide ebbs out by slow degrees ;
 Into the high seas I am carried out,
 The ocean-mirror gleameth at my feet,
 A new day beckons me unto new shores.

A fiery chariot⁷⁸ upon wings of light
 Swoops thro' the air toward me ! I'm prepared
 On a new path to penetrate the skies,
 Unto new spheres of pure activity.
 This life elate, this ecstasy of gods !
 And thou, but now a worm, deserv'st thou it ?
 Yes, only turn thy back resolvèdly

Upon the dear earth-sun ! Presume to burst
 The gates, past which each creeps so warily !⁷⁹
 Now is the time by deeds to demonstrate
 Man not inferior to the height of gods,
 To face the dark abyss undauntedly,
 Where Fantasy adjudges her own doom,
 Into that passage dire to penetrate,
 Around whose narrow mouth flameth all Hell .
 Serenely on this step to be resolved,
 And, tho' it were with risk of flowing off
 To nothingness, yet so to flow away.

Now come thou down, pure crystal goblet,⁸⁰ come
 Forth of thy old receptacle, on whom
 I have not cast a thought for many a year.
 Thou shon'st upon my father's festal days,
 Cheering the faces of the solemn guests,
 As one unto another pledgèd thee.
 The many figures' rich artistic pomp,
 The drinker's duty to expound in rhyme,
 And then to drain the vessel at a draught,
 Remembers me of many a youthful night.
 I shall not pass thee to my neighbour now,
 I shall not prove my wit upon thine art :
 Here is the juice, which quick intoxicates :
 With its brown stream it fills thy cavity.
 I did prepare it, I myself did choose,
 The last draught now be pledgèd with my whole soul.
 A high and festal greeting to the morn !

[He raises the goblet to his lips.

*Chime of Bells and Choral Song.*⁸¹

CHOIR OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen !
 Joy to the mortal, whom
 Weakness inherited,
 Want and corruption did
 Haunt from the womb !

FAUST.

What deep-toned humming, what a silver strain,
 Draweth with might the goblet from my lips ?
 Proclaim ye even now, ye hollow bells,
 The Easter-tide's first festal hour ? Ye choirs,
 Sing ye already the consoling song
 Which once, round the grave's night, from angel lips
 Rang out, assuring a new covenant ?

CHOIR OF WOMEN.

With spices anointing,
 Our love we express'd ;
 Here we, his faithful ones,
 Laid him to rest :
 With pure hands the napkin
 And cloth did we bind ;
 Alas ! but the Christ here
 No longer we find.

CHOIR OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen !
 Bless'd is the only Good,

Who the soul-moving,
 Healing, faith-proving,
 Trial hath stood.

FAUST.

What seek ye here with me, mighty and mild,
 Ye heavenly tones, with me here in the dust?
 Ring ye out yonder where weak mortals are.
 The message I can hear, but lack the faith;
 Miracle's eye Faith's best-belovèd child.⁸²
 Unto those spheres I venture not to strive,
 Whence the glad tidings are proclaim'd; and yet,
 Accustom'd to this sound from my youth up,
 It even now recalls me back to life.
 Once did the kiss of heavenly love descend
 On me in solemn hours of Sabbath-rest.
 Then rang the chimes so full of yearning hope,
 And prayer was an unspeakable delight;⁸³
 A sweet incomprehensible desire
 Drove me to wander thro' the woods and fields,
 And as the hot tears stream'd adown my cheeks,
 A new world seem'd to rise upon my soul.
 This song announced the spirited sports of youth,
 The gaities of Spring's high festival;
 Remembrance now, with feelings of a child,
 Withholds me still from the last awful step.
 O sound ye out, ye sweet and heavenly songs!
 Tears flow afresh, earth has me once again.

CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

He that was buried,
 Victoriously

Raising himself,
Is exalted on high ;
In joy of progression,
Nigh unto creation,²⁴
Advances his reign ;
Ah ! on the breast of earth
We from our very birth
Link'd are to pain.
His own hath he left
To languish and fail :
Master, thy blessedness,
Ah ! we bewail.

CHOIR OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen
Out of the pains
Of corruption. O joyfully
Burst ye your chains !
As in action ye laud
Him, in love manifest
As ye preach him abroad ;
As ye sit at love-feast,
His joys as ye promise,
Or kneeling in prayer,
The Master is with you,
Your Master is there.

BEFORE THE CITY-GATE."

Pedestrians of all sorts coming out.

MECHANICS.

Why that way then ?

OTHERS.

We're for the Jägerhaus.

THE FIRST.

But we are for the mill.

A MECHANIC.

I would advise

Ye try the Wasserhof.

A SECOND.

No, no ; the road

Is such a bad one.

THE OTHERS.

What will you do then ?

A THIRD.

I'm going with the rest.

A FOURTH.

Come up with me

To Burgdorf ! There I warrant ye will find

The prettiest wenches and the best of beer,
And jolly quarrels too.

A FIFTH.

You scapegrace, you !
Does your hide itch for a third tanning, then ?
I'll not go there, I cannot bear the place.

SERVANT-GIRL.

No, no ; I shall go back to town again.

ANOTHER.

I'm sure we'll find him by those poplar-trees.

THE FIRST.

That's nought to me ; he'll only walk with you,
He'll only dance with you upon the green.
What care I for your pleasures ?

THE SECOND.

Ay, but then
He's certain not to be alone to-day ;
The curly-head, he said, would be with him.

STUDENT.

Deuce ! how those girls step out ! Come, brother, come.
We must join company with them—strong ale,
Stinging tobacco, and a pretty girl,
That's my taste now.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER.

There, only look at them !
 Those fine young fellows ! It's a downright shame ;
 They might have the best company, and yet
 They choose to run after those servant-girls.

SECOND STUDENT [*to the First*].

Not quite so fast ! There two are coming behind !
 They're very nicely dress'd ; one of them is
 A neighbour o' mine ; I rather like the girl.
 For all they're walking so demurely, still
 I'm sure they'll let us join them in the end.

THE FIRST.

Good brother, no ! I hate to be restrain'd.
 Quick ! come along, or we shall lose the game.
 The hand which on Saturday swept the floor
 Is the best to caress when the work is o'er.

CITIZEN.

No, I don't like him, the new Burgomaster !
 Now he's up there, he's prouder every day ;
 And for the town what does he, tell me, then ?
 Do not things worsen there from day to day ?
 Subject we shall be more than ever now,
 And have to pay higher taxes than before.

BEGGAR [*sings*].

Kind gentlemen, fair ladies,
 So blooming and well-dress'd,

An't please ye, look on me,
 And pity the distress'd !
 Let me not fiddle here in vain !
 Alms should be Pleasure's fee ;
 A day when all make holiday
 Be a harvest-day for me.

SECOND CITIZEN.

There's nothing better in the world I know
 For Sundays and for feast-days than a chat
 O' the wars and war's alarms ; when yonder there,
 In Turkey, they are in the thick of it.⁸⁶
 One stands at the inn-window, drinks his glass,
 And sees the painted ships glide down the stream ;
 Then with a merry heart goes home at eve,
 And thanks his stars for peace and peaceful times.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Ay, neighbour, so be it for aught I care!
 They're welcome to split one another's heads,
 And all the world may be turn'd upside down,
 But here at home let's 'bide by the old ways.

OLD WOMAN [*to the Citizens' Daughters*].

Hey day ! how smart ! the pretty creatures too !
 Who'd not be smit with you ? Awee too proud !
 Still it's all very well ! And what you want,
 Perhaps the old woman should know how to get.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER.

Agatha, come ! I care not to be seen
 Conversing openly with such a witch ;
 Yet sooth she show'd me, last St. Andrew's eve,⁸⁵
 My future sweetheart in the very flesh.

THE SECOND.

She show'd me mine too in the crystal-ball,⁸⁶
 In soldier guise, with several gallant blades ;
 I look about, I seek him everywhere,
 But I can never meet with him.

SOLDIERS.

Castles with towers
 And battlements high,
 Lofty-eyed maidens
 Who soldiers defy,
 These would I capture !
 Bold is the venture,
 Glorious the prize !

And the trumpets,
 They call us
 To victory or death ;
 Our life is a storming !
 And battle its breath !
 Maidens and castles,
 Surrender they must.
 Bold is the venture,
 Glorious the prize !

And away to new conquests
The soldier hies.⁸⁹

FAUST AND WAGNER.

FAUST.

Loosen'd from ice are stream and rivulet⁹⁰
Under the life-inspiring glance of Spring ;
Green is the vale as with the hue of hope ;
Old Winter in his weakness has withdrawn
Into the rugged hills. Thence sendeth he,
Flying, but a few feeble showers of grainy hail,
In stripes to lie upon earth's greening floor.
But lo, the sun endureth not the white ;
Everywhere culture and development
Are rife. He will enliven everything
With colour ; what tho' flowers do lack, still he
Accepts in lieu thereof gay-dress'd mankind.
Turn round, and from this height look back toward
The town : out of the dark wide-open gate,
A many-colour'd swarm is pouring forth.
All are so glad to sun themselves to-day ;
They keep the Resurrection of the Lord :
For they themselves, are they not risen too ?
Out of the musty cells of humble homes,
Out of the bonds of trade and handicraft,
Out of the throng of roofs and gable-ends,
Out of the crushing straitness of the streets,

Out of the venerable churches' gloom,
 All are come forth into the light of day.
 See, only see ! how quick the multitude
 Scatters itself thro' garden-grounds and fields ;
 How the great river, in his length and breadth,
 Rocks up and down a thousand pleasure-boats ;
 And this last wherry puts off from the bank,
 Laden almost to sinking. Even from
 Yon hill-side's distant paths gay dresses glance.
 And now I hear the hamlets' busy hum ;
 Here is the people's genuine heaven. Content
 They shout aloud, both great and little : Here
 I am a man, here dare I so to be.

WAGNER.

With you, Sir Doctor, thus to stroll about
 Is both an honour and advantage ; but
 I'd fain not lose myself alone here, as
 I am an enemy to all rough ways.
 The fiddling, shrieking, skittle-playing is
 A most abominable din to me ;
 They rave as tho' an evil spirit drove them,
 And call it joy, ay, call it melody.

*Peasants under the linden-tree.*⁹¹

Dance and Song.

The shepherd for the dance was dress'd ⁹²
 In ribands, wreath, and gorgeous vest ;
 He blazed from top to toe.
 The ring around the linden-tree
 Was throng'd, and all danced mad and free.

Juchhee ! Juchhee !
 Juchheisa ! Heisa ! Hee !
 So went the fiddle-bow.

In haste toward the crowd he rush'd,
 And there against a maiden push'd
 And nudged with his elbow.
 The sprightly damsel turn'd, and said :
 'That's like a stupid lout indeed.'

Juchhee ! Juchhee !
 Juchheisa ! Heisa ! Hee !
 Can't you be civil now ?

Then in the ring a merry rout,
 To right, to left they wheel'd about,
 And all the kirtles flew.
 And they grew red, and they grew warm,
 And rested panting arm in arm.

Juchhee ! Juchhee !
 Juchheisa ! Heisa ! Hee !
 And hip to elbow too.

Prithee be not so overkind !
 How many a youth has changed his mind,
 Broken, belied his vow !
 But still aside he cozen'd her,
 And from the linden sounded far

Juchhee ! Juchhee !
 Juchheisa ! Heisa ! Hee !
 Shrieking and fiddle-bow.

OLD PEASANT.

Sir Doctor, this is really good of you,
That you are not ashamed of us to-day,
And that, so great a scholar as you are,
You come among this crowd of common folk.
So take then our best cup, which with fresh drink
We've fill'd ; I pledge you in 't, and wish aloud.
May it not only quench your thirst, but may
The number of the drops that it contains
Be added to your days !

FAUST.

I do accept
The cheering draught, and I return you all
Good health and thanks.

[The people gather round in a circle.]

OLD PEASANT.

In truth, it is well done of you to appear
Upon this happy day, as long ago
You were a friend to us in evil days.
There's many a one stands living here, whom once
Your father snatch'd from the hot fever-rage,
When, at the last, he'd set bounds to the pest.
You yourself, too, a stripling then,⁹³ you went
Into each stricken house ; full many a corpse
Was carried out, but you came forth unscathed :
Many hard trials you experienced ;
The Helper yonder help'd the helper then.

ALL.

Health to the trusty friend, that he may long
Be able to help !

FAUST.

'Fore yonder Helper stand
With bended head, who teacheth how to help,
And sendeth help.

[He passes on with Wagner.]

WAGNER.

What feelings, O great master, must be yours
At the respect of all this multitude !
O happy he, who from his gifts can draw
Such an advantage ! Fathers point thee out
Unto their children, every one inquires,
Runs and crowds round, the fiddle stops, the dance
Ceases ; when you go on, they stand in rows,
Their caps fly up into the air ; almost
They bend the knee, as tho' the Host did pass.

FAUST.

Only a little further to yon stone !—
Here will we rest after our wandering.
Here sat I oft with thankful heart alone,
And did torment myself with prayer and fast.
In hope abounding, steadfast in the faith,
With tears and sighs, and wringing of the hands,
Thought I to force from heaven's Lord the end
Of that dread pestilence. The multitude's

Applause sounds to me now like mockery.
 O could'st thou in my inmost bosom read,
 How little sire and son deserve such praise !
 My father was a sombre worthy man,
 Who over Nature and her sacred zones
 In honesty, but after his own wise,
 And with capricious zeal, would meditate,
 As, in companionship with his adepts,
 In his dark laboratory he shut himself,
 And after endless recipes would pour
 And fuse together contrarities.⁹⁴
 Then was a lion red, bold suitor he,⁹⁵
 In tepid bath unto the lily espoused,
 And thence the pair, with open furnace-flame,
 From one bride-chamber to another rack'd.
 If thereupon, in variegated hues,
 The young queen show'd herself within the glass,
 Here was the remedy ; the patients died,
 And none ask'd who recover'd. So have we,
 With hellish electuaries, amid these vales,
 These hills, rag'd far worse than the pestilence.
 I have myself the bane administer'd
 To thousands ; they consumed away, while I
 Must live to hear the reckless murderers praised.

WAGNER.

How can you vex yourself on that account ?
 Does not an honest man enough, if he
 Practise, with zeal and conscientiousness,
 The art which has been handed down to him ?
 If thou, in youth, thy father honourest,

Then wilt thou willingly receive of him ;
 If thou, in manhood, addest to thy love,
 Then can thy son reach a still higher goal.

FAUST.

O happy he, who still can hope to emerge
 Out of this sea of error ! ⁹⁶ we do use
 What we know not, cannot use what we know.
 But let us not embitter this sweet hour
 Of heaven with such melancholy thoughts !
 Behold how, in the evening sunset-glow,
 The green-embosom'd huts are shimmering !
 The sun advancing sinks, the day is done,
 Yonder he hastens to awake new life.
 Ah ! that no wing uplifts me from the earth,
 To follow ever, ever after him !
 Then should I see, in the perpetual light
 Of evening-beams, the still world at my feet,
 All heights aflame, and every vale at rest,
 The silver brook haste to the golden stream. ⁹⁷
 Not then should intercept my godlike course
 The mountain wild with all his openings ;
 Already Ocean, with his sun-warm'd coves,
 Displays himself before my wondering eyes.
 Yet seems the god at last to sink away ;
 But the new impulse wakes ; I hasten on,
 Yearning to drink his everlasting light,
 Before me day, and in my wake the night,
 Heav'n over me, and under me the waves—
 A glorious dream ! Meanwhile he sinks and fades.
 Alas ! that to the spirit's wings no wings

Corporeal can be join'd thus easily.
 Yet 'tis a feeling natural to us all,
 Upwards and onwards to ascend and urge,⁹⁸
 When over us, in blue space lost, the lark
 Singeth her quavering song ; when over jagg'd
 And piny heights the outspread eagle soars ;
 And over lake and moor the crane wings towards
 her home.

WAGNER.

Whimsical hours I've often had myself,
 But such an impulse never have I felt.
 One soon has look'd his fill at woods and fields,
 And ne'er shall I begrudge the birds their wings.
 How differently the pleasures of the mind
 Bear us from book to book, from page to page !
 Then winter-nights become so sweet and dear.
 A happy life pervades and warms the frame,
 And ah ! if you unroll a worthy sheet,
 Then heaven itself seems to descend on you.

FAUST.

One impulse only art thou conscious of ;
 O then the other never seek to know !⁹⁹
 Two souls, alas ! are dwelling in my breast,¹⁰⁰
 One from the other fain would separate ;
 The one with persevering fondness clings
 Fast to the world with organs as of steel,
 The other lifts itself above the dust
 Into the fields of a high ancestry.¹⁰¹
 O be there spirits in the air,¹⁰² that float

And have dominion atwixt earth and heaven,
 Descend ye now out of the golden mist,
 And bear me to new varied life away !
 Ah ! were a magic mantle only mine,¹⁰³
 And it could waft me into foreign lands,
 I would not change it for the costliest garb,
 No, not for a king's robe of state.

WAGNER.

O summon not the too familiar troop,¹⁰⁴
 Which streaming spreads above us in the air,
 And, from all quarters of the sky, prepares
 Thousandfold perils for the race of man.
 From the north comes the sharp-fang'd spirit-host,
 Assailing thee with arrowy-pointed tongues ;
 From the east marches forth a withering train,¹⁰⁵
 And nourishes itself upon thy lungs ;
 As the south sends out of the wilderness
 Blasts that heap fire on fire upon thy head,
 So-brings the west the swarm, that first revives,
 Then drowns in floods the fields and meads and
 thee.

Lightly they hear, as upon mischief bent,
 Lightly obey, as lightly they deceive,
 They seem as they were Heaven's messengers,
 And lisp like angels whenas they would lie.
 But let us go, the world's already grey,
 The air grows chill, the mists begin to rise ;
 At evening one feels the worth of home.—
 Why stand'st thou so, and lookest out amazed ?
 What can arrest thee in the twilight so ?

FAUST.

Seest thou yon black dog scamp'ring thro' the corn
And stubble? ¹⁰⁶

WAGNER.

I saw him long ago ; to me
He seem'd not worth remarking. ¹⁰⁷

FAUST.

Look at him
Attentively ! For what dost take the brute ?

WAGNER

For a poor poodle, who in a dog's wise
Puzzles his wits to find his master's track.

FAUST.

Observest thou, how in wide spiral curves
Nearer and nearer circling he doth hunt ?
And, if I err not, a whirl-stream of fire
Trails on his path. ¹⁰⁸

WAGNER.

I see nothing at all
But a black poodle ; and with you, perhaps,
It may be some illusion of the eyes.

FAUST.

To me it seems as he were laying down
Fine magic snares to noose our feet withal.

WAGNER.

I see him doubtfully and timidly
Springing about, and all because he sees
Two unknown persons in his master's stead.

FAUST.

The circle narrows, he's already close.

WAGNER.

Thou seest, a dog, and not a spectre's here.
He growls and hesitates, he crouches down
On 's belly, wags his tail—all a dog's ways.

FAUST.

Come, poodle, come along with us ! come here !

WAGNER.

It is a funny beast. An you stand still,
He waits—you speak to him, he fawns on you ;
If you lose anything, he'll bring it you,
And jump into the water for your stick.

FAUST.

Perchance thou'rt right ; I find not any trace
Of spirit—'tis all training.

WAGNER.

Even a dog,
If he's well trained, may win a wise man's love.
Yes, he deserves thy favour thoroughly,
The student's most accomplish'd scholar, he.

[*They enter the city-gate.*]

THE STUDY.¹⁰⁹

FAUST [*entering with the poodle*].

Behind me now have I left meadow and field,¹¹⁰
 Envelop'd in deep night : with holy awe,
 Foreboding, wakes the better soul in us.
 Asleep are now all violent impulses,
 And every unblest deed ; the love of man,
 The love of God stirs in the bosom now.

Be quiet, poodle ! run not up and down !¹¹¹
 What sniff'st thou on the threshold here ? Lie down
 Behind the stove ! There's my best cushion for thee :
 As yonder thou, upon the mountain road,
 Hast entertain'd us with thy gambols, so
 Accept of me this hospitality
 As a full welcome, but a quiet guest.

Ah, yes ! when in our narrow cell the lamp
 Burns friendly again, then all grows light and clear
 Within the bosom, in the heart that knows
 Itself. Reason begins to speak again,
 And Hope to bloom again ; one yearns after
 The streams of life, ah ! after life's prime source.

Snarl not so, poodle ! With the holy tones,
 That now engage my soul, thy brutish noise
 Ill harmonises. We are wont to see
 Men scorn what they not understand, to hear
 Them murmur at the good and beautiful,

Which oftentimes is troublesome to them ;
Will the dog also snarl at it like them ?

But ah ! already, in despite of me,
Content no longer wells up in my breast.
But wherefore must the stream dry up so soon,
And we again lie thirsting ? Thereof I
So oft have had experience. Yet this want
Admits of compensation ; we do learn
To prize the supersensual ; we are made
To yearn after a revelation,
Which nowhere worthier or more brightly shines
Than here in the New Testament. I feel
Impell'd to open the ground-text, and now
Once and for ever, with sincerity,
Translate the sacred pure original
Into my own dear native German tongue.

[*He opens a volume and settles himself to work.*

'Tis writ : 'In the beginning was the *Word*.'
Here do I stick at once. Who'll help me on ?
I cannot possibly esteem the *Word*
So high ; I must translate it otherwise,
If now the Spirit doth enlighten me.
'Tis writ : 'In the beginning was the *Mind*.'
Consider well the first line, that thy pen
O'erspeed not thy intent. Is it the mind
That worketh and createth everything ?
'T should stand : 'In the beginning was the *Power*.'
Yet, even as I write this down, something
Already warns me not to rest in it.
The Spirit aids ! at once I see, and write
Boldly : 'In the beginning was the *Fact*.'¹¹²

If I'm to share the room with thee, poodle,
 Then cease thy howling, cease thy barking ! Such
 A troublesome companion I can't bear
 So near to me. One of us two must quit
 The cell ; albeit unwillingly, I must
 Revoke the right of hospitality.
 The door is open—there's free course for thee,
 But what see I ! can that be natural ?
 Is it a shadow ? is 't reality ? ¹¹³
 How long and broad my poodle grows ! he seems
 To lift himself with might ! that is no form
 Of hound ! what fearful spectre have I brought
 Into the house ! Already seems he like
 A hippopotamus, with fiery eyes,
 Terrific teeth. Oh ! now I know thee well !
 For such a semi-hellish brood
 The key of Solomon ¹¹⁴ is good.

SPIRITS [*in the corridor*].

Therewithin trapp'd is one !
 Stay without, follow none !
 Like a fox in a snare,
 Quakes an old hell-lynx there.
 But still watchful be !
 Hover to and fro,
 Hover high and low,
 And he'll set himself free.
 If ye can aid him,
 Leave him not thus ;
 Ofttimes has he render'd
 Good service to us.

FAUST.

First, the monster-hound to quell,
Use do I the fourfold spell.¹¹⁵

Salamander shall glow,
Undine shall wave,
Sylph, she shall vanish,
Kobold shall slave !

Whoso hath kenn'd not
The elements' power,
And their quality,
Over the spirits
No master were he.

Vanish in flame,
Salamander !
Rushing together flow,
Undine !
Shine in thy meteor-light,
Sylph !
Bring homely aid to us,
Incubus ! Incubus !¹¹⁶
Step forth and finish the work !

Not one of the four sticks in the brute :
He lies quite still, and grins at one ;
As yet no harm to him I've done.
But thou shalt hear me
More strongly adjure thee.

Fugitive of Hell art thou,
Fellow ?—then behold this sign,¹¹⁷
'Fore which thy dark legions bow !

Already swelleth he with bristly hair.

Being accursed ! canst read the spell,
The underived, unspeakable
Power, thro' all the heavens diffused,¹¹⁸
And by wicked hands abused ?

Lo ! behind the stove spell-bound,
Elephant-like swells the hound ;
All the chamber seems to fill,
And into mist dissolve he will.

Mount not to the ceiling so !
At thy master's feet lie low !

Thou seest, I threaten not in vain,
With sacred flame I'll singe thee again !

Wait not thou
The threefold light !
Wait not thou
My art's worst might !

MEPHISTOPHELES, *while the mist is dispersing, steps from
behind the stove in the garb of a travelling scholar.*¹¹⁹

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why such ado ? What may thy pleasure be ?

FAUST.

That was the kernel of the poodle then ?
A travelling scholar ! the 'case' makes me laugh.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I do salute the learned gentleman.
Zounds ! but you've made me sweat confoundedly.

FAUST.

What is thy name ? ¹²⁰

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The question seems to me
Trivial for one who so contemns the Word,
Who, far beneath all vain appearances,
Seeks only for the essence deep of things.

FAUST.

With gentlemen like you the essence may
In general be gather'd from the name,
Wherein 'tis all too plainly manifest,
Being Fly-God, ¹²¹ Destroyer, ¹²² Liar call'd.
But come, who art thou then ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of that Power
Which ever wills the Evil, and ever works
The Good. ¹²³

FAUST.

What doth this riddle signify ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the Spirit that evermore denies, ¹²⁴
And reason : for that all which is produced

Deserves to be destroy'd ;¹²⁵ therefore 'twere best
 Nothing should be produced. So all that you
 Call Sin, Destruction, in a word the Bad,
 Is my peculiar element.

FAUST.

Thou call'st
 Thyself a part, yet standest here a whole ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The modest truth I tell thee. Altho' man,
 The little fool-world, generally esteems
 Himself a perfect whole ; I am a part
 Of that part which in the beginning was all,
 A part of Darkness, which brought forth the Light,¹²⁶
 The arrogant proud Light, that now contests
 Her ancient rank and realm with Mother Night.
 And yet succeeds he not, strive as he may,
 Seeing he cleaves to forms material,
 From matter streams, makes matter beautiful,
 Is stay'd by matter in his progress. So,
 I hope he cannot long endure, but is
 With forms material doom'd to be destroy'd.¹²⁷

FAUST.

Now I perceive thy worthy function !
 On the great scale thou canst not destroy aught,
 So now thou 'ginn'st to work upon the small !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And verily not much is done that way.

What doth oppose itself to nothingness,
 The something, this brute earth, so far as I
 Have undertaken yet, I cannot reach,
 With waves, storms, earthquakes, devastating fire :¹²⁸
 Unshaken still remain both sea and land.
 And the damn'd stuff, the bestial-human brood,
 They hardly can be touch'd. How many have I
 Buried already ! and still new fresh blood
 Is circulating ever. So it fares
 Continually ; one might go raving mad :
 I' the air, the water, as out o' the earth, ¹²⁹
 Thousands of germs evolve themselves to life,
 In wet, dry, warm, and cold !¹³⁰ Had I not kept
 The flame unto myself, I had not had
 A single thing apart.

FAUST.

So raisest thou then thy cold devil-fist
 Against the ever active health-giving
 Creative Power, clench'd wickedly in vain !
 O try another course, thou wondrous Son
 Of Chaos !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will really think of it ;
 But more of that anon ! Could I now go ?

FAUST.

I see not why thou ask'st ; I know thee now ;
 Visit me henceforth as thou art inclined.
 Here is the window, there the door, a chimney
 Is at thy service too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To say the truth,
A little obstacle prevents my exit—
The wizard-foot ¹³¹ upon your threshold there.

FAUST.

The Pentagram 'tis troubles thee? O say,
Thou Son of Hell, if that bans thee, how then
Didst thou come in? How was such spirit deceived?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Behold it! 'tis ill drawn; one corner there,
Outside, is, as you see, a little open.

FAUST.

Chance has well order'd that! So then thou art
My prisoner? That is a happy chance.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poodle noted nought as he sprang in:
The case seems different now; the Devil can't out.

FAUST.

But why not thro' the window?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis a law
Of devils and of spectres: that the way
They enter'd in, the same must they go
The first is open to us, to the last
We're bondsmen.

FAUST.

Even Hell then has its laws?

'Tis well ! and so a compact, and a sure one,
May be concluded with you gentlemen ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whate'er we promise, that shalt thou enjoy,
No jot shall be discounted of 't. But that
Needs some consideration : we will talk
O' that anon. But now I do entreat,
Most earnestly, for this once let me go.

FAUST.

Stay but a moment longer ; tell me first
Something worth hearing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pray now let me go !
I'll soon be back : then ask me what thou wilt.

FAUST.

I laid no snare for thee ; thou of thyself
Didst run into the net : whoso has got
The Devil should keep him ; he will not so soon
Catch him a second time.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If you desire,
I'm ready to keep company with you,

But on condition that I pass the time
Worthily in exhibiting my arts.¹³²

FAUST.

I'd see them gladly : show thy art to me ;
Only I pray that it agreeable be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou shalt, my friend, in this one hour,
Win for thy senses pleasure more
Than in the year's monotony.
The songs the dainty sprites will sing,
The lovely images they'll bring,
Are no vain magic-mockery.
Sweet odours shall around thee float,
On richest feasts thy taste shall gloat,
Ravish'd thy every sense shall be.
Preparation needs there none ;
We're together, be 't begun !

SPIRITS.

Vanish, ye gloomy vaults
Yonder above !
Charming blue æther,
Stretch o'er us in love !
O let the darkling
Clouds melt away !
Little stars sparkling,
Milder suns shining
Make mellow day.

L

Beauty ethereal,
Spirits celestial,
Waving and bending,
Hover aboon ;
Sweet inclination
Follows anon.
And the flutt'ring bands
Of their garments gay
Cover the lands,
Cover the bowers,
Where lovers are pledging
Their lives away.
Bower upon bower !
The tendrils twine ✓
Rich clusters fall
From the laden vine
Into the presses ;
And from the vats
Gushing the wines
Ripple in rivulets,
Over the stones
Rare and clear,
Leaving the heights
Behind them lying,
Broaden out into seas,
The content to enhance
Of the greening hills.
And the wingèd tribe,
Sipping new delight,
Flies away to the sun,
Flies away to the bright
Islands that dance

Amid dancing waves, /
 In the western light ;
 Where we hear voices,
 In chorus sounding,
 Over the meads
 See dancers bounding ;
 All wandering free
 Over earth and sea.
 Some up the mountains climb,
 Some o'er the blue lake swim ;
 Some poise in air ;
 All toward life ;
 And the blessèd grace
 Of the far-off stars,
 Embosom'd in space.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He sleeps ! Well done, my airy little sprites !
 Faithfully have ye sung him sound asleep !
 For such a concert I am in your debt.
 Thou'rt not the man to hold the devil yet !
 Sport round him still with sweet dream-images,
 Immerse him in a sea of fantasy !
 But now, this threshold's sorcery to split,
 I want a rat's tooth, and not long for it
 Need I conjure ; lo ! one comes rustling here,
 Who straightway will my invocation hear.

The lord of rats and mice,
 Of flies, frogs, bugs, and lice,¹³³
 Requires thee, come forth thou,
 And gnaw this threshold through,

Where he the oil doth smear.
 Ha ! thou com'st hopping here !
 Now quick to work !—the point which me
 Spell-bound, in yonder corner see !
 Just one bite more, and it is done !
 Now, Faust, till we meet again dream on.

FAUST [*awaking*].

Am I again deceived then ? Vanisheth
 The spirit throned thus ? Was't a dream that I
 Did see the Devil, and that a poodle escaped ?

THE STUDY.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

A knock ? Come in ! Who'll pester me again ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I.

FAUST.

Come in !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thrice must thou say 't !¹³⁴

FAUST.

Come in then !

MEPHISTOPHELLS.

So I'm content. We shall, I hope, agree.
 For to dispel thy humours I am here,
 A noble youth, in red gold-border'd coat,¹³⁵
 The mantlet of stiff silk, the cock-feather
 I' the hat, with long sharp-pointed rapier.
 And now I recommend thee in a word,
 Array thyself in similar attire,
 Wherewith, unfetter'd and at liberty,
 Thou may'st experience the joys of life.

FAUST.

In every garb I still shall feel the pain
 Of earth's contracted lot. Too old am I
 To spend my days in sport, too young to be
 Without a wish. What can the world afford me?
 Renounce shalt thou! Renounce, renounce thou
 shalt,¹³⁶
 That's the eternal song which rings i' the ears
 Of every one of us, which every hour
 Sings hoarsely to us all, our whole life long.
 I could weep bitter tears to see the day,
 Which in its course will not fulfil one wish,
 Not one—which, with capricious captiousness,
 Discounteth even the foretaste of each joy,
 And checks the shaping of my busy breast
 With a thousand trivialities of life.
 Again, at nightfall, I must lay me down
 In anguish on my couch, and there no rest
 Will be bestow'd ¹³⁷—wild dreams will terrify.

The god, who in my bosom dwelleth,¹³³ he
 Can inly rack my spirit to its depths ;
 He who o'er all my being reigns supreme,
 Still cannot change a single thing without.
 And so existence is a burden to me ;
 Death is desired, and life a thing abhorr'd.¹³³

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet is death never a quite welcome guest.

FAUST.

O happy he, around whose brows death weaves
 The blood-stain'd laurel-wreath of victory,
 Or whom, after the madding dance, he finds
 Encircled in a witching maiden's arms !
 O that I had been rapt up by the power
 Of the Great Spirit,¹⁴⁰ life and soul absorb'd !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet there was a man who did not drink
 A certain brown juice on a certain night.

FAUST.

To play the spy, it seems, is thy delight.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Omniscient am I not, yet much I know.

FAUST.

If from the horrible tumult of that hour
 A sweet familiar strain did rescue me, /

And with the echo of a happier time
 Beguiled the relics of my childhood's sense,
 Yet curse I now all that enthralls the soul
 With false alluring magic-witchery,
 And holds it in this den of misery,
 Spell-bound under its flattering influence.
 Cursèd before all be the high conceit,
 Wherein the spirit doth enwrap itself !
 Cursèd the glamour of appearances,
 That dazzles and infatuates the sense !
 Cursèd the phantasms, that in our dreams
 Mock us with hollow hopes of name and fame !
 Cursèd the flattering sense of property,
 As in a wife and child, or slave or plough !
 Cursèd be Mammon when, with treasure-bait,
 He lures us on to rash and violent deeds :
 Or when he smooths the pillow under us
 For indolent enjoyment and repose !
 Curse on the soothing balsam of the grape !
 Curse on that last boon paramount of Love !¹⁴¹
 Curse upon Hope ! curse upon Faith ! and curse,
 'Bove all, on Patience !

CHORUS OF SPIRITS [*invisible*].

Woe ! woe !¹⁴²
 Thou hast destroy'd it,
 The beautiful world,
 With violent blow ;
 It falls, and is broken ;
 A demi-god dash'd it
 To pieces !—Lo,

Into the void
 The fragments we bear,
 And weep o'er the wreck
 Of a world so fair.
 O mighty one
 Of the sons of earth,
 O glorious one,
 Build it again—
 In thine own bosom
 Build it again !
 A new life begin,
 With purpose clear,
 And new songs sounding
 Thereon shalt thou hear !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These are the little ones
 Of my band !
 Pleasure and action,¹⁴³
 Hark how they command !
 Out of thy hermit-life
 Into the wide world-strife ;
 Out of stagnation,
 Where sap and sense thicken,
 They would allure thee,
 And urge thee on.

Cease trifling with this melancholy mood,
 Which, like a vulture, preys upon thy life.
 The worst companionship still makes thee feel
 Thou art a man among mankind. And yet

I mean not thou should'st mingle with the herd.
 Myself, I'm not one o' the great ; but if
 Thou'lt take thy way through life along with me,
 I will accommodate myself at once ;
 I am thy fellow, and, if so thou wilt,
 Thy servant, and thy slave.

FAUST.

And what for thee
 Shall I do in return ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For that thou hast
 Long respite yet.

FAUST.

Nay, nay ! the Devil is
 An egoist, nor will he easily,
 For love of Heaven, do what profiteth
 Another. Speak the terms out plainly ! Such
 A servant bringeth danger to the house.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll bind myself unto thy service *here*,
 Never to rest nor slumber at thy call ;
 When *yonder* we shall meet again, then thou
 Shalt do the like for me.

FAUST.

The yonder—that
 Cannot concern me much ; if thou could'st dash

This world to pieces first, the other might
 Rise after if it could. From this earth spring
 My joys, and this sun shines upon my woes ;
 Could I once separate myself from them,
 Happen then might whatever would or could.
 I'll hear no more o' that, or whether too
 Hereafter one will love and hate, or if
 There be an Upper or an Under ¹⁴⁴ there.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In this mood thou canst venture 't. Bind thyself !
 Soon shalt thou be delighted with my arts.
 I give to thee what no man yet has known.

FAUST.

What wilt thou give, poor Devil ? Has the soul
 Of man, in his high strivings, ever yet
 Been comprehended by the like o' thee ?
 Yet hast thou food which satisfieth not ; ¹⁴⁵
 Red gold hast thou, which in its restlessness,
 Quicksilver-like, melteth within the hand ;
 A game at which none ever wins ; a maid
 Who, on my breast reclined, with ogling eyes
 Binds herself to my neighbour even now ;
 Honour, the glorious desire of gods,
 Which, like a meteor, vanisheth in air ¹⁴⁶—
 Show me the fruit that rots ere it be pluck'd,
 And trees which every day put forth fresh leaves ! ¹⁴⁷

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a demand affrights me not ; with such

Treasures I can provide thee. But, my friend,
The time is drawing nigh when we may taste
Some genuine good ¹⁴⁸ in peace.

FAUST.

In peace if e'er

I lie down on a bed of indolence,
Be it all over with me in that hour !
If e'er by flattery thou canst cheat me so
That I shall be contented with myself,
Or if with luxury thou canst deceive,
Let that day be my last. This wager I
Offer thee now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done !

FAUST.

And my hand upon 't !

If to the passing moment e'er I say
'Tarry ! thou art so fair !' ¹⁴⁹—then may'st thou clap
Thy fetters on me ; then will I willingly
Perish. Then may the death-knell toll, then thou
Art from thy service free ; the clock may stand,
The finger fall, and Time for me be past !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Consider well, for we shall not forget.

FAUST.

To that thou hast full right. Not rashly have I

Engaged myself. As I remain, I am
A slave : what matter, then, or thine, or whose ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'This very day, then, at the Doctor's feast,¹⁵⁰
I'll do my duty as a servant. Only
One thing ! In case of accidents, I beg
A couple o' lines.

FAUST.

Some writing too, pedant, demandest thou ?
Hast thou not man, or man's word, ever known ?
Is 't not enough for thee my spoken word
Should pledge my days for all eternity ?
Raves not the world in myriad streams along,
And shall an airy promise fetter me ?
And yet this prejudice lies in our hearts ;
Who'd wish to be without it ? Happy he
Who bears pure Truth unsullied in his breast !¹⁵¹
No sacrifice will he repent for her.
But O ! a parchment, all engross'd and stamp'd—
That is a spectre from which all men shrink.
The word expires already in the pen,
The skin and wax confer the mastery.
What wilt thou, Evil Spirit, of me ? say—
Brass, marble, parchment, paper ? Shall I write
With chisel, style, or pen ? Thou hast free choice.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why now so hot, and let thy rhetoric
Gallop so fast ? Just any scrap's enough.

Thou undersigns't thyself with a small drop
Of blood ! ¹⁵²

FAUST.

If this contents thee, let the whim
Pass then.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood is a quite peculiar juice.

FAUST.

Only fear not lest I should break this bond !
The very end of all my striving is
No other than the one which I have vow'd.
I've swell'd too high with pride ; I can but rank
A member of thine order. I'm despised
By the Great Spirit ; ¹⁵³ Nature shuts herself
Against my search, ¹⁵⁴ the threads of thought are snapt. ¹⁵⁵
Long have I loathed all knowledge. ¹⁵⁶ In the depth
Of sensual pleasure let us quench the glow
Of passion ! Under the impervious veil
Of sorcery let every miracle
Be wrought ! Plunge we into the rush of Time,
Into the roaring whirl of Accident !
And there let pain, and pleasure, and success,
And disappointment alternate at will ;
Only in restlessness doth man his course fulfil. ¹⁵⁷

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nor end nor measure is prescribed to you.
If you desire to sip sweets everywhere,
To snatch at every flower in your flight,

Much good may you get by it ! Only now,
Fall to, and be not coy !

FAUST.

Thou hearest ay !
Joy's not the question. To the tumult now
Of passions I devote myself, to pain-
-fullest enjoyment, to enamour'd hate,
Inspiring disappointment.¹⁵⁸ Now my breast,
That of her knowledge-thirst is surfeited,
Henceforth shall bare herself to every pang ;
All that Humanity participates,¹⁵⁹
I will absorb into my inmost self ;
Grasp with my mind its highest, deepest thoughts ;
Heap on my single head its weal and woe ;
And so my individual self expand
Unto the Self of all Humanity,
And, with Itself, be shipwreck'd in the end.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O credit me, who many thousand years
Have chew'd this bitter fare !¹⁶⁰ No mortal soul,
From cradle unto bier, has ever yet
Digested the old leaven. Credit
This whole was made but for a god alone !
He dwells in an eternal blaze of light,
Us hath he placed in darkness, and to you
Are day and night apportion'd.

FAUST.

But I will !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That is soon said ! Only one thing I fear ;
Time's short, and art is long. I should presume
You'd let yourself be taught. A poet take
For your companion ; let the master sweep
In thought, and pile all noble qualities
Upon your honour'd head ; the lion's heart,
Stag's swiftness, the Italian's fiery blood,
The Northerner's endurance ! Let him show
The secret of uniting in one soul
Cunning and magnanimity, and teach
The passionate desires of youth to love
On a set plan ! Myself, if I could meet
With such a gentleman, I'd surname him
Sir Microcosmus.

FAUST.

What am I then, if
It be not possible to win the crown
Of manhood, for which all my senses strive ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou art at last—just what thou art. Clap on
Perruques of a million locks, or plant thy foot
In buskins an ell high, thou still remain'st—
Just what thou art.

FAUST.

Alas ! I feel 'tis so.
In vain I've scraped and gather'd to myself

All treasures of the human intellect ;
 And when at last I sit me down to rest,
 Still no new power springs up within my soul :
 I'm not a hair's breadth higher than I was,
 Nor nearer to the Infinite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good friend,
 You view things as they're generally view'd ;
 We must do better, ere the joys of life
 Escape us. Deuce ! hast thou not hands and feet,
 And head and h—— ? And all that I enjoy
 Keenly, is it for that less mine ? If I
 Can hire six steeds, is not their strength as mine ?
 I drive away, and am a proper man,
 As though I'd four-and-twenty legs. So up !
 Quit thought, and out into the world with me !
 I tell thee, sooth, a carle who speculates ¹⁶¹
 Is like a beast upon a barren heath,
 Led in a circle by an evil sprite,
 While beautiful green pastures lie all round.

FAUST.

And how do we begin ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We just go out.
 Why, what a place of martyrdom is this ?
 Is this to be call'd life—to bore to death
 The youngsters and thyself ? Leave that, I say,
 To neighbour Paunch ! Why should'st thou vex thyself

With threshing straw? The best that thou canst know,
 Thou dar'st not tell the lads. Even now I hear
 One o' them in the passage.

FAUST.

I cannot

Possibly see him now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor boy! he has
 Waited long while, and should not go away
 Uncomforted. Give me thy cap and gown!
 The mask will suit me excellently.

[He changes his dress.

Now leave me to my wit! I only want
 A quarter of an hour; meanwhile thyself
 Prepare for a fine journey!

[Exit Faust.

MEPHISTOPHELES *[in Faust's long gown].*

Reason and Knowledge do thou only scorn,
 The very highest strength of human kind;
 Do but allow thyself to be confirm'd
 In blinding magic by the Spirit of Lies;
 Then shall I have thee unconditionally.
 Him hath Fate gifted with a spirit which,
 Spurning all bounds, for ever forward hastes,
 One whose o'er-rash impetuous impulses
 Overleap all the pleasures of this earth.
 Him will I trail thro' the wild ways of life,
 Thro' weary ways of Inutility;
 Sprawl shall he, be benumb'd, cleave to the dust;

And for his insatiety shall float
Viands and drinks before his greedy lips ; ¹⁶²
Refreshment shall he supplicate in vain ;
And even tho' he had not to the Fiend
Render'd himself up, still he must be lost !

A Student enters. ¹⁶³

STUDENT.

I am but just arrived here, and I'm come
Full of devotion to address and make
Acquaintance with a man whom all do name
With reverence.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your courtesy delights me.
You see a man like many more. Have you
Applied elsewhere ?

STUDENT.

I beg you will receive me !
I come with all good disposition,
Moderate means, and innocent young blood ;
My mother scarce would let me come away ;
I fain would learn some useful knowledge here. ¹⁶⁴

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then you're in the right place.

STUDENT.

Candidly, I
Would I were out again ; within these walls,

These halls, there's not a thing that pleases me.
A narrow room, no green, not even a tree ;
And in the lecture-halls, and on the forms,
Hearing and sight and sense all fly away.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That all depends on habit. So a child
Takes not at once unto its mother's breast,
But by-and-by it sucks with eagerness ;
So you upon the breasts of Wisdom will,
With every day, feel more and more delight.

STUDENT.

With joy I'd hang upon her neck ; but say
How can I reach thereto ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Explain yourself,
Ere you proceed, what faculty do you choose ?

STUDENT.

I fain would be right learnèd, and should like
All things in heaven and earth to comprehend,
The realm of science and of nature too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then you're on the right track ; and yet
Of dissipation still you must beware.

STUDENT.

I'm ready body and soul ; and yet in sooth

I would desire a little liberty
And pastime on fine summer holidays.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Make use of time ! it slips away so fast ;
But method teaches you to husband time.
Therefore, dear friend, I would advise you first
Begin with your *Collegium Logicum* !
Thereby the mind's well dress'd, in Spanish boots ¹⁶⁵
As 'twere laced up, that she henceforth may creep
More cautiously along the path of thought,
And not, as heretofore, in zigzag course,
Flit, like an ignis fatuus, to and fro.
And so for many a day you will be taught,
That what you formerly were wont to do
At one stroke, freely, as you eat and drink,
Cannot be done without a one, two, three.
In truth, with the mind's fabric 'tis the same
As with a weaver's masterpiece, wherein
One treadle manages a thousand threads ;
The shuttles shoot across this way and that,
The threads flow on unseen, and one stroke ties
A thousand knots. Then the philosopher
Comes and instructs you that it must be so !
Because the first was so, the second so,
Therefore the third and fourth were likewise so ;
And if the first and second had not been,
Neither the third nor fourth could ever be.
That is approved by scholars of all schools
But weavers still they never have become. ¹⁶⁶
He who would seek to know and to describe

A living thing, first drives the spirit out ;¹⁶⁷
 Then, having got the parts within his hand,
 There lacks, alas ! only the spirit-band.
Encheiresin Nature Chemistry
 Calls it, mocking herself, and knows not why.

STUDENT.

I cannot altogether understand.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It will be plainer to you by-and-by,
 When you have learn'd how to reduce to form,
 And classify, all things by proper rules.

STUDENT.

I am as dull and stupid at all this,
 As if a mill-wheel whirl'd within my head.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Next after this, before all other things,
 You must to Metaphysic give yourself,
 Then see that you profoundly comprehend
 What ne'er was fitted for the human brain ;
 For that which enters therein or doth not,
 A pompous word will serve you well instead.¹⁶⁸
 But above all, for this half-year, observe
 The strictest punctuality ! Five hours
 You'll have each day ; be in the lecture-hall
 At the clock-stroke ! be well prepared before ;
 Have every paragraph well studied through,
 That you may see that the Professor says

Nought but what's written in the book ; while you,
 Be sure you write away as zealously
 As tho' the Holy Ghost dictated it.¹⁶⁹

STUDENT.

That need you not say twice ! I can conceive
 How useful that must be ; for what one has
 Got down in black and white, he can take home
 With confidence.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But choose a faculty !

STUDENT.

To Jurisprudence I cannot apply.¹⁷⁰

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot blame you very much for that ;
 I know how matters stand with that same lore.
 Customs and laws are an inheritance,
 Entail'd like a perpetual disease ;
 They trail along from generation on
 To generation, and creep stealthily
 From place to place. Reason at last becomes
 Nonsense,¹⁷¹ and benefits turn into plagues ;
 Woe to thee, that thou hadst a grandfather !
 Of law which is born with us, natural law—
 Of that, alas ! no question's ever ask'd.

STUDENT.

You but increase my detestation.

O happy he whom you instruct ! Almost
I feel inclined to learn Theology.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I should be loth for you to go astray.
As for this science, 'tis so difficult
To avoid false ways. There lies in it so much
Of hidden poison, hard to be discern'd
From the true medicine. Here too 'tis best
To listen but to one, and always swear
By the master's word ; and generally, indeed,
Stick to the word !¹⁷² Then go thro' the safe gate
Into the sanctuary of Certainty.

STUDENT.

And yet a meaning must lie in the word.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

True ! only you must not distress yourself
Too anxiously, for where a meaning fails,
A word presents itself at the right time.
With words one can dispute most cunningly,
With words concoct a system, upon words
Faith can repose, a word will not admit
The loss of one iota.

STUDENT.

Pardon me !

I keep you too long questioning. But I
Must trouble you once more : would you please say
A weighty word or two on Medicine ?¹⁷³

Three years is a short time, and, heavens ! the field
Is all too wide. If one has but a hint,
He can then feel his way still further.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*aside*].

I'm weary now of the dry style. I must
Begin to play the genuine devil again. [*Aloud.*
The spirit of Medicine is easily caught ;
You study through the great and little world,¹⁷⁴
In order in the end to let all go
As God doth please. In vain you sweep around
The sciences ; each one but learns so much
As learn he can ; but he who seizes on
The opportunity, he's the right man.
You're tolerably well-made ; you will not want
For confidence, and, if you do but trust
Yourself, then other souls will trust in you.
Especially the women learn to lead !
For all their everlasting 'ohs !' and 'ahs !'
So thousandfold, are still all curable
From just a single point ; and so you act
But half respectfully, you'll have them all
Under your thumb at once. A title first
Must give them confidence that your skill is
Superior to all other men's. And then
Welcome you are to take all liberties,¹⁷⁵
For which another cozens many a year.
Learn how to press the tiny little pulse,
And boldly clasp them, with sly fiery glance,
Around the slender waist, that you may see
How tight 'tis laced.

STUDENT.

There seems some sense in that.
And one moreover sees the Where and How.¹⁷⁶

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grey, my dear friend, is theory, and green
Life's golden tree !

STUDENT.

I swear to you indeed,
'Tis as a dream to me. Might I presume
To trouble you again another time,
To hear your wisdom on the grounds of all ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So far as I am able, willingly.

STUDENT.

I cannot go away thus : I must place
My album in your hands. Grant me, I pray,
This token of your favour !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Certainly !

[He writes and returns the book.]

STUDENT *[reads]*.

*Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.*¹⁷⁷

[Closes the book reverently, and retires.]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But follow the old saying, and the Snake,
My cousin ; and some day, be sure, thou'lt feel
Appall'd at thy resemblance to the gods.

FAUST [*enters*].

Whither now shall we ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whither pleases thee.
We'll see the little first, then the great world.¹⁷⁸
With what delight, what profit, wilt thou run
Luxuriating through the course !

FAUST.

But with
My huge long beard, I also lack the light
And easy manners of society.
With me the experiment will not succeed :
I never could get on well in the world ;
I feel myself so small 'mong other men,
I shall be always in embarrassment.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My good friend, that will all come right in time.
So soon as thou dost trust thyself, thou then
Know'st how to live.

FAUST.

And how then do we start ?
Where are thy horses, servants, chariot ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We only spread the mantle out ;¹⁷⁹ it will
 Transport us thro' the air. Thou takest not
 Any great bundle with thee for this trip.
 A little firewind, which I will prepare,¹⁸⁰
 Raises us in a twinkling from the earth ;
 And seeing we are light, we shall rise quick.
 I do congratulate thee on thy new career.¹⁸¹

AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG.¹⁸²

A Party of Boon Companions drinking.

FROSCH.¹⁸³

Will no one drink ? none laugh ? I'll teach ye how
 To grin ! Ye're like wet straw to-day, and yet
 Ye're wont to blaze away at other times.

BRANDER.

That lies with you ; you bring nothing at all,
 No foolery, not any swinishness.

FROSCH [*pours a glass of wine over his head*].

There, thou hast both !

BRANDER.

Double swine you !

FROSCH.

You ask'd

For it, and now you've got it, there !

SIEBEL.

Come, come !

Out with the man who quarrels here! Strike up!
 With open breast sing Runda !¹⁸⁴ Drink and shout !
 Hi ! Holla ! Ho !

ALTMAYER.

Woe's me, I am undone !

Cotton wool here ! the fellow splits my ears.

SIEBEL.

When the vault rings again, 'tis then one feels
 The full power of the bass.

FROSCH.

Right ! Out with him

Who takes offence ! A ! tara la da !

ALTMAYER.

A ! tara la da !

FROSCH.

Our throats are tuned.

[Sings.]

The Holy Roman Empire dear,
 How holds it still together ?

BRANDER.

A frowsy song ! psha ! A political song,¹⁴⁵
 An odious song ! Thank Heaven every morn,
 The Roman Empire does not trouble you !
 I thank my stars, at all events, that I
 Am neither Emperor nor Chancellor.
 Still we too must not be without a head ;
 We will elect a pope ; you know what sort
 Of quality sends up the scale,¹⁸⁶ exalts
 The man.

FROSCH [*sings*].

Rise, Lady Nightingale,¹⁸⁷ and bear
 A thousand greetings to my dear !

SIEBEL.

No greeting to her ! I'll not hear of it !

FROSCH.

Greeting, and kisses ; thou'lt not hinder me !

[*Sings.*]

Up with the bar ! in stilly night,
 Up with the bar ! thy love is awake.
 Down with the bar ! at dawn of light.

SIEBEL.

Ay, ay, sing on, praise, laud her to the skies !
 I, in good time, shall have the laugh at you.
 She's deceived me, she'll do the same by you

A kobold be her lover ! let him play
 And crack his jests with her at the cross-roads ! ¹⁸⁸
 Some old he-goat from Blocksberg going home
 Bleat good night to her as he gallops past !
 A brave young fellow of genuine flesh and blood
 For such a hussy is by far too good.
 No greeting for her save smash'd window-panes !

BRANDER [*striking the table*].

Attend ! attend ! Hark, gentlemen, confess
 I know somewhat of life : some amorous folk
 Are sitting here, and it behoves we give them,
 As suits their state, a good night of our best.
 Attention now ! A song of newest cut !
 And sing the chorus lustily with me !

[*He sings.*]

There once was a rat in a cellar-nest, ¹⁸⁹
 Lived only on fat and butter ;
 A jolly round paunch had the little beast,
 Just like old Doctor Luther. ¹⁹⁰
 The cook, she for him poison gat ;
 Then was he in a sorry strait,
 As tho' he had love in his body, O !

CHORUS [*shouting*].

As tho' he had love in his body, O !

BRANDER.

He scamper'd round, he scamper'd out,
 And drank as if fever ail'd him ;

He gnaw'd and scratch'd all the house about,
Yet nothing his rage avail'd him ;
Full many an agonised spring he made ;
Enough at last the poor beast had,
As tho' he had love in his body, O !

CHORUS.

As tho' he had love in his body, O !

BRANDER.

He came in his agony one fine day,
Right into the kitchen flying,
Then fell on the hearth, and panting lay,
And gasp'd in misery dying.
Then laugh'd his poisoner nevertheless :
Aha ! he has whistled his last, I guess,
As tho' he had love in his body, O !

CHORUS.

As tho' he had love in his body, O !

SIEBEL.

How the dull fools enjoy it ! It would seem
A genuine art, to scatter poison for
Poor rats !

BRANDER.

They stand high in your favour perhaps ?

ALTMAYER.

Old Paunch with the bald pate ! the sad event

Makes him quite tame and mild ; he sees his own
Most natural portrait in the swollen rat !

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I must now introduce thee first of all
To merry company, that thou may'st see
How easily life may be pass'd. The folk
Whom you see here make every day a feast ;
With little wit and much complacency,
Each twirls him round in his small circle-dance,
Like little kittens playing with their tails.
If they've no headache to complain about,
And so long as mine host will credit them,
They are well satisfied and free from care.

BRANDER.

These are just off a journey, one may see
By their strange manner ; they have not been here
An hour.

FROSCH.

I' faith you're right ! Leipzig for me !¹⁹¹
It is a little Paris, and gives form
And fashion to its people.

SIEBEL.

What dost thou
Take them to be ?

FROSCH.

Only let me alone !
With a full bumper I will worm the truth
Out of these fellows, just as easily
As I would draw a young child's tooth. They seem
Of noble family ; they have so proud,
Dissatisfied an air.

BRANDER.

Mountebanks ¹⁹² they,
I'll wager it !

ALTMAYER.

Perhaps !

FROSCH.

Attend to me,
I'll smoke them !

MEPHISTOPHELES [*to Faust*].

These folk never would perceive
The Devil, tho' he had 'em by the throat

FAUST.

Kind greeting to you, gentlemen !

SIEBEL.

Thanks, sir

The same to you !

[*Aside, regarding Mephistopheles askance.*
Why doth the fellow halt upon one foot ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Will you permit us to sit down with you?
 Instead of a good drink, which we can't have,
 We shall at least have pleasant company.

ALTMAYER.

You seem a very dainty sort of man.

FROSCH.

You're only just arrived from Rippach perhaps? ¹⁹³
 You sup'd with Master Hans last night?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To-day
 We pass'd his house ; last time we spoke with him.
 He had a budgetful to tell about
 His cousins, and commissioned us to give
 His kindest greetings to each one of them.

[*He bows towards Frosch.*]

ALTMAYER [*aside*].

There, now you've got it ! he quite understands !

SIEBEL.

A knowing fellow !

FROSCH.

Only wait a bit.
 I'll have him presently !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If I err'd not,
We heard some practised voices singing here
In chorus?—Song, I can conceive, must ring
Magnificently from this vaulted roof.

FROSCH.

You're perhaps a virtuoso?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh! not I:
Feeble the power, altho' the pleasure's great.

ALTMAYER.

Give us a song!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As many as you please!

SIEBEL.

But mind, a brand-new piece!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We're just returned
From Spain, the beauteous land of wine and song.

[Sings.]

There once was a king
Who had a big flea¹⁹⁴—

FROSCH.

Hark ye ! A flea ! Did ye hear that ? A flea,
I trow, 's a dainty little customer.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*sings*].

There once was a king
Who had a big flea,
Whom he loved like a son,
The old dotard he !
He summon'd his tailor,
The tailor came :
Measure cloth for the younker,
And hose for the same !

BRANDER.

Forget not to impress on Master Snip
That he must measure to a very hair ;
And, as he loves his head, that he must see
The hose have not a single crease in them

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In satin and velvet
Henceforth was he dress'd ;
With ribands and medals,
And cross on his breast
Was created a minister
Had a big star,
And his relatives all
Great courtiers were.

The lords and the ladies
 At court were embarrass'd,
 The queen and her maidens
 Were bitten and harass'd ;
 Yet dare they not nip them,
 And scratch them away.¹⁹⁵
 We nip and despatch 'em
 Whenever we catch 'em !

CHORUS [*shouting*].

We nip and despatch 'em
 Whenever we catch 'em !

FROSCH.

Bravo ! bravo !

SIEBEL.

So perish every flea !

ERANDER.

Point finger and thumb, and seize 'em daintily.

ALTMAVER.

Hurrah for Liberty ! Hurrah for wine !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To Liberty I'd gladly drink a glass,
 An but your wines were not such villanous stuff !

SIEBEL.

We mustn't hear that again !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I only fear
The landlord might complain, or I would give
These worthy folk some of our cellar's best.¹⁹⁶

SIEBEL.

Out with it then ! I'll take the blame myself.

FROSCH.

Bring a good glass, we'll praise you ; only give
Large enough samples ! for, if I'm to judge,
I want a jolly mouthful.

ALTMAYER [*aside*].

I should guess
They're from the Rhine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bring me a gimlet here !

BRANDER.

What for ? You haven't got the casks outside ?

ALTMAYER.

Yonder's a little tool-chest of mine host's.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*takes the gimlet*].

[*To Frosch.*] Now say what would you have ?

FROSCH.

What mean you, pray ?

Have you so many sorts ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I give you all

A choice.

ALTMAYER [*to Frosch*].

Aha ! I see you lick your lips

Already.

FROSCH.

Well ! if I may choose, I'll take
Rhine wine. The Fatherland has the best gifts.MEPHISTOPHELES [*while he bores a hole in the edge of
the table where Frosch is sitting*].

Bring me a little wax to make the corks.

ALTMAYER.

Ah ! but that looks like conjuring !

MEPHISTOPHELES [*to Brander*].

And you ?

BRANDER.

I'll take champagne, and sparkling let it be !

[*Mephistopheles bores ; meanwhile some one has
made the wax stoppers and filled the holes.*]

BRANDER.

One cannot always eschew foreign things ;
 Good often lies at such a distance off.
 A genuine German can't endure the French,¹⁹⁷
 And yet he's glad enough to drink their wines.

SIEBEL [*as Mephistopheles approaches him*].

I must confess, I can't endure the sour.
 Give me a glass of genuine sweet.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*bored*].

Tokay

At once shall flow for you.

ALTMAYER.

No, gentlemen,
 Look me i' the face ! I see you jest with us.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh ! oh ! for shame ! With such distinguish'd guests
 That were a little too much ! Quick now, speak.
 What wine can I serve you with ?

ALTMAYER.

Any ! That's
 Soon answer'd !

After all the holes are bored and stopped,
 MEPHISTOPHELES [*with mysterious gestures*].
 Grapes doth the vinestock bear,
 Horns doth the he-goat wear !

The wine is juicy, of wood the vine,
 The wooden table can furnish wine.
 A deeper look into Nature saith,
 Here is a miracle, only have faith !
 Now draw the stoppers, and enjoy yourselves !

ALL [*as they draw the stoppers, and the wine each has
 chosen runs into his glass*].

O beauteous fountain, that doth flow for us !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Only beware that you spill none of it !

[*They drink repeatedly.*]

ALL [*singing*].

And we are just like cannibals,
 Or like five hundred swine !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The people are free ! Behold, how happy they are !

FAUST.

I would begone now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Only observe awhile :

The bestiality 'll soon show itself
 In lordly style.

SIEBEL [*drinks carelessly ; the wine is spilt on the
 ground, and turns to flame*].

Help ! Fire ! Help, help ! Hell burns !

MEPHISTOPHELES [*adjuring the flame*].

Be quiet thou

Friendly element !

[*To the company.*] This time 'twas but a drop
Of Purgatory-fire.

SIEBEL.

What does that mean ?

Wait ! you shall answer dearly for 't. You don't
Know us, it seems.

FROSCH.

He'd better not try that

A second time !

ALTMAYR.

I think that we had best
Pack him off quietly.

SIEBEL.

What, sirrah ! You will
Presume to play your hocus-jocus here ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Silence, old wine-cask !

SIEBEL

Besomstick So you'll

Insult us too ?

BRANDER.

Wait ! it shall soon rain blows.

ALTMAYER [*draws a stopper out of the table ; fire
leaps out towards him*].

I burn ! I burn !

SIEBEL.

Sorcery ! Strike ! The fellow is outlaw'd !

[*They draw their knives and attack Mephistopheles.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES [*with solemn gestures*].

False image and sound

Sense and place confound !

Here and there abound !

[*They stand amazed and stare at one another.*]

ALTMAYER.

Where am I ? What a beauteous land ! vineyards !

Can I believe my eyes ?

SIEBEL.

And grapes at hand !

BRANDER.

Here under these green leaves, see, what a stem !

See, what a bunch !

[*He seizes Siebel by the nose ;¹⁹⁸ the rest do the same
with one another, and raise their knives.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES [*as before*].

Error, unloose the bandage from their eyes !
And ye, mark how the Devil plays his jests !

[*He vanishes with Faust ; the company
release one another.*]

SIEBEL.

What is the matter ?

ALTMAYER.

How ?

FROSCH.

Was that thy nose ?

BRANDER [*to Siebel*].

And I've thine in my hand !

ALTMAYER.

It was a shock
That ran thro' all my limbs. Bring me a chair !
I faint.

FROSCH.

No ; tell me what's it all about ?

SIEBEL.

Where is the fellow ? If I find him, he
Shall not 'scape me alive.

ALTMAYER.

I saw him myself
Ride on a cask out of the cellar-door.
My feet are heavy as lead.
[*Turning towards the table.*] My ! perhaps the wine
Is flowing still !

SIEBEL.

'Twas only a deceit,
Lies, false appearance.

FROSCH.

Yet methought it seem'd
As I drank wine.

BRANDER.

And how about the grapes

ALTMAYER.

Now say, we should believe no miracle

WITCH'S KITCHEN. 199

A low hearth with a large cauldron standing over the fire. Sundry figures appear in the steam which rises from it. A female monkey is sitting by the cauldron skimming it, and watching that it does not boil over. The male monkey with the young ones is seated near, warming himself. The walls and ceiling are decorated with weird articles of witch-furniture.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How I do loathe this frantic sorcery !
 Promise dost thou, I shall recover health
 'Mid these offscourings of delirium ?
 Do I want counsel of an old beldame ?
 And will this pestilential hell-broth take
 Some thirty years off from my wither'd frame ?²⁰⁰
 Woe's me, if thou dost know no better way !
 Already has Hope vanish'd from my breast.
 Has Nature or some noble intellect
 Not found a balsam anywhere ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend,
 Now speak'st thou sensibly again : there is
 A natural means too of renewing youth ;
 But it stands written in another book,
 And is a wondrous chapter.

FAUST.

I would know it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well! for a means of without money, or
Sorcery and physician, having youth!
Repair forthwith into the open field,
Begin to hew and dig, confine thyself
And all thy thoughts within a narrow round,
Feed upon simple fare, live like a brute
Among the brutes, nor think it robbery
Thyself to dung the acre that thou reap'st—
That, believe me, is the best recipe,
Youth to renew even at eighty years !

FAUST.

I am not used to that ; I cannot take
The spade in hand : the narrow life won't suit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So then the witch must be applied to still.

FAUST.

But why the hag? Canst thou not brew the draught?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That were a pretty pastime ! I could build
A thousand bridges in the interval.
Not art and science only are required,
But patience too is needed for the work.

A quiet spirit has been employ'd long years ;
 Time only makes the fermentation strong :
 And all the ingredients are such wondrous things.
 The Devil taught it her that's very true ;
 But still the Devil the broth cannot brew.

[*Perceiving the beasts.*]

See what a pretty family is here !
 That is the maid-servant ! and that the man !

[*To the beasts.*]

The lady, it appears, is not at home ?

THE BEASTS.

Up by the chimney,
 Out of the house,
 Gone to carouse !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How long is it her wont to dissipate ?

THE BEASTS.

As long as we are pleased to warm our paws.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*to Faust*].

How findest thou the pretty little beasts ?

FAUST.

As stale and stupid as I ever saw !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, a discourse like that is just the one

I find most pleasure in ! [*To the beasts.*] But
 tell me now,
 Ye cursed whelps, what are ye stirring there
 I' the broth ?

THE BEASTS.

Coarse beggar-soup²⁰¹ we're cooking

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then you've a monster public to provide.

THE HE-MONKEY.

[*Sidles up and fawns on Mephistopheles.*]

O, quick throw the dice,
 Make me rich in a trice,
 And the game let me win !
 O scandalous spite !
 If I had but my right,
 I then should have gold,
 I then should have wit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How happy would the ape esteem himself
 Could he too put into the lottery !

[*Meanwhile the young monkeys have been playing with a
 large globe, which they now roll forward.*]

THE HE-MONKEY.

That is the world :
 It rises and falls,
 And unceasingly rolls ;

It clinks like glass ;
 How brittle that is !
 'Tis hollow within ;
 Here it is light,
 And here still more bright.
 Alive am I !
 My dear son,
 With the world have done !
 Thou must die :
 It is of clay,
 And will crumble anon.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What means the sieve ?

THE HE-MONKEY [*takes it down*].

Wert thou a thief,
 I should ken thee well.

[*He runs to the female, and makes
 her look through it.*]

Look thro' the sieve !²⁰²
 Know'st thou the thief,
 And his name dar'st not tell ?

MEPHISTOPHELES [*approaching the fire*].

And this pot ?

THE HE-MONKEY AND SHE-MONKEY.

The silly sot !
 He kens not the pot,
 He kens not the kettle !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Uncivil beast !

THE HE-MONKEY.

Here take the whisk,²⁰³
 And sit on the settle !

[*He forces Mephistopheles to sit down.*]

FAUST [*who all this time has been standing
 before a mirror,²⁰⁴ now approaching, and
 now retreating from it*].

What do I see ? What image heavenly fair
 Mirrors itself within this magic glass !
 O lend me, Love, the swiftest of thy wings,
 And waft me up into her dwelling-place !
 Ah ! if I stand not still upon this spot,
 If I but venture a step nearer, I
 Can only see her then as in a mist !
 The loveliest image of all womankind !
 Is 't possible, can woman be so fair ?
 And do I in this outstretch'd form behold
 The quintessence of all the heavens themselves ?²⁰⁵
 Is there aught like it to be found on earth ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Naturally, when a God has toil'd six days,
 And at the last cries *Bravo* to himself,
 There must be something clever come of it.
 For this once gaze thy fill ! I know where I
 Can find a treasure such as this for thee.

And happy he who has the luck to lead
So exquisite a bride unto his bed !

[*Faust continues gazing in the mirror. Mephistopheles, stretching himself on the chair and playing with the whisk, goes on speaking.*]

Here sit I like a king upon his throne ;
My sceptre here, I only lack the crown.

THE MONKEYS [*who have been playing all sorts of antics with one another, bring Mephistopheles a crown with loud cries*].

O pray be so good,
With sweat and with blood
The crown to lime ! ²⁰⁶

[*They handle the crown awkwardly, and break it in two pieces, with which they jump about.*]

Now it is done !
We prate and look on,
We listen and rhyme ! ²⁰⁶

FAUST [*before the mirror*].

Woe's me ! I am distraught.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*pointing to the Monkeys*].

And now my head almost begins to reel.

THE MONKEYS.

And when Fortune is good,
And when we're in the mood
Then there is thought !

FAUST [*as before*].

My bosom 'gins to burn. Quick, let us go!

MEPHISTOPHELES [*in the same position*].

Now, at the least, we must acknowledge that
There are some candid poets in the world.

[*The cauldron, which the She-monkey has been neglecting, boils over: a great flame arises, and darts up the chimney. The Witch descends through the flame with horrible cries.*

THE WITCH.²⁰⁷

Ough! Ough! Ough! Ough!
Damnab! beast! accursèd sow!
Neglectest the cauldron, and scorcest the *Frau*?
Accursèd beast!

[*Perceiving Faust and Mephistopheles.*
What is this here?
Who are ye here?
What would ye then?
Who has sneak'd in?
Fire and brimstone
Consume your bone!

[*She dips the skimming ladle into the cauldron, and sprinkles flame over Faust, Mephistopheles, and the Monkeys. The Monkeys whimper.*

MEPHISTOPHELES [*reverses the whisk in his hand, and strikes among the glasses and pots*].

Smash! smash!
'There lies the broth!

There lies the glass !
 'Tis only a jest,
 Thou carrion pest,
 The measure, say I,
 To thy melody !

[*The Witch steps back in rage and astonishment.*

Know'st thou me ? Skeleton ! Graymalkin thou !
 Know'st thou thy lord and master ? What withholds me,
 So that I strike not, smash up into atoms
 Thee and thy monkey-spirits ? Hast thou then
 For the red jerkin no more reverence ?
 Canst thou not recognise the cock-feather ?
 Have I conceal'd this countenance from thee ?
 Shall I, forsooth, be forced to name myself ?

THE WITCH.

O master, pardon the rude greeting ! Still
 I see no horse's hoof ; and where too are
 Your pair of ravens ? ²⁰⁸

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For this once thou may'st
 Be let off so ; for verily it is
 A long while since we last did see each other.
 Culture moreover, which smooths all the world,
 Has even extended to the Devil himself ;
 The northern phantom's no more to be seen ; ²⁰⁹
 Where seest thou now the horns, and tail, and claws ?
 And for the hoof, which I can't go without,
 Even that would damage me with many folk ;
 Therefore, like many of our youth, I use,
 And have for many years, imitation calves.

THE WITCH [*dancing*].

I am almost beside myself with joy,
To see the younker Satan here again !²¹⁰

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That name, old wife, I must forbid !

THE WITCH.

Why so ?

What harm has that done to you ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It has long

Been banish'd to the fable-book ; and yet
Mankind are not a whit the better grown :
Freed from the Evil One, they're evil still.
Call me *Lord Baron*, so 'tis well ; I am
A cavalier, like other cavaliers.
You cannot doubt my noble lineage ;
See, here is the escutcheon that I bear !

[*He makes an indecent gesture*]

THE WITCH [*laughs immoderately*].

Ha ! ha ! that's just your way ; you are a rogue,
As ye always were.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*to Faust*].

Friend, you should understand !
This is the way with witches to converse.

THE WITCH.

Now tell me, gentlemen, what would ye have ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A good glass of the well-known juice. And I
Must beg it be some of the oldest too ;
Years always double its infernal strength.

THE WITCH.

Most willingly ! Here, I've a little flask,
From which I now and then do sip myself ;
Which, too, no longer in the slightest stinks.
I'll willingly give you a glass of it. [*Aside.*
But if this man should drink it unprepared,
He cannot, you know, live a single hour.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He's a good friend, whom it will benefit ;
I grudge him not thy kitchen's very best.
Now draw thy circle, utter forth thy spells,
And give him a cup full !

{ *The Witch, with mysterious gestures, describes a circle, and places some curious articles within it. Meanwhile the glasses begin to ring, and the cauldron to bubble and make music. Lastly, she brings a huge book, places the Monkeys in the circle, and makes them serve for a desk and to hold the torches. She beckons Faust to approach.*

FAUST [*to Mephistopheles*].

Nay, tell me, what's to come o' this—this mad
Nonsense, these frantic gestures, this absurd
Juggling? I know it well, and hate enough.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O, fiddlestick! That's only just to laugh at.
Only be not so o'er-precise a man!
She must, you know, as a physician, make
A hocus-pocus, that the juice may have
Its full effect on you.

[*He compels Faust to enter the circle.*]

THE WITCH [*begins declaiming out of the book with
strong emphasis*].

Be it known to thee!
Out of one make ten,
Subtract two, and then
Let three be made even,
Then rich shalt thou be.
Take away four,
So saith the witch,
And of five and six
Make seven and eight,
And the charm's complete!
And nine is one,
And ten is none.
That is the witch's
Once one's one! ²¹¹

FAUST.

Methinks the old hag speaks in delirium.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis far from over yet ; I know it well,
 So rings the whole book through. I've lost much time
 Upon 't ; for a flat contradiction is
 Mysterious to the wise as to the fool.
 My friend, the art is at once old and new ;
 'T has been the art in every age, by three
 And one, and one and three, Error, instead
 Of Truth, to propagate and spread.²¹² So prate
 And teach the masters in security ;
 Who will concern himself about the fools ?
 In general men think, if they hear words,
 That there must be a meaning in the words.

THE WITCH [*continues*].

The high power
 Of knowledge,²¹³
 Conceal'd from the rest
 Of mankind ! and the fool,
 Who thinks not,
 Who cares not,
 With wisdom is blest.

FAUST.

What nonsense is she uttering now ? My head
 Is like to split. I seem to hear a choir
 As of a hundred thousand fools at once.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough, enough, O excellent Sibyl !
 Give here thy drink, and fill the goblet quick
 Up to the brim ! This draught will never hurt
 My friend : he is a man of high degree
 Who has swill'd many a lusty bumper down.

[*The Witch, with much ceremony, pours the draught
 into a bowl ; as Faust brings it to his lips, a
 slight flame arises.*]

Down with it ! Quick ! Down with 't, 'twill cheer thy
 heart

Anon. What ! hob-a-nob with the old De'il,
 And shrink before a little spit of flame ?

[*The Witch looses the circle. Faust steps out.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now, out at once ! Come, come, you must not rest.

THE WITCH.

I hope the draught will benefit you, sir !

MEPHISTOPHELES [*to the Witch*].

And so I can do aught to pleasure thee,
 Then do but tell me on Walpurgis-Night.

THE WITCH.

Here is a song, which if at times you sing,
 You'll find will have a curious effect.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*to Faust*].

Come now, come quick, and let me be thy guide !
 'Tis necessary that thou should'st perspire,
 That so the juice may penetrate thy frame.
 I'll teach thee afterwards to cultivate
 A noble indolence ; and soon thou'lt find,
 To thy intense delight, how Cupid stirs
 And flutters up and down within the blood.

FAUST.

Let me a moment gaze into the glass !
 The image of the woman was so fair !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, nay ! thou soon shalt see, with thine own eyes,
 The model of all women in the flesh.
 With this drink in thy body, thou wilt see [*Aside*.
 A Helen presently in every wench.

A STREET.²¹⁴

FAUST. MARGARET [*passing by*].

FAUST.

My pretty lady, may I offer you
 My arm and escort ?

MARGARET.

I'm no lady, sir,
Nor pretty either : and can go without
Escort.

[*She disengages herself and exit*

FAUST.

By Heaven, this child is beautiful !
A lovelier anywhere I've never seen.
So seemly-manner'd too, and virtue-rich,
Yet with a spice of sauciness to boot.
Her ruby lips, the light upon her cheek,
Long as I live I never shall forget !
The manner, too, in which she dropp'd her eyes,
Has printed itself deeply in my heart ;
The curt, pert way in which she answer'd me—
That, now, is absolutely ravishing !

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.

FAUST.

Hark! thou must get the girl for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, which ?

FAUST.

She pass'd just now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What she ? She came from her

Confessor, who of all her sins absolved her ;
 I stole up close behind the chair ; she is
 A very innocent thing, that even for nought
 Went to confession. O'er her I've no power.

FAUST.

Yet is she over fourteen years of age.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou speakest truly like Jack Loosefellow,
 Who wants each lovely flower for himself,
 And fancies to himself that there is not
 Honour or favour which may not be pluck'd :
 Yet this succeeds not always.

FAUST.

My good sir,
 Master Praiseworthy,²¹⁵ hang morality !
 And this I tell thee in a word : except
 That sweet young creature rest within my arms
 This very night, at midnight we will part.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Consider what is possible ! I need
 At least a fortnight, only to obtain
 The opportunity.

FAUST.

Had I, myself,
 Seven hours, I should not want the Devil's aid
 To lead a little child like that astray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You speak now almost like a Frenchman ; but
 I beg you not distress yourself—what boots
 To be in such a hurry ? The delight
 Is not one half so great as if you first
 Have kneaded and prepared the little doll
 With all sorts of *Brimborium*,²¹⁶ as indeed
 Full many a foreign history doth teach.²¹⁷

FAUST.

I've appetite already without that.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now, without jesting, and without offence,
 I tell you once for all, with this fair child
 Success is not to be attain'd so quick :
 By storm there's nothing to be taken there ;
 So we must have recourse to stratagem.

FAUST.

O bring me something from my angel's store !
 Conduct me to her resting-place ! bring me
 A kerchief from her breast, a garter even
 Of my beloved !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That you may see I will
 Do all I can to help and soothe your pain,
 We will not lose a moment more ; to-day
 I'll take you to her chamber.

FAUST.

And shall I
See her? possess her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No! she will be at
A neighbour's; meanwhile thou, alone and in
The perfume of her atmosphere, may'st feed
And batten on the hope of future joys.

FAUST.

Can we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is too early yet.

FAUST.

Look you procure me presents for my love! [*Exit.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents already? Bravo! he'll succeed!
I know a hundred admirable spots,
And hundreds of long-buried treasure-stores; ²¹⁵
I must revise them o'er a little bit. [*Exit.*]

EVENING.

A neat little Chamber. 219

MARGARET [*plaiting and binding up her hair*].

I would give something if I could but know
 Who was the gentleman to-day ! he seem'd
 A gallant gentleman, and I am sure
 He is of noble birth ; that could I read
 Upon his brow ; besides, if he were not,
 He'd not have dared to be so impudent. [Exit

MEPHISTOPHELES. FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in, as softly as you can, come in !

FAUST [*after a pause*].

I do beseech thee, leave me here alone !

MEPHISTOPHELES [*steering about*].

Not every maiden keeps her things so neat.

FAUST [*gazing around*].

Welcome, sweet twilight, that dost float around
 This sanctuary ! O possess my heart,
 Ye sweet love-pangs, that on the dews of hope
 Sicken and die ! O, what a sense breathes here

Of quiet, order, and contentedness !
 Amid this poverty what wealth is there !
 In this small cell, what blessedness !

*[He throws himself into a leathern chair
 by the bedside.]*

O, take me thou, that often hast received,
 With open arms, in time of joy or grief,
 The generations past ! How often, ah !
 On this paternal throne, in former days,
 A group of children clustering has hung !
 My love herself perhaps with puff'd child-cheeks,
 Thankful for holy Christmas-gifts, has kiss'd
 The wither'd hand of her kind grandfather.
 I feel, O Maid, thy spirit round me here
 Whisper of fulness and of orderliness,
 Which mother-like instructs thee day by day,
 And bids thee spread the table with its cloth
 So pure and white, or scatter the fresh sand
 About thy feet. O precious, darling hand !
 Through thee the hut becomes a heavenly realm.
 And here ! *[He lifts up a curtain of the bed.]*

What blissful tremor seizes me !

Here could I tarry hour after hour.
 O Nature ! here in light dreams didst thou mould
 The embryo angel to maturity.

Here lay the child, its tender bosom fill'd
 With glowing life, and here with holy art
 And pure was wrought the image of the gods !

And thou ! what has brought thee here ? ²²⁰ How I feel
 Inwardly rack'd ! Ah ! say what would'st thou here ?

FAUST.

Why grows thy heart so heavy? O poor Faust!
I know thee now no more.

Is this a magic atmosphere I breathe?
But now I felt impell'd by strong desire,
Now in a dream of love I melt away!
Are we the sport of every breath of air?

And should she at this moment enter in,
How could'st thou expiate thy wickedness?
The mighty lord—ah! how so little then!—
Would lie dissolved in weakness at her feet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quick, quick, away! I see her coming below.

FAUST.

Away! Away! I shall return no more!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a box of tolerable weight,
I've brought it hither from elsewhere.—But come,
Put it at once within the chest! I swear
She'll be beside herself with joy at it.
I had some other things in it for you
To win another with: but child is child,
And sport is sport.

FAUST.

I know not—shall I?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ask you?

Mean you, perhaps, to keep the treasure yourself?
 Then I'd advise you, spare the fair daylight
 And me all further trouble for your desires.
 I hope, indeed, you are not covetous.
 I scratch my head, I rub my hands—

[*He places the casket in the chest, and presses the lock to*

Come quick!—

To bend the sweet young creature to your will;
 And you object, as tho' you were about
 To go into the lecture-hall, and grey
 In bodily shape before you standing were
 Physic and Metaphysica! Now come! [Exit.]

MARGARET [*with a lamp*].

It is so close, so sultry here!

[*She opens the window.*

And yet

'Tis not so very warm without. I feel
 I know not how! I wish my mother would
 Come home. A shudder runs through all my limbs!—
 But I'm a foolish, timid girl!

[*She begins to sing, while she undresses herself.*

There was a king in Thule,²¹

A true man to the grave,
 To whom his mistress dying
 A golden beaker gave.

It was his dearest treasure,
 He drain'd it at every bout;

His eyes swam o'er with tears—
Oft as he drank thereout.

And as he lay a-dying,
He reckoned to his heir
All towns in his dominion,
But not that beaker rare.

Then, at a royal banquet,
Among his knights sat he,
In the high hall of his fathers,
In his castle by the sea.

Up stood the old carouser,
And drain'd life's latest glow,
Then flung the sacred beaker
Out to the flood below.

He watch'd it fall, and swirl,
And sink deep in the sea ;
Then his own eyes failing sank,
Nor another drop drank he.

*[She opens the chest to put away her
clothes, and perceives the casket*

How comes this pretty casket herewithin ?
And yet I'm certain that I lock'd the chest.
'Tis very strange ! What can there be in it ?
May be that some one's brought it as a pledge,
And mother, perhaps, has lent a loan on it.
There hangs a little key by a string ;
I think—shall I ?—I'll open it !
What's that ? O God in Heaven ! Look !

Such things I never saw in all my days !
 Jewels ! in which a noble dowager
 Might shine at a high festival !
 How would the chain suit me ?
 Whose can this splendour be ?

*{She puts the ornaments on,
 and steps before the glass.*

If only the earrings were mine !
 One looks at once quite different in them.
 What boots your beauty, my young maid ?
 That is, perhaps, all well and good.
 And yet they leave all that alone ;
 They praise ye, but they pity more.
 To gold all press ;
 On gold depends
 Still all ! Alas, we poor !

A PROMENADE.

FAUST, *immersed in thought, walking up and down.* To
 him MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By all-despised Love ! By Hell itself !
 I would I knew a direr curse to swear !

FAUST.

What is the matter ? What grips thee so sore ?
 I ne'er saw such a countenance in my life !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd straightway to the Devil give myself,
If only I were not a devil myself !

FAUST.

Has something gone amiss within thy head ?
It suits thee like a maniac to rave !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Only to think !—the jewels we procured
For Gretchen, a vile priest has stolen 'em !
The mother gets to see the thing, and straight
'Gins she to feel a secret horror of 't :
The woman has a marvellous fine scent,
Is always snuffing in the prayer-book,
And smells at every bit of furniture,
Whether the thing is holy or profane ;
And for the jewels, she sees plain enough
That Heaven's blessing cannot lie on them.
' My child,' cries she, 'unrighteous gain ensnares
The soul, consumes the blood. But an we would
Unto God's mother dedicate the same,
She would with heavenly manna²²² gladden us.'
The little Margaret pouted, as she thought,
' A gift-horse even is something worth,²²³ and sure,
He is not godless who so handsomely
Did bring them here.' The mother gets a priest :
Who hardly had perceived the jest, when he,
Relaxing all his face into a smile :
' This shows,' quoth he, 'a proper frame of mind !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O ay ! to the gentleman 'tis all child's play !

FAUST.

Do and provide according as I bid you !
Stick close unto her neighbour ! and be still
A Devil, only not a milksop one,²²⁴
And bring me a new set of jewels here.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, gracious sir, with all my heart !

[*Exit Faust.*

So doth

Your love-sick fool puff sun, and moon, and stars
Into the air, as pastime for his love.

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

MARTHA [*alone*].

God pardon my dear husband, he has not
Done well by me ! There goes he straight away
Into the world, and leaves me here alone
Upon the straw ; yet I ne'er troubled him,
Did always, God knows, love him heartily.

[*She weeps.*

Perhaps, indeed, he's dead. O woe !
Had I but a certificate of 's death !

MARGARET [*enters*].

O Martha !

MARTHA.

Gretelchen, what is it, dear ?

MARGARET.

Almost my knees sink under me. I've found
Another casket in my chest, just like
The last, of ebony, and oh ! such things !
So beautiful, far richer than the first.

MARTHA.

That must you not tell mother. She would take them
Straight off again to the confessional.

MARGARET.

Ah, only look ! Ah, only see !

MARTHA [*puts them on her*].

O you

Fortunate creature !

MARGARET.

Yet, alas ! I daren't
Be seen at church or in the street with them.

MARTHA.

Come o'er to me, love, often then, and try
 The ornaments on here in secret ; strut
 An hour or so before the looking-glass ;
 We'll have our satisfaction in them so ;
 And then, when there's an opportunity,
 When there's a feast, we'll show them by degrees,
 A chain at first, and then the pearls i' the ears ;
 Your mother perhaps won't see, or we can make
 A story up for her.

MARGARET.

Who could have brought
 Both caskets ? It does not seem natural.

[*A knock*

Good Heaven ! can that be mother ?

MARTHA [*peeping behind the curtain*].

No, it is

A stranger gentleman.—Come in !

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I have made free to step within at once,
 And I must beg the ladies' pardon. 'Tis
 [*Steps back respectfully before Margaret.*]
 For Mistress Martha Schwerdtlein I would ask.

MARTHA.

I'm here ; what has the gentleman to say ?

MEPHISTOPHELES [*aside to her*].

I know you now, and that's enough for me ;
I see you have distinguish'd company.
Pardon the liberty I've taken ; I will
Look in again this afternoon.

MARTHA [*aloud*].

Think, child, for all the world, the gentleman
Takes you for a fine lady !

MARGARET.

I'm a poor
Young creature. Ah Heaven ! the gentleman
Is far too good ; the ornaments and gems
Are none of mine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis not the ornaments
Alone ; she has a manner and an air
So fine—how glad I am that I may stay !

MARTHA.

What news bring you ? I long exceedingly—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would I had a better tale to tell !
I hope you will not make me suffer for 't.
Your husband's dead, and sends his last farewell.

MARTHA.

Is dead? the faithful heart ! O woe is me !
My husband dead ! Alas ! I am undone !

MARGARET.

O Martha dear, despair not !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hearken now
Unto the mournful history !

MARGARET.

'Tis this
Makes me not wish to fall in love ; the loss
Of him I loved would trouble me to death.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Joy must have sorrow, sorrow must have joy.²²⁵

MARTHA.

Recount to me the story of his end !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He lies at Padua, in St. Anthony's,²²⁶
In duly consecrated earth interr'd,
For his eternally cool bed of rest.

MARTHA.

Have you nought else to bring to me ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O yes,

A prayer, a very weighty one ; he would
 Three hundred masses should be sung for him !
 But beyond that my scrip is empty.

MARTHA.

What !

Not any token ! nor no jewelry ?
 What every journeyman-apprentice keeps ²²⁷
 I' the bottom of his satchel, treasured up
 As a memento, and would rather beg,
 Go hungering, than part with !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, I grieve

To say it ; yet he was no squanderer.
 Also he sorely did repent his sins :
 Ay, and bewail'd his ill-luck even more.

MARGARET.

Alas ! that men are so unfortunate !
 Sure I'll sing many a requiem for him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You're worthy instant matrimony : you
 Are such a love-deserving child.

MARGARET.

Ah no !

There's time enough for that.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If not a husband.

Meanwhile a gallant let it be ; 'tis one
Of Heaven's most to be desired of gifts,
To have so dear a creature in one's arms.

MARGARET.

'Tis not the custom of the country.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Humph !

Custom or not, such things do happen too.

MARTHA.

But tell me now !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood by his death-bed ;
'Twas little better than a bed of dung,
Of half-decaying straw ; but still he died
Most Christian-like, and, reckoning up his sins,
Found ever more and more against himself.
'How must I hate, abhor myself,' cried he,
'So to desert my business, and my wife !'
Ah ! the remembrance of 't is death to me.
Would only she forgave me in this life !'

MARTHA [*weeping*].

Good man ! I have forgiven him long ago.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Yet she, God knows, was more to blame than I.'

MARTHA.

'There lied he ! What ! on the edge o' the grave to lie !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He fabled certainly with his last breath,
If I'm but half a judge. 'I had,' quoth he,
'No time to gape away in idleness ;
First children, and then bread to get for them,
And bread, too, in the very widest sense ;
And I could never eat my share in peace.'

MARTHA.

Had he all truth, all love, forgotten so,
The drudgery I had by day and night ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so ; most tenderly he thought thereon.
Said he : 'As I from Malta sail'd away,
I pray'd fervently for wife and child ;
And heaven was propitious to my prayer,
So that our vessel took a Turkish barque,
Which had on board a treasure of the Porte.
Then did our prowess meet with its reward,
And I likewise received, as was my due,
A properly apportion'd share thereof.'

MARTHA.

Eh, how ! Eh, where ? Perchance he's buried it ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who knows where the four winds have scatter'd it ?
A lovely lady, as he stroll'd about,
A foreigner in Naples, took him home ;
She spent on him such love and constancy,
That he did feel it to his blessed end.

MARTHA.

The villain ! Thief to his own family !
And all the misery, the poverty,
Could not prevent his shameless life !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But see !

Therefore he's dead. Were I in your place now,
I'd mourn for him just one chaste year ;²²⁸ meanwhile
I'd look about for a new love.

MARTHA.

Ah Heaven !

But such as my first was I shall not find,
Upon this earth, a second easily !
There scarce could be a heartier little fool.
He only was too fond of wandering,
And foreign women, and foreign wine, and that
Accursed dice-playing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come, come, now ! that
 Might have been well enough, if he had but
 Allow'd you somewhat the same liberty.
 I swear to you, on such conditions, I
 Would even change rings with you myself : ²²⁹

MARTHA.

O dear !

The gentleman is pleased to jest.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*aside*].

Now I

Must make off quick, or she might even take
 The Devil at his word. [*To Gretchen.*

How fares it, pray,
 With your heart now ?

MARGARET.

What mean you, sir, by that ?

MEPHISTOPHELES [*aside*].

Thou innocent, good child ! [*Aloud.*

Farewell, ladies !

MARGARET.

Farewell !

MARTHA.

O, but do tell me quick ! I should
 So like to have some evidence, where, how,

And when my husband died, was buried.
I've always been a friend to order, and now
I'd like to read his death in the gazette.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yea, my good lady, in the mouth of two
Witnesses truth is everywhere confirm'd.²³⁰
I have moreo'er a gallant comrade, whom
I will produce for you before the judge :
I'll bring him hither.

MARTHA.

O, I pray you, do !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the young lady will be here as well ?—
A gallant youth ! has travell'd everywhere,
Is always courteous towards the sex.

MARGARET.

I shall be 'shamed before the gentleman.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before no king on earth.

MARTHA.

Behind the house
There in my garden, then, we shall expect
To see you gentlemen this evening.

THE STREET.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How is 't? Is it in train? Will it succeed?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah, bravo! Do I find you all afire?
 A little more, and Gretchen will be yours.
 To-night at neighbour Martha's shall you see her.
 That is a woman of superlative
 Skill in the procuress and gipsy art!

FAUST.

Good!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But still something is required of us.

FAUST.

One service well deserves the other.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We

Have but to make an *affidavit* that
 Her liege lord's limbs have been deposited
 At rest, in holy ground, in Padua

FAUST.

O wise indeed ! and we must undertake
A journey there !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sancta simplicitas !

There is no need o' that—only attest
Without much knowing !

FAUST.

 An you have not found
A better way, the plan is at an end.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O holy man ! There's for you now ! Is it
The first time in your life that you have borne
False witness ? Have you not of God, the world,
And all that is therein, of man, and all
That operates within his heart and brain,
Propounded definitions with great force,
With shameless forehead and undaunted breast ?
Yet, if you look into the inner sense
Thereof, have you—you must confess you've not—
Known half as much as of Herr Schwerdtlein's death ?

FAUST.

Liar and sophist that thou always art !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, an I did not a bit further see.

For on the morrow wilt thou not befool
 Poor Gretchen on thine honour, and all love
 Swear to her from the bottom of thy soul ?

FAUST.

And truly from my heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O excellent !

Then of eternal truth, and love, and one
 Single o'ermastering passion—will that, too,
 Proceed out of thine heart ?

FAUST.

Peace, Devil ! It will !

If I do feel, and for the feeling, for
 The ebullience of my passion, seek a name,
 And, finding none, then let my fancy sweep
 The universe, grasp at each highest word,
 And so this glow with which I am aflame
 Endless, eternal, everlasting call,
 Is that, forsooth, a devilish sport o' lies ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Still I am right.

FAUST.

Hear now ! and mark ye this ;
 I do beseech, and spare my lungs : who would
 Be right, is right of course, so he 's a tongue.
 But come, I am aweary of this prate ;
 For thou art right, especially as I must.

A GARDEN.

MARGARET *on* FAUST'S *arm.* MARTHA *walking up and down with* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MARGARET.

I feel too well you only spare me, sir,
And lower yourself, to make me feel ashamed.
A travell'd gentleman is so much used,
Out of good nature, to put up with things.
I know too well one so experienced
Cannot be entertain'd by my poor talk.

FAUST.

One look of thine, one word, more entertains
Me than doth all the wisdom of the world.

[He kisses her hand

MARGARET.

Nay, trouble not yourself ! How could you kiss it ?
It is so rough, so ugly ! What have I
Not been obliged to do ! My mother is
Indeed too close.

[They pass on

MARTHA.

And you, good sir, you're always travelling thus ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alas ! that business and our duty should

Compel us to ! With what regret does one
Leave many a place, and yet dares never stay !

MARTHA.

In life's wild years it may be well enough
To rove so freely round about the world ;
Yet come the evil days at last, and then
To slip alone into the grave as an
Old bachelor ; that never has been well.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With horror I behold it from afar.

MARTHA.

And therefore, worthy sir, be warn'd in time !

[They pass on.]

MARGARET.

Yes, out o' sight, and out o' mind ! Courtesy
Is natural to you ; but you have scores
Of friends, who are far cleverer than I.

FAUST.

O sweetest one ! Believe me, what is call'd
Clever is often rather vanity
And narrow-mindedness.

MARGARET.

How so ?

FAUST.

Alas !

That thus simplicity, that innocence
Ne'er know themselves and their own sacred worth !
That meekness, humbleness, the highest gifts
Of loving, all-endowing Nature—

MARGARET.

You'll think of me a moment now and then,
I shall have time enough to think of you.

FAUST.

You are perhaps much alone ?

MARGARET.

Ah, yes, our house

Is but a little one, and yet must be
Look'd after. We've no maid ; I am obliged
To cook, to sweep, to knit, sew, run about
Early and late. And then my mother is
So strict ! not that there's any need that she
Should stint herself so much : we could do more
Than others if we chose. My father left
A pretty little property, a house
And garden in the suburbs of the town.
But now I've tolerably quiet days ;
My brother is a soldier, my sister,
Poor child, is dead. I had indeed my share
Of trouble with it ; and yet I'd undertake
All willingly again—I loved it so.

FAUST.

An angel was it, an it was like thee !

MARGARET.

I brought it up, and dearly did it love me.
 'Twas born after my father's death ; my mother
 We quite gave up for lost, so miserable
 And weak she lay ; but she at length revived
 By slow degrees—yet not so as to think
 Of suckling the poor little thing herself,
 And so I brought it up all by myself,
 With milk and water ; so did it become
 Mine, on my arm, and in my bosom, and
 Took kindly to me, kick'd, and grew.

FAUST.

You have

surely experienced the purest joy.

MARGARET.

And surely too full many an anxious hour.
 Its little cradle used to stand o' night
 By my bedside : it scarce could stir the least,
 But I awoke. Now must I give it drink,
 Now lay it by my side ; if it slept not,
 Rise up from bed, and, dandling it, go up
 And down about the chamber ; and betimes
 At morn stand by the washing-tub ; and then
 The marketing and housekeeping to see to,
 And evermore to-morrow as to-day.

So, sir, one's spirits are not always good ;
Yet so we relish food, and relish rest. [*They pass on.*]

MARTHA.

Poor women ! They've the worst of it in that ;
Old bachelors are so hard to convert.²³¹

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It all depends on ladies such as you,
To teach us how to find a better way.

MARTHA.

Say plainly, sir, if you have never met ?
Has your heart never been engaged at all ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The proverb, you know, saith that one's own hearth
And a good wife are gold and jewels worth.²³²

MARTHA.

I mean, if you have never felt desire.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've everywhere been courteously received.

MARTHA.

I meant to say : were you in earnest ne'er ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ladies one should ne'er presume to jest.

MARTHA.

Ah ! you don't understand me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That pains me

Exceedingly ! And yet I understand—

That you are very kind.

[*They pass on.*]

FAUST.

Thou knewest me, thou little angel, again,
Soon as I came in at the garden-gate?

MARGARET.

Saw you not then how I cast down mine eyes?

FAUST.

And thou forgiv'st the liberty I took,
And my impertinence as lately thou
Wast coming out of the cathedral?

MARGARET.

I was astonish'd ; such a thing had never
Happen'd to me before : no one could say
An evil word of me. Alas ! thought I,
Can he have seen some impropriety,
Some wantonness in thy behaviour ?
It seem'd to strike you suddenly—'Here is
A girl with whom one may take liberties.'
Yet, I confess, I know not what began
Straightway to motion in your favour here.

But sure, I was right angry with myself,
That I could not be angrier with you.

FAUST.

Sweet darling!

MARGARET.

Wait a moment!

*[She plucks a star-flower, ²³³ and pulls
off the petals one by one*

FAUST.

What is that?

A nosegay?

MARGARET.

No, only a game.

FAUST.

How so?

MARGARET.

Go! you will laugh at me.

[She pulls off the petals, murmuring to herself.

FAUST.

What murmur'st thou?

MARGARET *[half aloud]*.

He loves me—loves me not.

FAUST.

Sweet angel-face!

MARGARET.

He loves me—not—he loves me—not—

[Pulling off the last petal rapturously.

He loves me !

FAUST.

Yes, child ! let this flower-spell be unto thee

As a god's oracle, that he loves thee !

And dost thou understand what meaneth that ?

He loves thee !

[He seizes both her hands.

MARGARET.

I am seized with shuddering.

FAUST.

O shudder not ! Let this fond look, let this

Handpress say what is inexpressible

In words :—to give oneself up utterly,

To feel a joy, which must be without end !

Eternal !—Ay, its end would be despair.

No, no, no end ! no end ! ²³⁴*[Margaret presses his hands, breaks from him,
and runs away ; he stands still for a moment
in thought, then follows her.*MARTHA *[approaching]*.

The night is drawing on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, we'll away.

MARTHA.

I'd ask you to stay longer, but this is
So very wicked a place. 'Tis just as if
No one had aught to do and think about
But spy after his neighbours' ins and outs.
And one gets talk'd about, whate'er one does.
But our young pair?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Flown yonder up the path.
Wantoning butterflies!

MARTHA.

He seems inclined
To her.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she to him. 'Tis the way o' the world!

A LITTLE SUMMER-HOUSE.

MARGARET *springs in and hides behind the door. She holds the tip of her finger to her lips, and peeps through the chink.*

MARGARET.

He comes !

FAUST [*coming*].

Ah ! little rogue, dost tease me so ?

I have thee ! [*He kisses her.*]

MARGARET [*embracing him and returning his kiss*].

Dear ! I love thee from my heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES *knocks.*

FAUST [*stamping*].

Who's there ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good friend !

FAUST.

A brute !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis time to part.

MARTHA [*coming*].

Yes, it is late, sir.

FAUST.

Mayn't I go with you ?

MARGARET.

My mother would—Farewell !

FAUST.

Must I then go ?

Farewell !

MARTHA.

Adieu !

MARGARET.

Ere long to meet again !

[*Exeunt Faust and Mephistopheles*]

MARGARET.

O gracious Heaven ! was ever such a man !²³
 Can think of everything—of everything !
 Ashamed I stand before him, and say 'Yes'
 To all he says. But I am but a poor,
 Ignorant child ; I cannot understand
 What he can find in me.

FOREST AND CAVERN.²³⁶FAUST [*alone*].

Spirit sublime,²³⁷ thou gav'st me, gav'st me all
 For which I pray'd. Thou hast not turn'd in vain
 Thy countenance toward me in the fire.
 Thou gav'st me glorious nature for my realm,
 With power to feel and to enjoy. Not cold
 Astonish'd gaze alone dost thou permit ;
 Thou grantest me into her secret breast
 To look,²³⁸ as in the bosom of a friend.
 Thou lead'st the hosts of living creatures by
 Before mine eyes, and teachest me to know
 My brethren in the thicket, in the air,
 And in the water ; and when tempests roar
 And creak amid the forest, laying low
 The giant pine, hurling the neighbour-boughs,
 Crushing the neighbour-stems, and at its fall
 Dull, hollow thunder echoes thro' the hills,
 Then dost thou lead me to the shelter'd cave,
 And show'st me to myself, and my own breast
 Opens her wondrous and mysterious depths.
 Then mounts before my vision the clear moon²³⁹
 Mellowing the landscape, and from walls of rock
 And from the steaming underwood float up
 The silvern shades of a departed world,²⁴⁰
 And soften the severities of thought.

Oh ! that to man nought's ever perfect here,
 Now I perceive. Thou hast with this delight,

Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods,
 For a companion giv'n me one, whom yet
 I cannot spare, though, cold and insolent,
 He lowers me to myself, and, with a breath,
 Changes thy glorious gifts to nothingness.
 He fans within my bosom a wild fire
 For that fair image unremittingly ;
 So from desire unto enjoyment I
 Reel, and amid enjoyment crave desire.²¹¹

MEPHISTOPHELES [*enters*].

Have you not had almost enough o' the life ?
 How can it please you long ? It is perhaps well
 To try it just for once ; then off again
 To something new !

FAUST.

I would to Heaven thou
 Hadst something else to do than pester me
 In this my day of happiness.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come, come
 I'd gladly let thee rest ; thou dar'st not say
 As much in earnest. In a mate like thee,
 Ungracious, harsh, and mad, there's little to lose.
 The whole day long one has his hands quite full ;
 One never can discover by his face
 What likes my lord, and what to let alone.

FAUST.

That's the right tune exactly ! You'd have thanks
 Even for annoying me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor son of earth !
 How hadst thou led thy life without my aid ?
 Of crotchets of imagination ²⁴² I
 Cured thee long time ago ; and, but for me,
 Thou would'st ere now have wander'd far away
 From this earth-ball. What dost thou, sitting here
 In caves and rocky clefts like a horn'd owl ?
 What dost thou, from dank moss and dripping stone
 Sucking thy nourishment like a big toad ?
 A beautiful sweet pastime verily !
 The Doctor, Faust, is sticking in thee still.

FAUST.

And canst *thou* understand what new life-power
 This wandering in the desert wins for me ?
 Nay, an thou could'st have a suspicion of't,
 Thou would'st be devil enough to grudge it me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A super-earthly satisfaction that !
 In night and dew on mountain-tops to lie,
 And heaven and earth embrace in ecstasy ;
 To feel oneself swell out into a god ;
 With prescient desire to creep into
 Earth's marrow ; all the six-days work to feel
 In thine own bosom, in proud strength t' enjoy
 I know not what ; and then to overflow
 With rapturous love to all the universe,
 Vanishèd utterly the old earth-son ;

Then the high intuition— [*With a gesture.*
To say how,
I dare not venture—to conclude !

FAUST.

Fie on thee !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That displeases you ; you have
A right to cry a moral ‘ fie ! ’ on me !
One must not name to chaste ears what chaste hearts
Still cannot go without : and, in a word,
I grudge ye not the satisfaction
Occasionally of lying to yourself.
But you’ll not keep the moral humour long.
Already thou art driven away again ; ²⁴³
And, were it to last longer, it would fret
Thy soul to madness, or to agony
And horror. But enough ! Yonder thy love
Sits, and all grows so sad and strait with her ;
Thou’rt not a moment absent from her thoughts ;
She has an overmastering love for thee.
At first thy passion seem’d to overflow,
As with the melting snows a little brook
O’erswells ; thou’st pour’d into her heart, and now
Thy little brook is dry again. Methinks,
’Twould more beseem your lordship to reward
The poor little monkey for her love.
The time seems miserably long to her ;
She stands at the window watching the clouds draw on ²⁴⁴
Over the old town-walls : ‘ Were I a bird ! ’

So runs her song,²⁴⁵ all day and half the night.
 One while she's cheerful, oftener downcast,
 Another while she fairly is outwept ;
 Then again tranquil, it would seem, and still
 Always love-sick.

FAUST.

O Serpent ! Serpent !

MEPHISTOPHELES [*aside*].

Good !

So I bite thee !

FAUST.

Thou reprobate ! Get hence !
 Name not the lovely woman ! Stir not up
 Desire of her sweet form again within
 My half-distracted sense !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What's to be done ?
 She thinks thou'rt fled ; and so almost thou art.

FAUST.

I'm near her still, and, were I ne'er so far,
 I never could forget her, never lose :
 Ay, I do envy even the sacred host,
 When her lips touch it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Very good, my friend !

I've often envied you that sweet twin-pair
That feed among the roses.²⁴⁶

FAUST.

Pander, avaunt !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bravo ! You rail, and I am forced to laugh.
The God who boy and girl created knew,
At the same time, their noblest purposes ;
And himself too made opportunity !
Away now ! 'Tis a miserable case !
You should into your lady's chamber, not,
I should imagine, into the jaws of death.

FAUST.

What is the heavenly joy within her arms? ²⁴⁷
Let me enkindle on her bosom ; still—
Do I not always feel her misery ?
O, am I not the monster, the outlaw,
The vagabond without aim or rest,
That, like a cataract, from rock to rock
Raves, madly plunging down to the abyss ?
And she beside, with childish-dazed sense,
Within the hut upon the little Alp,
And all her household interests and cares
Embraced within that little world ; and I,
Abhor'd of Heaven, I had not enough
In grasping at the rocks and hurling them
To fragments—I must undermine her too,
And sap her peace ! Hell must this offering have.

Help, Devil, to curtail the agony !
 What must befall, let it befall at once ;
 May her fate ruin upon me, and she
 And I dash down the abyss together !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See how it seethes again, it glows again !
 Go in and comfort her, thou fool ! Whene'er
 A little mannikin no outlet sees,
 Straightway he thinks it is all up with him.
 Long live the man who counts himself a bold one !
 Elsewise thou'rt passably bedevil'd too.
 There's nought in all the world more savourless,
 I know of, than a devil who despairs.

GRETCHEN'S CHAMBER.

GRETCHEN [*at the spinning-wheel, alone*].²¹⁸

My peace is gone,
 My heart is sore ;
 I shall find it never,
 Ah ! nevermore.

Without him to be
 Is death to me ;
 And turn'd is all
 The world to gall.

My poor head aches
With racking pain ;
My poor brain whirls
Round and round again.

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore ;
It is gone for ever
And evermore.

After him I gaze
From the casement all day :
After him I glide
From the house away.

His noble form,
His bearing high,
His mouth's sweet smile,
The power of his eye,

And then his talk,
What a flood it is !
And his hand-pressure,
And ah ! his kiss !

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore ;
It is gone for ever
And evermore.

My bosom yearns
After him in prayer :
Ah ! could I clasp him,
And hold him there,

And kisses upon him
Pour, as I
On his kisses,
Ah ! fain would die !

MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET. FAUST.

MARGARET.

Promise me, Henry ! ²⁴⁹

FAUST.

What I can I will.

MARGARET.

Say now, what think'st thou of Religion ?
Thou art, I know, a dear good-hearted man,
And yet, I fear, thou think'st not much of that.

FAUST.

Let that alone, my child ! Thou feel'st I'm good
To thee. For those I love I would give life
And limb ; I would rob no one of his Faith,
And of his Church.

MARGARET.

That's not enough ; one must
Believe in them oneself.

FAUST.

Must one ?

MARGARET.

Alas !

If I could influence in any way !
Thou honour'st not the holy sacraments.

FAUST.

I honour them.

MARGARET.

But without wanting them.
'Tis long since thou hast been to mass or to
Confession. Dost thou believe in God ? ²⁵⁰

FAUST.

My darling, who can say :
'I do believe in God' ?
Thou may'st ask priest or sage, and their reply
Seems but a mockery to the questioner.

MARGARET.

Then thou dost not believe ?

FAUST.

Misunderstand me not, sweet angel thou !

Who dares name Him,
 And who avow :
 ' I do believe in Him ' ?
 Who feel,
 And take upon himself to say :
 ' I not believe in Him ' ?
 The All-Encompasser,
 The All-Sustainer,
 Encompasses, sustains He not
 Thee, me, Himself ?
 Vaults not itself the heaven up yonder there ?
 Lies not the firm earth underneath us here ?
 And mount not up the everlasting stars
 Looking down friendly on us ? Look not I
 Eye unto eye at thee ? And doth not all
 Throng on thy head and heart,
 And weave in everlasting mystery,
 Invisibly and visibly around thee ?
 Fill thy heart full therewith, large as it is,
 And when the feeling reaches ecstasy,
 Call it then what thou wilt,
 Call ' t Happiness ! Heart ! Love ! God !
 I have no name for it !
 Feeling is all :
 The name is sound and smoke,
 O'erclouding heaven's glow.

MARGARET.

That is all very good and beautiful :
 The priest, indeed, says very much the same,
 Only in rather different words.

FAUST.

Say it

All places do, all hearts beneath the sun,²⁵¹
Each in his several tongue ; then why not I
In mine ?

MARGARET.

When so explain'd, it may appear
Indifferent ; yet, notwithstanding all,
There is a twist in it ; for thou hast no
Christianity.

FAUST.

Dear child !

MARGARET.

I've long been grieved
To see thee in such company.

FAUST.

How so ?

MARGARET.

The man whom thou hast always with thee, I
Do from my very inmost soul abhor ;
Nothing in all my life has ever stabb'd
My heart so as that fellow's hateful face.

FAUST.

Dear pet, fear him not !

MARGARET.

But his presence stirs

My blood up. I am generally kind
 To all men ; but as I do dearly long
 To look on thee, I have a secret dread
 Of that man, and a villain reckon him.
 God pardon me if I should do him wrong !

FAUST.

There must be such odd fellows in the world

MARGARET.

I should be sorry with his like to live !
 Whenever he sets foot within the door,
 He always speers about so mockingly,
 And as if half-enraged ; one sees he has
 No interest in anything ; 'tis writ
 Upon his forehead that he cannot love
 A soul. I feel so happy on thine arm,
 So free, so unreservedly love-warm ;
 But then his presence pulls my heart-strings tight.

FAUST.

Thou dear foreboding angel, thou !

MARGARET.

So much

The feeling overpowers me, that when he
 Happens to join us, I do even seem
 To lose my love for thee ; and were he by,
 I could not say a prayer ; and that doth eat
 Like fire into my heart. O Henry dear,
 It must be so with thee too.

FAUST.

O thou hast
Ta'en an antipathy !

MARGARET.

Now I must go.

FAUST.

Ah ! can I never rest one little hour
Upon thy bosom, and press heart to heart,
And soul to soul ?

MARGARET.

Ah ! an I did but sleep
Alone, how gladly would I leave the door
Unbarr'd for thee to-night ! But mother sleeps
So light, and, were we to be caught by her,
I should die on the spot.

FAUST.

Thou angel, there's
No fear o' that. Here is a little flask !
Three drops of 't in her drink will pleasantly
Envelope all her senses in deep sleep.

MARGARET.

What do I not for thy sake ? 'Twill, I hope,
Not injure her ?

FAUST.

In that case, darling, would I
Counsel thee so?

MARGARET.

If I but look on thee,
Dearest of men, I know not what compels me
Unto thy will ; I have already done
So much for thee, that but a little now
Remains for me to do. [*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The monkey ! is she gone ? ²⁵²

FAUST.

Hast play'd the spy
Again ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I have heard fully every word.
Sir Doctor was well catechised ; I hope
'Twill be of service to you. Little maids
Are very much concern'd that one should walk
Plainly and piously in the old paths.
They think : ' If he ducks there, he'll follow us.'

FAUST.

Thou monster ! thou perceivest not how this
True, loving soul, full of her own strong faith,

Which is alone a saving one to her,
Torments herself with holy fear that she
Must count the man whom she loves best for lost.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou supersensual, sensual lover, thou,
A little girl doth lead thee by the nose.

FAUST.

Thou scoffing progeny of filth and fire !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And physiognomy she understands
Most masterly, and in my presence feels
She knows not how ! My little mask forebodes
A hidden sense ; she feels most certainly
That I'm a Genius, perhaps the Devil himself.
And now, to-night—— ?

FAUST.

What's that to thee ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O I've

My pleasure therein too !

AT THE WELL.

MARGARET *and* LIZZY *with* pitchers.

LIZZY.

Hast thou not heard of Barbara ?

MARGARET.

Not a word :

I go so little among folk.

LIZZY.

'Tis true,

Sibyl told me to-day ; she too at last

Has play'd the fool. That's what has come of her
Fine-ladyism !

MARGARET.

How so ?

LIZZY.

Pah ! it stinks !

She fodders two now when she eats and drinks.

MARGARET.

Ah me !

LIZZY.

So is she rightly served at last.

How long had she been hanging on the fellow !

There was a promenading for you ! then
 An 'out' to village-fair and dancing-place !
 She must be everywhere the first ; and he
 Treating her too with little tarts and wine.
 Plume herself did she on her beauty too,
 Yet was so honourless, she never shamed
 Accepting presents from him. Then there was
 A kissing and a wantoning, and so
 At last the little flower is gone !

MARGARET.

Poor thing !

LIZZY.

Dost pity her, good sooth ? When one of us
 Was at the spinning-wheel, our mother ne'er
 Would let us out o' nights. But she, forsooth,
 Was standing with her lover. O, so sweet !
 On the porch-bench, and in the shady lane :
 The hours were never long enough for them.
 So now she'll have to duck her head for it,
 And do church-penance in a sinner's shift.²⁵³

MARGARET.

He'll surely marry her.

LIZZY.

He'd be a fool !
 A smart young fellow, he has all the world
 Before him. He's off too.

MARGARET.

That is not fair !

LIZZY.

And if she gets him, 't shall go hard with her !
The boys will tear her wreath for her, and we
Will strew chopp'd straw before the door ! ²⁵⁴

MARGARET [*going home*].

How could I once rail as courageously
When a poor maiden chanced to go astray !
How could I never find words hard enough
To satisfy my tongue at others' sin !
How black it seem'd to me, and blacken it
The most, it ne'er was black enough for me ;
And then I bless'd myself and felt so proud !
And now I'm open to the same myself !
Yet all that drove me to it, O my God,
Was, ah ! so good so loveable !

ZWINGER.²⁵⁵

*In a niche of the wall a devotional image of the
'Mater Dolorosa,' with flower-pots before it.*

MARGARET [*sets fresh flowers in the pots*].

Ah, rich in sorrow thou,
Graciously bow
Thy countenance down
On this woe of mine !

The sword in thy heart,
With thousandfold smart,
Thou look'st on the death
Of thy Son Divine.

To the Father thou gazest,
And there thy sighs raisest
For his woe and thine.

Who feels
How steals
Pain thro' my breast ?
How my poor heart burns,
How it trembles, it yearns,
Thou know'st, thou know'st, for rest !

Wheresoe'er I go,
How woe, how woe, how woe
Lies on my bosom here !

I am, ah ! scarce alone,
 I moan, I moan, I moan ;
 My heart is broken and drear.

The flower-pots at my window
 I water'd with tears, ah me !
 As in the early morning
 I pluck'd these flowers for thee.

Into my chamber bright
 The sun shone in at dawn ;—
 I had been sitting all night
 Upon my bed forlorn.

Help ! save me from shame and death !
 Ah ! maid of sorrows thou,
 Graciously bow
 Thy countenance down
 Upon me now !

NIGHT.

*The Street before MARGARET'S door.*²⁵⁶

VALENTINE, *a soldier, Margaret's brother.*

When I once sat in company,
 Where every one to brag was free,
 And my companions praised aloud

The flower of all our maidenhood,
 With brimming glass the maiden toasted,
 Elbow upright on table posted,
 There sat I by in quiet content,
 Heard all the swaggering to its end,
 Then smiling stroked my beard, and cried,
 Grasping my glass within my hand :
 ' All well after their kind indeed !
 But is there one in all the land
 That with my Gretel can compare,
 Or can a candle hold to her ? '
 Top ! top ! cling ! clang ! ²⁵⁷ the toast went round,
 And some ' He's right ! ' aloud would cry ;
 ' The pearl of all her sex is she ! ' ²⁵⁸
 Then all the swaggerers dumb were found.
 And now !—— ²⁵⁹ O I could rend my hair,
 And dash my brains out in despair !
 With taunts and sneers shall every fool
 Insult me to the very soul,
 Whilst I like a bad debtor sit,
 And at each casual saying sweat ;
 And tho' I sent them all to hell,
 I could not call them liars still.

What is't comes here ? Who's sneaking here ?
 If I err not, there's two o' them. Be 't he,
 I'll have him in a moment by the throat ;
 A living man he shall not from this spot.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

As from the window of yon sacristy

Upwards ascends the lamp's eternal flame,
 Feebler and feebler growing at the sides,
 While all around the darkness whelmeth it,
 So seems it in my bosom dark as night.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And I feel somewhat like a hungry cat,
 That creeps along the five-ladders o' night,
 Then softly steals around the city-walls,
 And yet am I quite virtuous withal ;
 A little thievishness, a little skittishness :
 So tingleth even now in every limb
 The glorious earnest of Walpurgis-Night.
 The day after to-morrow it comes round ;
 Then knoweth one at least wherefore he wakes.

FAUST.

Meanwhile is that the treasure rising up,
 That I see glimmering in the distance there ? ²⁶⁰

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thyself shalt have the pleasure soon
 Of lifting up the cauldron.
 Just now I gave therein a squint,
 Saw splendid lion-dollars in 't. ²⁶¹

FAUST.

No ornaments, not even a ring
 To deck the darling with ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Something,
Methought, I saw like ropes o' pearls.

FAUST

So that is well ! It grieves me sore
Without some gift to go to her.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet should it not distress you so
Gratis to take some pleasure too.
But now, while heaven with stars is bright,
A masterpiece you ought to hear :
I'll sing a moral song to night,
More surely to befool the dear.

[*Sings to his guitar.*]

What dost thou, say,²⁶²
At break of day,
Fair Catherine,
At thy lover's door?
Beware, beware !
He lets thee in,
That lets thee out
A maid no more.

Attend to me !
If it is done,
Then good night, ye
Poor things, poor things !
As ye love your lives,
Beware of Love's thieves.

Without spousal-rings !
Without spousal-rings !

VALENTINE [*steps forward*].

Whom lur'st thou here ? By heaven above !
Thou damn'd ratcatcher ! ²⁶³ To the devil first
The instrument ! to the devil after it
The singer !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The guitar's broken ! 'tis all up with it.

VALENTINE.

Now then for skull-splitting !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Doctor, don't budge !
Courage ! stick close to me, do as I bid you ;
Out with your fiddlestick ! ²⁶⁴ You only thrust,
I'll parry.

VALENTINE.

Parry that !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not ?

VALENTINE.

And that !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Certainly !

VALENTINE.

I believe the Devil fights !
 What's this ? My hand is numb already.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*to Faust*].

Thrust home !

VALENTINE [*falls*].

Oh ! oh !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now is the lubber tamed !
 But come ! Away ! we must be off at once ;
 A cry of murder is already raised.
 I know well how to deal with the police,
 But with the blood-ban ²⁶⁵ 'twould go hard with me.

MARTHA [*at the window*].

Without ! without !

MARGARET [*at the window*].

Ho there ! A light ! a light !

MARTHA [*as before*].

They rail and scuffle, shout and fight.

THE CROWD.

There lies

One of them dead already.

MARTHA [*coming*].

O the foul
Murderers ! Are they escaped then ?

MARGARET [*coming out*].

Who lies here ?

CROWD.

Thy mother's son.

MARGARET.

Almighty ! O what pain !

VALENTINE.

I die, that is soon said, and sooner still
Is done. Why stand ye, women, howl and weep ?
Come hither and list to me ! [*All gather round him.*
My Gretchen, see !

Thou art still young, art not quite clever enough,
Pliest thy trade awkwardly. I tell thee now,
In confidence of course, thou art a whore ;
Then be one too outright !

GRETCHEN.

My brother ! God !

What can this mean ?

VALENTINE.

Leave thou our Lord God's name
Out of the jest ! What's done, alas ! is done,
And things must go on now, as go they must :

Thou 'ginn'st with one in secret ; more o' them
 Soon follow him ; and when a dozen have
 Had thee, the whole town then will have thee too.

Shame, when she is first born, is brought into
 The world in secret, and we draw the veil
 Of night over her head and ears—ay, even
 We'd gladly murder her. But when she grows
 And waxes big, then goeth she abroad
 Naked by day, and yet has not become
 A whit the lovelier ; the hatefuller
 Her countenance, the more she seeks the light.

I see indeed the time already come,
 When all good citizens shall stand aloof
 From thee, thou whore ! as from a plague-struck corpse ;
 Thy heart shall wither in thy breast, whene'er
 They look thee in the face. No more shalt thou
 Wear golden chain ; no more shalt stand in church
 Beside the altar ; never pride thee more
 In pretty point-lace collar in the dance.
 In some dark gloomy haunt of wretchedness,
 With beggars and with cripples shalt thou hide ;
 And e'en tho' God in heaven pardon thee,
 On earth thou'rt ever cursèd and abhorr'd !

MARTHA.

Commend your soul to God Almighty's grace ;
 Would you have slander on your conscience too ?

VALENTINE.

O an I could but reach thy wither'd hide,

Thou shameless procuress ! I then might hope
 Forgiveness in full measure for all my sins.

MARGARET.

O brother ! what hell-pain !

VALENTINE.

I say, adone
 With tears ! When thou renounced'st honour, then
 Thou gavest me the deadliest heart-stab.
 Now, thro' the peaceful slumber of the grave,
 I go to God a soldier true and brave. [Dies.

CATHEDRAL.

Service. Organ and Anthem.

MARGARET *in the midst of a crowd.* An Evil Spirit
behind MARGARET.

EVIL SPIRIT.

How different, Gretchen, was it once with thee !
 When thou, still innocent,
 Cam'st to the altar here,
 Lisped'st thy prayers
 Out of the well-worn little book,
 Half childish play,

Half God within thy heart !
 Gretchen !
 How fares it with thy head ?
 Within thy heart
 What foul misdeed is there ?
 Prayest thou for thy mother's soul,
 Who through thee overslept herself
 Into a long, long term of pain ?
 Whose blood is on thy threshold ?
 And beneath thy heart
 Stirs there not something even now ²⁶⁶
 Throbbing, and tortureth itself and thee
 With its foreboding presence ?

MARGARET.

Woe ! Woe !
 Would I were free from thoughts
 That will come o'er and o'er
 In spite of me !

CHOIR.

*Dies ira, ²⁶⁷ dies illa
 Solvet sæclum in favilla.*

[*Organ plays.*

EVIL SPIRIT.

Grim horror seizes thee !
 The trumpet sounds !
 The graves tremble !
 And thy heart,
 Quicken'd again,
 From its ashy rest

Quivers up
To tormenting flames !

MARGARET.

Would I were hence !
I feel as if the organ
Choked my breath,
As if the anthem
Melted away my heart.

CHOIR.

*Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit*

MARGARET.

It is so close !
The pillars
Throng me !
The roof
Stiffles me !—Air !

EVIL SPIRIT.

Hide thyself ! Sin and shame
Cannot be hid.
Air ? Light ?
Woe to thee !

CHOIR.

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus ?*

EVIL SPIRIT.

The glorified ones
 Avert their faces from thee,
 The purified ones
 Shudder to reach their hands to thee !
 Woe ! Woe !

CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?

MARGARET.

Neighbour ! your smelling-flask ! ²⁶⁸
 [*She falls in a swoon*]

WALPURGIS-NIGHT. ²⁶⁹

The Hartz Mountains. ²⁷⁰ *District of Schierke and
 Elend.* ²⁷¹

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dost thou not want a broomstick ? For my part,
 I would I had the sturdiest he-goat.
 Upon this road, we're still far from our goal.

FAUST.

As long as I feel fresh upon my legs,

T

This knotty staff is quite enough for me.
 What boots it that we shorten so the road ?
 To creep along this labyrinth of vales,
 Then to ascend these rocks, from whence the stream
 Eternally up-bubbling dashes down,—
 That is the seasoning pleasure of such paths.
 Spring weaves already in the birken trees,
 And even the pine acknowledges her power ;—
 Should she not also work upon our limbs ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good sooth ! I cannot feel a trace thereof !
 'Tis everlasting winter in my frame ;
 I could wish frost and snow upon my path.
 How melancholy mounts th' imperfect disk
 Of the red moon with her belated glow !²⁷²
 And lends so ill a light, that at each step
 One stumbles up against a tree or rock.
 Permit me now to call a will-o'-wisp !
 Yonder I see one burning merrily.
 Holloa ! my friend, oblige us with your aid !
 Be so good now as light us up the height !

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

From reverence I hope I may succeed
 In forcing my light nature to your wish ;
 But generally our course is a zigzag.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ho ! ho ! You think to imitate mankind !

But now, i' the Devil's name, you must go straight :
Else will I blow your flick'ring life away !

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

I see you are the master of the house,
And I'll accommodate myself at once.
But think ! To-night the mountain's magic-mad .
And if a will-o'-wisp show you the way,
Then must you not be too particular.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, WILL-O'-THE-WISP [*sings* : :
alternately].²⁷³

Into dream-and-magic spheres
We are enter'd, it appears ;
Lead us straight, and get thyself
Honour, thou untoward elf,
While we quickly forward haste
Into the wide and desert waste.

See the trees, they seem to fly,
So swift they glide each other by :
And the cliffs, they seem to bow :
And the long rock-noses,²⁷⁴ lo,
How they snort, and how they blow !

Thoro' turf, and thoro' stone,
Hurry brook and brooklet on.
Is it roar ? or magic strain ?
Is it Love's complaint I hear ?
Voices of those heavenly days ?
All we hope, and all we love !

And the echo, like the lays
Of old times, resounds again.

Uwhoo ! Tuwhoo ! sounds more near :
Owl and peewit and the dove,²⁷⁵
Do they all awake remain ?
Salamander in the brake ?
Thick o' belly, slim o' leg !
And the roots, like serpents, wind
Out of rock and out of sands,
Interweaving wondrous bands,
To affright us and to bind ;
Out of speckled living heads
Stretching forth their polyp-threads
Toward the wanderer. And the mice,
Thousand-colour'd, myriadwise,
Thoro' heath and thoro' moss !
And the fire-flies round us sport,²⁷⁶
Swarming all our path across,
A bewildering escort.

O but tell me, do we stay,
Or advance upon our way ?
Everything is whirling so ;
Rocks and trees, they make grimaces ;
Will-o'-wisps in a thousand places,
How they multiply and grow !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grasp my mantle, hold it tight !
Here we're on a middle height,

Whence behold, with wonder, how
Mammon in the hills doth glow !²⁷⁷

FAUST.

How strangely all the region round
Gleams a lurid light of dawn,
And e'en into the depths profound
Of yon chasm quivers on !
Here rises damp, there mists are spread,
Here breaks a glow from smoke and steam,
There creeps it like a slender thread,
There issues forth a gushing stream ;
Here winds, a long unbroken tract,
With a hundred arteries, thro' the glen ;
And here, in narrowest corner pack'd,
Is distributed again.
There sparks are sputtering close at hand,
Like shower'd rain of golden sand.
But see ! how all along the height
The rocky walls with fire are bright !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Doth not Sir Mammon light up well
His palace for this festival ?
Thou art in luck the sight to see :
And hark ! the riotous company !

FAUST.

How raves the hurricane thro' the air !²⁷⁸
What buffets it deals upon my neck !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling to the old rock-ribs ; or beware
 It hurl thee into the chasm quick !
 A foul fog thickens the gloom of night.
 Hark ! how the forest cracks ! with affright
 Fly the owls away. Hark ! the pillars tall
 Of the evergreen palaces split and fall ;
 How the leaves do moan,
 The boughs crackle and snap,
 The mighty trunks groan,
 The roots creak and gape !
 With fearfully-confounded fall
 One over another crash they all,
 And thro' the clefts with ruin lined
 Hisses and howls the gusty wind !
 Hear'st thou voices in the land ?
 In the distance, and at hand ?
 Ay, the whole mountain-length along
 Surges a raging magic-song.

WITCHES (*in chorus*).

The witches to the Brocken are drawn ;²⁷⁶
 The stubble is yellow, and green the corn.
 Yonder is gather'd the multitude ;
 Sir Urian²⁸⁰ sits up aloft on a cloud.
 So over stock and stone we float ;
 The witch she —s, and —s the goat.²⁸¹

A VOICE.

Alone old Baubo cometh now ;²⁸²
 She rideth upon a farrow sow.

CHORUS.

Honour to whom honour is due !
 Frau Baubo forward ! and lead the crew !
 A goodly sow, and on her back
 The mother—and at her heels the pack.

VOICE.

Which way can'st thou ?

VOICE.

Over Ilsenstein.²⁴¹

There peep'd I into the owles nest ;
 She made such a pair of eyes at me.

VOICE.

To hell with thee ! Zounds !
 Why so fast dost ride ?

VOICE.

She has grazed my side ;
 Just look at the wounds !

WITCHES [*chorus*].

The way is broad, the way is long ;
 Was ever, I wot, such a frantic throng ?
 The besom scratches, the pitchfork pricks,
 The child is smother'd, the mother shrieks.

SORCERERS [*half-chorus*].

We creep like the snail with his house on his back.

But the women are all in the front of the pack ;
 For when the road runs to the house of the bad,²⁸⁴
 The woman's a thousand paces ahead.

THE OTHER HALF.

So strict the adage we would not make :
 The woman a thousand steps may take ;
 But, hasten as fast as ever she can,
 The goal is reach'd at one bound by the man.

VOICES [*above*].

Come along, come along, from Felsensee !²⁸⁵

VOICES [*below*].²⁸⁶

O gladly with you would we take our way.
 We have wash'd and are utterly free from stain,
 But eternally barren we still remain.

BOTH CHORUSES.

Hush'd is the wind, the stars are gone,
 Hideth herself the o'ercast moon ;
 And whizzing amain, the magic quire
 Sputters a myriad sparks of fire.

VOICE [*from below*].

Stay ! O stay !

VOICE [*from above*].

Who calls there out of the chasm wide ?

VOICE [*below*].

Take me, O take me with you ! I've tried,
For three hundred years, the top to gain,²⁸⁷
And be with my fellows, but all in vain.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The besom carries, and carries the stick,
The he-goat carries, and carries the pike ;
Whoever he be cannot rise to-day,
Is utterly, utterly lost for aye.

HALF-WITCH [*below*].²⁸⁸

I've tripp'd i' the rear so long, I wis—
The others are far ahead by this !
I have no rest at home, and here
I look in vain for a drop of cheer.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

With salve the witch is strong and hale ;²⁸⁹
A rag is good enough for a sail,
A trough for a skiff to rove the sky ;
Who flies not to-day will never fly.

BOTH CHORUSES.

And when the top we circle round,
Then scatter yourselves wide over the ground,
And cover the heather, and rock, and wood,
With your swarming witches' sisterhood !

[*They descend to the earth.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There's crowding and pushing, and rushing and rattling !
 There's whizzing and whirling, and pulling and prattling !
 There's lightning, sparks, stink, fire, all blent
 Together ! a true witch-element !
 But thou, keep close to me !
 Or we shall straight divided be.
 Where art thou ?

FAUST [*in the distance*].

Here !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What ! thither whirl'd away
 Already ? Then I shall be forced to use
 The master's right. Room ! Younker Voland comes.²⁹⁰
 Room there ! sweet rabble ! Room ! Here, Doctor, take
 My hand ! And now, at one bound, let us clear
 The crowd ; it is too mad even for me.
 Yonder hard by there shines a light of most
 Peculiar kind ; something attracts me toward
 Those bushes. Come, come on ! Let's slip in there.

FAUST.

Spirit of contradiction²⁹¹ thou ! And yet,
 Thou may'st lead on. Nathless I can but think
 'Twas very wisely plann'd : we wander forth
 Into the Brocken on Walpurgis-Night,
 To isolate ourselves now we are here.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There, only see, what many-colour'd flames !
 A merry club has met together there.
 In a small company one's not alone.

FAUST.

Yet yonder would I liefer be up there !
 Already I see flame and whirling smoke.
 There streams the multitude to the Evil One ;
 Full many a riddle must be solvèd there.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And many a riddle knotted up also.²⁹²
 Leave thou the great world to its blustering !
 We will ensconce ourselves in quiet here.
 It is a very ancient custom that,
 To make us little worlds within the great.
 There do I see young witches stark and bare,
 And old who prudently conceal their charms.
 Be friendly now, if only for my sake ;
 The trouble's little, and the sport is great.
 I hear a sound as 'twere of instruments !
 Accursèd snarl ! one must get used to it.
 Come on ! come on ! there is no help for it.
 I will go forward, and will introduce
 Thee, and so bind thee to myself anew.
 What say'st thou, friend ? that is no little room.
 There, only look ! thou scarce canst see the end.
 A hundred fires are blazing in a row ;

They dance, they chat, they cook, they drink, make love ;
Now tell me where does anything beat this ?

FAUST.

Wilt thou, in introducing us, present
Thyself as devil, or as sorcerer ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

True, I'm much wont to go incognito ;
Still upon gala-days one sports his stars.
I have no garter to distinguish me,
Yet is the horse's hoof much honour'd here.
Seest thou yon snail ? How she comes creeping on ;
With that fine-feeling face of hers ²⁹³ she has
Already scented something out in me.
I could not, if I would, conceal me here.
But come ! From fire to fire we'll take our way ;
I will the pander, thou the gallant play.

[*To some who are sitting round a heap of dying embers.*]

Old gentlemen ! what do ye here without ?
I'd praise ye if I found ye in the rout,
With riot girt and youthful revelry ;
Enough of solitude at home have ye.

GENERAL. ²⁹⁴

Who would trust in the nations now,
Whatever for them he may have done ?
With the people 'tis as with women, I trow ;
Youth's ever the foremost under the sun.

MINISTER.

Now from the right we've wander'd far :
 Commend me to those good times of old !
 Then we were all-in-all ; I swear,
 That was the genuine age of gold.

PARVENU.

We verily too no fools were found,
 Tho' we often did what we ought not ;
 Now everything goes round and round,
 Just where we'd keep things firm, I wot.

AUTHOR.

Who now in general cares to read
 A work of even moderate sense ?
 And for the younger folk, indeed,
 They were never so full of impudence.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*who all at once appears very old*].²⁹³

For doomsday now I feel the folk are ripe,
 As I for the last time am mounting up
 The witches' hill ; and since my cask runs thick,
 The world itself too is on the decline.

HUCKSTER WITCH.

Kind gentlemen, pass me not so, I pray !
 Let not the opportunity escape !
 Bestow a moment's glance upon my wares ;
 There is a motley collection here ;
 And yet there's not a thing in all my booth—

To which there's not a fellow upon earth—
 That has not at some time or other wrought
 Effectual damage to the race of man.
 No dagger here from which blood has not flow'd ;
 No chalice out of which has not been pour'd
 Hot rankling poison into the healthy frame ;
 No ornament that has not led astray
 Some lovely woman ; not a sword but has
 Broken some league, or peradventure even
 Has stabb'd an adversary in the back.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fair cousin ! You misunderstand the times :
 What's done is past ; what's past is past and gone .
 Lay yourself out for novelties ! I say,
 Novelties only have any charm for us.

FAUST.

O spare my senses ! That I call a fair !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The whirling crowd is struggling up the height :
 Thinking to push, thou find'st thyself art push'd.

FAUST.

But who is that ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her attentively !

Lilith ²⁰⁶ is she.

FAUST.

Who ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Adam his first wife.

Beware of her fair hair—that ornament
Wherein she so pre-eminently shines.
If therewith she entangleth any youth,
She will not let him 'scape so easily.

FAUST.

Yonder sit two, the old one with the young ;
They have already danced a pretty fling.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is no rest to-night : a new dance now's
Beginning ; come, let us join in !

FAUST [*dancing with the young witch*]

Once I had a beautiful dream ;
Methought I saw an apple-tree ;
Two lovely apples thereon did gleam ;
I clamber'd up, as they tempted me.

THE FAIR ONE.

The little apples you coveted much,
And have from Paradise until now.
With pleasure I think to myself that such
Little apples there be in my garden too.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*with the old one*].

Once I had a troubled dream ;
 Methought I saw a cloven tree ;
 It had
 So it was,²⁹⁷ but it pleased me.

THE OLD WITCH.

I offer my best greeting to
 The cavalier with the horse's foot !
 Let him keep . . . and ready too,
 An he . . . be not afraid to do't.

PROKTOPIHANTASMIST.²⁹⁸

Accursed mob ! how dare ye ? Have I not
 Long ago demonstrated that a ghost
 Stands never upon ordinary feet ?²⁹⁹
 Now ye are dancing just like other men !

THE FAIR WITCH [*dancing*].

What does he want then at our ball ?

FAUST.

O, he

Is everywhere : while others dance away
 He criticises ;³⁰⁰ if there's any step
 He cannot blame, that step might just as well
 Not have been taken. He is most enraged
 When we go forward. If you'd be content
 To turn round in a circle like himself

In his old mill,³⁰¹ that perhaps he would approve:
The more if you'd consult him as to it.

PROKTOPHANTASMI-E.

Ye're still there, then ! that's unendurable.
Vanish, I say ! we have explain'd all that.
This Devil's pack regards not any rules ;
We are so wise ; yet Tegel has its ghost.³⁰²
How long have I been sweeping at the folly !
And still it's never clean ; O that indeed
Is unendurable !

THE FAIR ONE.

Then cease, at least,
T' annoy us here !

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

Spirits, I tell ye now
To your face : this spirit-despotism I
Endure not ;³⁰³ my spirit can't practise it.
[*The dancing continues.*]
To-night I see that I shall not succeed :
But I have always got my tour with me,³⁰⁴
And hope, ere I have taken my last step,
Devils and poets to confound ye both.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He will now in some puddle squat him down—
That is his way of solacing himself ;
And when the leeches have amused themselves³⁰⁵
Upon his buttocks, then will he be cured

Of spirits and of spirit too, I ween.

[*To Faust, who has stepped out of the dance.*

Why hast thou let the lovely maiden go,

Who sang so sweetly to thee in the dance ?

FAUST.

Ah ! in the middle of her song there sprang

A little red mouse out of her sweet mouth.³⁰⁶

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That was all right ! one doesn't carp at that.

Enough for thee that the mouse wasn't grey.

Who recks of such things on a gala-day ?

FAUST.

Then saw I——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What ?

FAUST.

Mephisto, seest thou there

A pale fair child standing far off alone ?

She shuffles along slowly from the spot,

She seems to move as if with fetter'd feet.

I must confess that it appears to me,

'Tis like the form of the good Margaret.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let it alone ! No good can come of

It is a magic image, without life,

An idol. To encounter it is ill ;
 By its fix'd look the blood of man is fix'd,
 And he almost is turn'd into a stone ;
 Of the Medusa thou hast surely heard.³⁰⁷

FAUST.

In sooth they are the eyes of one that's dead,
 The which no loving hand has closed down.
 That is the breast Gretchen did yield to me ;
 That is the lovely form I did embrace.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That is the sorcery, thou easily
 Deluded fool ! To every one she comes
 As his own love.

FAUST.

What joy ! what agony !
 I cannot tear myself away from hence.
 How strange a single crimson line should seem
 To ornament that lovely neck of hers,
 No broader than the back of a sharp knife !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right ! so I see it too ; and she can bear
 Her head under her arm ; for Perseus
 Has struck it off for her.—What ! evermore
 This fondness for delusion ! Come now up
 To yonder mount ! It is as merry there
 As in the Prater ;³⁰⁸ and, if I am not

Bewitch'd, I verily do see a theatre.
What's doing there ?

SERVIBLIS,³⁰⁹

They'll recommence anon
A brand-new piece, the last one out of seven !
So many 'tis the custom to give here.
A dilettante is the author of it,
And dilettanti will perform it too.
Pardon me, gentlemen, I vanish thus !
My dilettante-duty is to draw
The curtain up.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

When I find you upon
The Blocksberg,³¹⁰ that, I feel, is right ; for it
Belongs to you.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM,³¹¹

OR

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING-
FEAST.*Intermezzo.*³¹²

MANAGER.

Here to-day we rest once more,
Mieding's gallant company ;³¹³
Misty vale and mountain hoar,
That is all our scenery.

HERALD.³¹⁴

Fifty years should have run,
That the wedding golden be ;
But when strife is past and done,
That's the golden day for me.

OBERON.³¹⁵

Spirits, if at my command,
Show yourselves this hour then !
King and Queen of Fairyland,
They are reconciled again.

FAUST.

PUCK.

Cometh Puck and twirls himself,
 And slips his foot into the dance ;
 Hundreds, following the elf,
 To rejoice with him advance.

ARIEL.³¹⁶

Ariel awakes the song
 In tones divinely clear and full ;
 Many fools he lures along,
 Yet lures he too the beautiful.

OBERON.

Spouses who would be agreed,
 Learn a lesson from our state !
 If a pair would love indeed,
 Let them only separate.

TITANIA.³¹⁷

Sulks the man and frets the wife,
 Seize and have 'em quickly forth,
 Waft unto the southward her,
 And him to the extremest north !

ORCHESTRA TUTTI.

Fortissimo.

Snout-of-fly and midge's-nose,
 With their cousins far and near,
 Frog in bower and cricket in moss,
 These are our musicians here !

SOLO.

See, here comes the bagpipe-sack !
 'Tis the soap-bubble, I wis.
 Hark his schnecke-schnicke-schnack,
 Through that stubby nose of his !

EMERVO-SPIRIT.²¹⁸

Spider's foot and paunch of toad,
 And winglet for the little wight !
 Animalcule he is not,
 But a little poem hight.

A LITTLE PAIR.²¹⁹

Tiny step and lofty spring
 Thro' honey-dew and vapour rare ;
 Thou tripp'st enough, but hast no wing
 Wherewith to mount into the air.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.³

Is this a masquerade or not ?
 Can I indeed believe my eyes ?
 Oberon, the lovely god,³²¹
 Here too to-night in fairy-guise !

ORTHODOX.³²²

Neither claws nor tail are his ;
 Yet 'tis beyond question true,
 Like the Grecian deities,
 Oberon's a devil too.

NORTHERN ARTIST.³²³

What I'm now attempting seems,
 Forsooth, the sketchiest outline ;
 But I prepare myself betimes
 For that Italian tour of mine.

PURIST.³²⁴

Ah ! my ill-luck 'tis brings me here :
 What licentiousness I see !
 And only two that powder wear
 Of all the witches' company !

YOUNG WITCH.

Powder is like a petticoat,
 Only for ancient wives and gray :
 So I sit naked on my goat,
 My buxom figure to display.

MAYKON.

We have too much good breeding here,
 For me to quarrel with you, pet ;
 But young and tender as you are,
 I hope you may be rotten yet.

BANDMASTER.³²⁵

Snout-of-fly and midge's-nose,
 Swarm not round the naked, pray ;
 Frog in bower, and cricket in moss,
 See ye keep in time to-day.

WEATHERCOCK ³²⁶ (*on one side*).

Company, the most élite !
 Loveliest of brides, forsooth !
 Here with choice companions meet,
 The very hopefullest of youth !

WEATHERCOCK ³²⁶ (*on the other side*).

Except the ground shall open wide,
 And swallow all this minute,
 In a trice to Hell I'll ride,
 And plunge myself deep in it.

XENIEN, ³²⁷

As little insects here we are,
 With our tiny sharpen'd shears,
 To honour Satan, our papa,
 As befits his rank and years.

HENNINGS, ³²⁸

See yonder little band, how they
 Naively jest together there !
 And in the end you'll hear them say
 Their hearts were good and debonair.

MUSAGET, ³²⁹

In this witch-multitude I vow
 I gladly lose myself to-night ;
 For better these ought I to know
 Than Muses how to lead aright.

CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGE.

With proper people one can do
 Something. Come, my mantle seize !
 The Blocksberg has a broad top too,
 Like the Parnassus of Greece.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.³³⁰

Say who is yonder stiff-neck'd man,
 That stalks so proud and lonely ?
 He snuffles as he snuffle can.
 ' He's Jesuit-hunting only.'

CRANE.³³¹

I love to angle in the clear,
 And eke in troubled waters too :
 Therefore ye see the pious here
 Mingle among the devils' crew.

WORLDLING.³³²

Yea, for the pious, credit me,
 Is everything a vehicle ;
 So on the Blocksberg here we see
 Full many a conventicle.

DANCER.³³³

Is that another band ? I hear
 Drums in the distance droning,
 ' Hush ! It is only in the mere
 The bittern monotoning.'

DANCING-MASTER.

How each upon his legs doth leap,
 Poses himself as best he may !
 The crooked jump, the awkward skip,
 And no one asks what others say.

FIDDLER, OR MERRY-FELLOW.³³⁴

They hate enough, the rascals do,
 And gladly murder would they all ;
 But bagpipe charms the beggar-crew,
 As Orpheus' lyre, the bestial.

DOGMATIST.³³⁵

I'll not allow I vainly shout.
 The Devil must be something, spite
 Of all the ' Critic ' and of doubt ;
 Else how are devils here to-night ?

IDEALIST.³³⁶

Imagination, to my mind,
 For once is too imperious :
 If I be all-in-all, I find
 To-night I am delirious.

REALIST.³³⁷

Substance is my torment now,
 And sore am I distress'd thereat ;
 For the first time I must allow
 I am unsteady on my feet.

SUPERNATURALIST.³³⁸

With much delight and gratitude
 These festivities I view ;
 For from devils I conclude
 That there are good spirits too.

SCEPTIC.³³⁹

The track of flame they follow out,
 And think their treasure to embrace :
 But only Devil (*Teufel*) rhymes with doubt
 (*Zweifel*) ;
 So here I'm in my proper place.

BANDMASTER.³⁴⁰

Frog in bower, and cricket in moss !
 Accursed dilettanti !
 Snout-of-fly, and midge's-nose,
 Excellent musicians ye !

THE ADROIT ONES.³⁴¹

Sanssouci they call our band
 Of merry little clowns ;
 Upon our feet we cannot stand,
 So we go on our crowns.

THE HELPLESS ONES.

Once as parasites we knew
 Glorious days ; but they are past.
 Our pumps, alas ! we've danced quite through,
 And we are on our soles at last.

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.³⁴²

From the marshes we are come,
 Whereout we did first arise ;
 Yet here in the dance we are at home,
 With our brilliant gallantries.

FALLING-STAR.³⁴³

Out of heaven I shot down,
 With a starry fiery train ;
 Now in the grass I lie and moan :
 Who'll help me on my legs again ?

THE HEAVY ONES.³⁴⁴

Room ! make room ! and space about !
 Down the little grasses go.
 Spirits are coming, spirits, but
 They've unwieldy members too.

PUCK.

O not so heavily, I pray,
 Like Mammoth-calves disport yourselves !
 And the clumsiest to-day
 Be Puck himself, the lob of elves !

ARIEL.

Loving Nature if she hath,
 Or Spirit, given wings to ye,
 Follow then my airy path
 Up to yonder roseroy !³⁴⁵

ORCHESTRA.

Pianissimo.

Welkin-rack and vapour rare
Enkindled are in heaven :
Breeze in bower, and wind on mere,
And all away is driven.

A GLOOMY DAY.³¹⁶*A Plain.*

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

In misery ! Despairing ! Long a wretched wanderer over the earth, and now in prison ! A malefactor in a dungeon caged and reserved for horrid tortures, that dear unhappy creature ! To that !—ay, even to that !—O treacherous, worthless Spirit, and thou hast concealed all this from me ! Stand there, ay, stand ! and roll thy devilish eyes in fury in thine head ! Stand and insult me with thy insufferable presence ! In prison ! In irremediable misery ! Unto bad spirits given over and to condemning, unfeeling Man ! And me, meanwhile, thou hast been lulling in tasteless dissipations, hast concealed from me her increasing misery, and wouldst have suffered her to perish without help !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first.³¹⁷

FAUST.

Hound ! Execrable monster ! Change him, O thou infinite Spirit !³⁴⁸ change the worm back into his shape of

hound,³⁴⁹ wherein he oft was wont o' night to trot before me, and to roll under the feet of the poor harmless wanderer, and hang upon his shoulders when he fell ! Change him again into his favourite shape, that he may crouch before me on his belly in the sand, and I may spurn him with my foot ; the reprobate !—Not the first !—Oh misery ! misery ! which no human soul can comprehend, that more than one created being should have fallen into such a depth of woe, that the first should not have sufficed to expiate the guilt of all the rest, when writhing in death-agonies in the sight of the All-merciful ! The misery of this single one thrills through my marrow and blood ; thou grinnest unconcerned over the doom of thousands !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now are we once again at our wit's end, just where your o'erstrained human reason snaps. Why enter into partnership with us, if thou canst not go through with it ? Wouldst fly, yet art not safe from dizziness ? Did we obtrude ourselves on thee, or thou thyself on us ?

FAUST.

Gnash not thy ravenous fangs so at me ! I abhor thee ! O thou great, glorious Spirit, who didst deign to show thyself to me, thou who dost know my very heart and soul, why to this infamous companion couple me, who batters on mischief and gloats over destruction ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast ended yet ?

FAUST.

Save her ! or woe to thee ! the direst curse for a thousand thousand years be on thee !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loose the bonds of the Avenger, cannot undo his bolts—Save her?—Who was it plunged her into destruction? I or thou? [*Faust looks wildly around.*] Wouldst grasp after the thunder? Well that it was not bestowed upon you wretched mortals ! To blast to atoms the opposer, howsoever innocent—that is so like a tyrant when he would get vent in his perplexities.

FAUST.

Take me, I say, unto her ! She shall be free !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And then the danger to which thou dost expose thyself? Know that the guilt of blood, shed by thy hand, still lies upon the town. Avenging spirits haunt the scene of blood, and lie in wait for the returning murderer.

FAUST.

That too from thee? The death and murder of a world lies upon thee, thou monster ! Take me, I say, unto her, and free her !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll take thee then ! and what I can do, hear ! Have

I all power in heaven and on earth ? The jailor's senses
 I will becloud ; ³⁵⁰ make thyself master of the keys, and
 lead her forth with human hand ! I will keep watch ;
 the magic steeds are ready, I'll carry you away. Thus
 much I can.

FAUST.

Up and away !

NIGHT.

An open Heath.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *galloping across on black
 horses.* ³⁵¹

FAUST.

What are they weaving round the raven-stone ? ³⁵²

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not what they're cooking and preparing.

FAUST.

They hover up and down, and bend and bow themselves.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A witches' band.

FAUST.

They sprinkle and devote.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On ! on !

 A DUNGEON.³⁵³

FAUST [*with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before a little
iron door*]

A long unwonted shudder seizes me ;
The woe of all mankind possesses me.
Here dwelleth she, behind this dripping wall ;
And her offence was but a fond conceit !
Thou dost delay to go to her, thou fear'st
To look on her again ! forward ! thy fear
Lingers in vain the coming-on of death.³⁵⁴

[*He seizes the lock. Singing, within.*]

My mother, the whore,³⁵⁵
She hath murder'd me !
My father, the rogue,
He hath eaten me !
My sister, sweet child,
She pick'd up the bones,

And laid i' the grove ;
 And now, a wild bird,
 Thro' the forest I rove ;
 Fly away ! fly away !

FAUST [*unlocking the door*].

She little dreams her lover's listening,
 Hears the chains' clank, the rustling of the straw.

[*He enters.*]

MARGARET [*hiding her face on the pallet*].

Woe ! woe ! They come. O bitter, bitter death !

FAUST [*softly*].

Hush ! hush ! 'tis I—I come to set thee free.

MARGARET [*throwing herself at his feet*].

Art thou a man, have pity on me then !

FAUST.

Thy cries will rouse the warders from their sleep.

[*He seizes the chains, to unlock them.*]

MARGARET [*on her knees*].

Who's given thee this power over me,
 Headsman ? Thou fetchest me at dead o' night.
 Pity, and let me live ! To-morrow morn—
 Is that not soon enough ?

[*She stands up.*]

And I am still

So young, so young ! and yet am doom'd to die !

Fair was I too, and that was my undoing,
 Near was my friend, now is he far away,
 Torn lies my bridal-wreath, scatter'd the flowers.
 Lay not such violent hands on me ! Spare me !
 What have I done to thee ? Let me not plead
 In vain ! I never saw thee in my life.

FAUST.

Can I endure this misery !

MARGARET.

I am now altogether in thy power.
 But let me first suckle my little one !
 I press'd it to my bosom all night long ;
 They took it from me, only to distress me,
 And now they say that I have murder'd it,
 And happy I shall never be again.
 And they make songs on me ! the cruel folk !
 An ancient fable hath its ending so ;³⁵⁶
 Who bids them to interpret it of me ?

FAUST [*throws himself down*].

A lover here is lying at thy feet,
 Who will unloose the chains of misery.

MARGARET [*throws herself down beside him*].

O let us kneel and call upon the saints !
 See underneath these steps, under the floor,
 Seethes Hell ! the Evil One, in fearful rage,
 Rouseth his horrid din !

FAUST [*aloud*].

Gretchen ! Gretchen !

MARGARET [*listening*].

That was a friend's voice !

[*She springs up, and her chains fall off.*]

Where is he ? I have heard him call. I'm free !
 No one shall stop me ; to his neck I'll fly,
 On his breast lie ! *Gretchen !* he call'd, and stood
 Upon the threshold ; and, amid the howl
 And roar of Hell, above the furious rage
 And scorn of devils, I did recognise
 The sweet, the loving tone.

FAUST.

'Tis I !

MARGARET.

'Tis thou !

O say it once again !

[*Embracing him.*]

'Tis he ! 'tis he !

Where is all torment now ? the agony
 Of prison, of the chains ? 'Tis thou ! and thou
 Art come to set me free ! Then am I saved !
 Now is the street there once again, in which
 I saw thee the first time, the garden bright,
 Where I and Martha waited for thee.

FAUST [*struggling with her*].

Come !

Come with me !

MARGARET.

O but tarry a little while !

I tarry with such pleasure where thou art.

[*Caressing him.*]

FAUST.

Haste ! If thou hastest not, we shall pay dear
For it.

MARGARET.

How's this ? canst thou no longer kiss ?

My friend, parted from me so short a time,

And hast unlearn'd to kiss ?—Why do I feel

So frighten'd as I hang upon thy neck ?

When once, beneath thy glance, and at thy voice,

A very heaven of joy was pour'd on me ;

And thou didst kiss, as thou wouldst smother me !—

Kiss me ! else I kiss thee ! [She embraces him.]

O woe ! thy lips

Are cold, are dumb. Where hast thou lett thy love ?

Who has bereft me of 't ? [She turns away from him.]

FAUST.

Come, darling ! come !

Follow me ! Courage ! I press thee to my heart,

With love intensified a thousandfold ;

Follow me only ! I entreat of thee !

MARGARET [*turning towards him*]

And art thou he then ? art thou he indeed ?

FAUST.

I am. Come with me!

MARGARET.

Thou dost loose the chains,
Thou takest me into thine arms again.
How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me?—
And knowest thou, my friend, whom thou dost free?

FAUST.

Come! come! Already night is on the wane.

MARGARET.

My mother have I murdered, my child
I've drown'd. Was it not given to both of us?
To thee and me; to thee too!—Thou art he!
I hardly credit it. Give me thine hand!
Yes, it is not a dream! thy own dear hand!—
Ah, but 'tis wet! wipe it! it seems to me
There's blood on it. Ah God! what hast thou done?
Put up thy sword! I do entreat of thee!

FAUST.

Let the past be past! Thou dost kill me so.

MARGARET.

No, thou must stay behind. I will describe
The graves: to-morrow thou must see to them;
To my mother give the best place,
And the next to my brother,

Me a little at one side,
 Only not too far off !
 And the little one at my right breast,—
 Shall lie by me alone !
 To nestle at thy side was once so sweet,
 Such happiness ! but that I can no more ;
 It seems as tho' I forced myself on thee,
 And thou didst thrust me back. And yet thou'rt he,
 And look'st so kind, so good.

FAUST.

Feel'st thou I am,
 Then come !

MARGARET.

Out yonder ?

FAUST.

Into the free air.

MARGARET.

Is the grave there ? lieth Death there in wait ?
 So come ! Hence to the everlasting rest,
 And further not one step !—Thou'rt going now !
 O Henry, could I go with thee !

FAUST.

Thou canst,
 An but thou wilt ; the door stands open wide.

MARGARET.

I dare not go ; for me there's nought to hope.

What boots to fly? They lie in wait for me !
It is so hard to be obliged to beg ;
And that too with a guilty consciousness.
It is so hard to wander in strange ways ;
And they will take me still.

FAUST.

I stay for thee.

MARGARET.

Quick ! quick !
Save thy poor child !
Away ! along the path
Up the stream,
Over the bridge,
Into the wood,
Leftward, where the plank is,
In the pool !
Seize it quick !
It tries to rise,
It struggles still !
Save it ! Save !

FAUST.

Collect thyself ! But one step, and thou'rt free !

MARGARET.

O would we had pass'd the mountain by !
There sits my mother upon a stone ;
A sudden chill comes o'er my brain !
There sits my mother upon a stone,

And waggeth her head from side to side ;
 She becks not, she nods not, her head is bow'd down ;
 She slept so long, she wakes no more.
 She slept that we might pleasure take !
 O, those were happy times !

FAUST.

No prayer, no words avail;—I'll venture then
 To drag thee hence by force.

MARGARET.

Let me alone !
 No, I endure no violence ! Grasp me not
 So murderously !—Once I did everything
 For love of thee.

FAUST.

The day dawns in the east !
 O Love ! my Love !

MARGARET.

Day ! Yes, 'twill soon be day !
 The last day draweth nigh ; my wedding-day
 It should have been ! Tell no one thou hadst been
 With Gretchen ere that ! Woe my wreath ! 'tis spoil'd !
 We shall behold each other once again,³⁵⁷
 But not then in the dance.
 The multitude throngs round, one hears them not ;
 The square, the streets cannot contain them.
 The bell tolls, the staff is broken.
 How they seize and bind,

And hurry me into the chair o' blood !
 And now for every neck quivers the blade
 That quivereth for mine.
 Dumb lies the world as the grave !

FAUST.

O that I never had been born !

MEPHISTOPHELES [*appears outside*].

Up ! or you're lost ! Unprofitable fear,
 Lingering and babbling thus ! The morning dawns ;
 My horses shiver.

MARGARET.

What starts from the ground ?
 He ! He ! Send him away ! What would he here
 In the holy place ? He would have me !

FAUST.

Shalt live ! No, thou

MARGARET.

Judgment of God ! To thee do I
 Commend myself !

MEPHISTOPHELES [*to Faust*].

Come ! come ! or I leave thee
 I' the lurch with her.

MARGARET.

Thine am I, Father ! thine,
O save me, save ! Ye angels, heavenly hosts,
Encamp around me to defend !³⁵⁸
O Henry ! I shudder for thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She's doom'd !³⁵⁹VOICE [*from above*].

Is saved !

MEPHISTOPHELES [*to Faust*].Hither to me !³⁶⁰ [*Vanishes with Faust*]VOICE [*from within, dying away*].

Henry ! Henry !

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE I, PAGE 85.

Dedication. This is to the poet's early loves and friends, and was written in 1797, at the age of forty-eight, and about three-and-twenty years after the first scenes of the drama.

The history and chronology of Goethe's *Faust* is singular and highly interesting. It is given at length in Düntzer's *Erläuterung*, from which the following account is abridged.

Goethe, as a child—he was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, August 28, 1749—was familiar with the *Puffenspiel*, and probably also with the popular story of Faust, founded on Christian Meynenden's version of the legend, and perhaps even with that version itself, it having been published at Frankfort in 1728, or only about twenty years before the poet's birth. On his arrival at Leipzig in 1765 (æt. 16) he would find the famous frescoes on the walls of Auerbach's cellar, and perhaps also Rembrandt's sketch of Faust contemplating the Macrocosm; also the old Präzer and Platz edition (1695) of the legend, together with sundry real or pretended memorials of the magician's visit there. After his return home, in ill health (1768), Goethe amused himself with cabalistic and alchemical studies, in company with Fräulein von Klettenberg, and the impression of these, he says, he carried with him to Strasburg in 1770, where he continued to prosecute them even more zealously by himself. (*Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 357.) In 1774 (aged 25), after he had already acquired fame through his *Goetz von Berlichingen* and *Sorrows of Werther*, Goethe wrote part of the first scenes of the *Faust*, viz. Faust's first monologue, his conversation with Wagner, and the first four lines of his second monologue down to the words—

'And is rejoiced if he but find earth-worms.'

These, together with the ballad of the 'King of Thule,' which had been composed some time before, Goethe showed to Klopstock, then the greatest living poet in Germany, who encouraged him to continue the work.

In the early part of 1775 he fell in love with Anna Elizabeth Schönemann, 'Lili,' the daughter of a wealthy banker of Frankfort, and in the height of his passion for her he dashed off the greater part of the scenes with Margaret, with the exception, however, of her 'Reverie at the Spinning-wheel' and 'Prayer in the Zwinger,' as well as the scenes in the 'Forest and Cavern,' and 'At the Well,' and the 'Death of Valentine.' The 'Prison Scene,' though possibly written at this time, was altered later.

In the summer of the same year Goethe travelled with the young Counts Stolberg in Switzerland; and, on his return, he partially filled up some gaps between the first scenes and Gretchen's catastrophe in the cathedral, with the scene 'Before the City Gate' (probably only sketched at this time), the first two conversations between Faust and Mephistopheles, including the 'Compact,' the scene between Mephistopheles and the Student, and that in Auerbach's Cellar.

A long interval appears to have followed, in which Goethe added nothing to *Faust*, but was occupied with other works (*Egmont*, *Iphigenia*, *Tasso*, &c.). At length, in February 1788, when at Rome, he again took up his *Faust*, and, in the garden of the Villa Borghese, wrote the scene in the 'Witch's Kitchen,' and completed that of the 'Compact' (sketched in 1775); so bringing the poem into the state in which it was first published, as a 'Fragment,' about Easter, 1790.

This 'Fragment' begins with the scene in Faust's study, and goes on, as at present, to the words—

'And is rejoiced if he but find earth-worms' (p. 111).

The next scene begins with the words of Faust in his second conversation with Mephistopheles—

'All that Humanity participates' (p. 158)—

and continues, nearly as at present, to the end of the cathedral scene, with which it concludes. The only difference thus far is that the whole scene with Valentine is wanting, and the 'Forest and Cavern' scene comes after the scene at the Well, and immediately before Gretchen's 'Prayer in the Zwinger,' instead of before her 'Reverie at the Spinning-wheel.'

In 1797, after an interval of seven years, Goethe again turned his attention to the *Faust*, and in June of that year wrote the Dedication,

the two Prologues, and some additional stanzas of the *Intermezzo* (others having already appeared, as *Xenien*, in the *Musen-Almanach* for 1789). In the latter part of 1800 he added the scene with Valentine, the whole of the 'Walpurgis-Night,' some more stanzas of the *Intermezzo*, and the two short scenes of the 'Gloomy Day' and the 'Open Heath.' At length, after another interval of seven years, during which we may conjecture it was revised, the 'Tragedy' (Part I.) was completed in May 1807. It was not published, however, until Easter, 1808.

NOTE 2, PAGE 85.

Wav'ring forms. That is, the *dramatis personæ*.

NOTE 3, PAGE 85.

Dear-belovèd shades. Goethe's early friends—e.g. his sister Cornelia, Fräulein von Klettenberg, Jung-Stilling, Lenz, Lavater, Merck, Kestner, his wife, 'Charlotte' (Buff), &c., for whom see his *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, or the translation by the late Mr. John Oxenford called the *Autobiography*, and Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, &c.

NOTE 4, PAGE 85.

The later song. That is, the portions of the poem written after 1775 or 1790.

NOTE 5, PAGE 86.

Tears follow tears. Compare Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, xxx.:

'When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
.
.
.
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in Death's dateless night,' &c.

NOTE 6, PAGE 86.

The strong and austere heart. That is, either the heart braced up to encounter the world—the unsympathising unknown crowd, as opposed to the smaller circle of admiring friends—or (as Düntzer thinks) it may refer to the austerity of the genuine artist, in which sense compare Mr. Matthew Arnold's lines on the *Austerity of Poetry* :

'Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! young, gay,
Radiant, adorn'd outside; a hidden ground
Of thought and of *austerity* within.'

New Poems, by Matthew Arnold, p. 104.

NOTE 7, PAGE 87.

Prelude in the Theatre. The theatre here must be conceived as the temporary one of a strolling company, formed of boards and posts under a covering of canvas.

NOTE 8, PAGE 87.

Manager. The manager's object is entirely mercenary. Compare Herr Melina's sentiments in *Wilhelm Meister*, bk. i. c. 14, and ii. c. 6. Carlyle's *Translation*, ed. 1842, i. 54-56, and 119, 120.

NOTE 9, PAGE 87.

Theatre-poet. A theatre-poet or playwright was generally attached to a company, and expected to furnish suitable plays at short notice. Mr. Filmore compares the position of Ben Jonson as court-poet to Queen Elizabeth, when he was expected to write masques and allegories for the court revels. (*Translation of Faust*, by L. Filmore, 1847, note.)

NOTE 10, PAGE 87.

Merry-Andrew. The 'Kasperle' of the German *Puppenspiel*, or 'Sganarelle' in Molière's comedies. (See *Autobiog.* v. 494, note.) He is the embodiment of the comic element. Here, however, he probably stands for the actors generally. Compare Jarno's description of them and their function in *Wilhelm Meister*, bk. vii. c. 3: 'To seem is his (the actor's) vocation; he must prize his moment of applause, for he gets no other recompense; he must try to glitter, he is there to do so.'—Carlyle's *Trans.* ii. 180.

NOTE 11, PAGE 88.

Ere 'tis four. The theatres in Germany, especially those of strolling companies, open much earlier in the day than with us.

NOTE 12, PAGE 88.

As in a famine at a baker's door. Alluding to the *jeunes* at the doors of the bakers' shops before the French Revolution.

NOTE 13, PAGE 88.

The poet here shows himself to be a genuine artist, far above the common run of theatre-poets and playwrights.

When Wilhelm Meister, in his 'Travels,' asks after the state of dramatic poetry in the Pædagogic Province, he is informed by the overseer that there is no edifice devoted to that purpose, no theatre to be seen, for 'the drama presupposes the existence of an idle multitude, perhaps even of a populace, and no such class finds harbour with us; for birds of that feather, when they do not in spleen forsake us of their own accord, we soon take care to conduct over the marches.'—Carlyle's *Translation*, iii. 194.

Compare, too, Goethe's *Tasso* :

'With shy reserve the poet shuns the crowd ;
Its judgment but perplexes.'

(*Translation* by Miss A. Swanwick, Bohn's Library Ed. p. 231)

and the character of *Tasso* throughout.

NOTE 14, PAGE 88.

Shines forth at last the poet's perfect thought. Compare Wordsworth, *Poems of the Imagination*, 'Miscellaneous Sonnets,' xix. :

'Yet he' (the poet) 'repines not if his *thought* stand clear
At last of hindrance and obscurity,
Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of morn.'

NOTE 15, PAGE 89.

By mass alone the masses can you lead. That is, by quantity, variety, and abundance of incident, without regard to artistic connection and unity of the parts in a whole, a thing which 'the masses' will not be able to appreciate. Compare Serlo's advice to Meister : 'Few Germans, perhaps few men of any modern nation, have a proper sense of an æsthetic whole : they praise and blame by passages ; they are charmed by passages ; and who has greater reason to rejoice at this than actors, since the stage is ever but a patched and piecework matter?'—Carlyle's *Trans.* ii. 18.

And again : "'Whoever pays the cash," said Serlo, "may require the ware according to his liking."—*Ibid.* ii. 40.

Quantity, to suit everybody's taste, was the desire of the audience, and, to fill his pocket, the object of the manager.

'Serlo and he (Melina) at last agreed with full conviction that the sole concern was how to gather money and grow rich, or live a joyous life.'—*Ibid.* ii. 83.

And Aurelia, speaking of her brother Serlo, says: 'I had altogether given myself up to the disposal of my brother. His objects were applause and money. . . . He steered entirely by the caprices of the public.'—*Ibid.* i. 300.

NOTE 16, PAGE 90.

The botching of the poet-martinetts. Düntzer interprets this of the ordinary stage-poets (*die gemeine Bühnen-Dichter*). Possibly, too, from the epithet *saubern*, 'neat,' 'fine,' there is an ironical allusion to their French Voltairean taste which came into fashion under Frederick the Great.

NOTE 17, PAGE 90.

Such a reproach for me cannot be meant. Compare Mr. Lewes's critique on Goethe as Theatrical Manager.

'The dramatic problem is: how to unite the demands of an audience insisting on amusement, with the demands of Art looking beyond amusement. . . . The drama appeals to the public of the day, and while the manager keeps his eye on posterity, the theatre is empty. *Wer machte denn der Mitwelt Spass?* "Who is to amuse the present?" asks the sensible Merry-Andrew, in the Theatre-Prologue to *Faust*. A dramatist appealing to posterity is like an orator hoping to convince the descendants of his audience instead of persuading the listening crowd.'—Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, pp. 420-421.

NOTE 18, PAGE 90.

The ladies sport themselves and their attire. As in Rome in Ovid's day:

'Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.'

Ovid, *Ars Amat.* i. 99.

NOTE 19, PAGE 91.

Is't not the music from his breast that wells? As, says Düntzer, according to the doctrine of the Orphic Hymns, Zeus swallows the universe, but only to send it forth again radiant with divine glory, so the poet receives the impressions of life and nature in his soul to reflect them again, idealised and glorified by his own mind; and he compares Leonora's description of Tasso:

' I honour all men after their desert,
 And am, in truth, toward Tasso only just.
 His eye scarce lingers on this earthly scene,
 To Nature's harmony his ear is tuned.
 What history offers, and what life presents,
 His bosom promptly and with joy receives.
 The widely scatter'd is by him combined,
 And his quick feeling animates the dead.'

Miss Swanwick's *Trans.* p. 223.

Compare also Coleridge's *Ode to Dejection*, iv. :

' Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 Enveloping the earth,' &c.

And Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, xcvi. :

' My love has talk'd with rocks and trees ;
 He finds, on misty mountain-ground,
 His own vast shadow glory-crown'd,
 He sees himself in all he sees.'

The whole passage in the text is a description of that union of exceptionally great receptive with active and creative powers which distinguishes the genuine poet.

NOTE 20, PAGE 91.

Who wins Olympus, charms the gods in heaven? Compare Wilhelm Meister's description of the poet : ' Nay, if thou wilt have it, who but the poet was it that first formed gods for us ; that exalted us to them, and brought them down to us ?'—Carlyle's *Trans.* i. 28-90.

NOTE 21, PAGE 92.

Draw melancholy nourishment from you. Compare Jacques in *As you like it*, act ii. sc. v. :

' I can suck melancholy out of a song,
 As a weasel sucks eggs.'

NOTE 22, PAGE 93.

He finds us children ne'er the less. Mr. Hayward quotes from Coleridge to the same effect : ' To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty

with the appearances which, perhaps, every day for forty years had rendered familiar—

“Both sun and moon and stars, throughout the year,
And man and woman”—

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talent.’—Coleridge, *Biog. Lit.*

Goethe held the same opinion: that the liveliness of emotions was not impaired by old age, while the power of expressing them was improved by experience. (Hayward’s *Trans. of Faust*, notes.)

NOTE 23, PAGE 94.

*Use the great and little light
Of heaven.*

Compare Mr. Lewes’s account of the private theatricals of Duke Carl August at Ettersburg and Tiefurt-on-the-Ilm, where ‘a regular theatre was constructed,’ but with ‘trees and other poetical objects, as fishermen, nixies, water-spirits, moon and stars—all introduced with effect.’—*Life of Goethe*, p. 232.

NOTE 24, PAGE 94.

So in our wooden house trot out, &c.—Compare the speech of the Chorus in Shakespeare’s *Henry V.*:

‘Or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?’

Düntzer has raised the question whether the poet here complies with the request of the manager, or lets him ‘seek another slave;’ but there is no sign that a different person is introduced, and I think we must suppose that the poet yields, and endeavours to combine his own ideal together with the demands of the stage. The last lines of the manager’s speech obviously refer to the coming Drama, which does wander from the Prologue in Heaven, through the world, to Hell, whence Mephistopheles is fetched, and whither he attempts to drag Faust. The object of the Prelude is to exhibit the play from the several points of view of the manager, the actors, and the poet, and to show how the requirements of each are satisfied by variety and fulness of incident in the scenes, and by artistic wholeness, as well as poetic beauty in separate passages of the piece.

NOTE 25, PAGE 95.

Prologue in Heaven. This Prologue, on the other hand, is intended

to express the main idea which underlies the history of Faust himself—namely, that a good, or rather a highly-gifted and well-intentioned man, cannot finally be overcome by evil, but will, through his aspirations and endeavours after right, eventually be redeemed. As the Lord says here—

‘A good man, even in his darkest day,
Is ever conscious of the better way,’

so in the Second Part, the angels sing—

‘Saved the glorious scion, see,
Of the spirit-world for ever ;
Who always strives with evil, we
From the Evil One can sever.’

Goethe's *Faust*, pt. ii. act v. (last scene).

The idea of a Prologue in Heaven was taken, as Goethe acknowledged, from the opening of Job. Lessing, too, had, previously to Goethe, commenced his *Fragment of Faust* with a prologue, the scene of which, however, was laid in a ruined cathedral instead of Heaven. In the Ulm and Strasburg Puppet-plays, also, there is a brief Prologue in Hell, in which Pluto orders the temptation of Faust. (See Taylor's *Trans.* notes, and Scheible's *Kloster*, b. v. s. 276.)

NOTE 26, PAGE 95.

The Lord here is not to be identified with the Christian Deity, either as the first or second person of the Trinity ; he is rather a purely imaginary being, partaking at once of the character of the Greek Zeus and of the mediæval ‘Father,’ as He is represented in the sculptures and paintings of early artists, down at least to the time of Murillo, and copied, though without the same naive faith, even in our own day.

NOTE 27, PAGE 95.

The three Archangels step forward. Raphael, Gabriel, and Michael, the three archangels of Scripture and the Book of Tobit, included in the Celestial Hierarchy of Dionysius the Areopagite (see Dante, *Paradise*, canto xxviii., Cary's *Trans.*, and note), sing respectively of the sun in his course round the earth, of the earth revolving on her axis, and of the earth's atmosphere with its storms.

NOTE 28, PAGE 95.

Chimes as of old the sun, &c. This is an allusion to the ‘music of the spheres,’ with reference to which I cannot do better than quote the

following learned note from the Rev. Mark Pattison's edition of Pope's *Essay on Man*, p. 85 (Clarendon Press Series): 'That the rotation of the planets was attended with sound, each planet giving a note higher than that next it, and the seven spanning the whole octave, was a fancy of the Pythagoreans (Pythagoras fl. circ. Ol. 60, i.e. B.C. 540). It was already discredited in the time of Aristotle, B.C. 320. Yet it was not wholly abandoned in the sixteenth century, as Kepler seems to indulge in speculations very similar. (Kepler, *Harmonice Mundi*, 1619.) In the time of Pope, however, after the Newtonian epoch, the *music of the spheres* could only be referred to as a dream of early astronomy. The conceit is such a favourite that there is scarce one of our writers in the seventeenth century, in prose or verse, who does not repeat it. A few references, out of many, are here set down. The original source is, perhaps, the 'Somnium Scipionis' (Cic. *de Rep.* vi. 18), a favourite book with our classically trained poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The classical passage in English poetry is in the learned comedy of *Lingua*, ascribed to Antony Brewer, act iii. sc. 7:

"P. I hear the celestial music of the spheres
As plainly as ever Pythagoras did.
C. S. How comes it we cannot hear it now?
M. Our ears are so well acquainted with the sound
That we never mark it."

Cf. Montaigne, *Essays*, i. 22; Milton, *Hymn on the Nativ.* l. 125; Donne, *Devotions*, 16; Webster, Dutchess of Malfi, *Works*, i. 196 (ed. Dyce); Drummond, *Ellis' Spec.* iii. 78; Sir Thos. Browne, *Religio Medici*, pt. ii. sec. 9; *Merch. of Venice*, v. 1, 61.

Brief allusions to it are also found in Dante, *Purg.* c. xxx. 93 (Cary's Trans.); and Milton, *Par. Lost*, bk. v. l. 177, and *Arcades*.

NOTE 29, PAGE 95.

And his before-appointed path. That is, according to the Ptolemaic system, which was current in Faust's time. 'About 1500 A.D. Copernicus had satisfied himself of the truth of the Heliocentric theory; but his book *De Revolutionibus Orbium Celestium* was not published till 1543, the year of his death,'—Whewell's *Indications of the Creator*, p. 1.

NOTE 30, PAGE 96.

The calm procession of thy day. That is, of the Lord's Day in heaven. Compare 1 Kings xix. 11, *sq.*, and Nahum i. 7.

The thought of the angels dwells on the calmness which lies at the

bottom of all the apparent violence and confusion of nature—an idea which has since been realised to us in the constancy and regularity of the ‘laws’ of the universe.

Shelley begins his translation of *Scenes from the Faust of Goethe*—which was probably the first English translation of any part of the poem, having been published in 1820 in a newspaper called the *Liberal*—with this Prologue.

To his translation of the Song of the Angels in verse Shelley adds a literal one in prose, with the following note: ‘Such is a literal translation of this astonishing chorus; it is impossible to represent in another language the melody of the versification; even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a *caput mortuum*.’

NOTE 31, PAGE 96.

Mephistopheles. Goethe adopts the idea of Satan, which is found in the Book of Job, as an accuser, or, as Coleridge calls him, a dramatic attorney-general *circulator*; but he gives him the humorous character which he has in the original legend.

NOTE 32, PAGE 97.

Like one of the cicada's long-legg'd race. Of the cicada Darwin says: ‘Everyone who has wandered in a tropical forest must have been astonished at the din made by the male cicadae. The females are mute; as the Grecian poet Xenarchus says: “Happy the cicadas live, since they all have voiceless wives.”’—*Descent of Man*, p. 281.

The cicada is probably here put for the grasshopper. The comparison may have been suggested by Isaiah xl. 22: ‘It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers.’

NOTE 33, PAGE 98.

What wager will you? ‘The wager,’ Mr. Lewes says, ‘is a feature of the old puppet-play of *Faust*, of which there are many versions.’ See Magnin, *Hist. des Marionnettes*, p. 325. But I have not been able to find it either in that or in Scheible’s *Kloster*, where most of the puppet-plays are given (b. v.). In the Ulm *Puppenpiel* there is a Prologue in Hell in which Charon obtains leave from Pluto to visit the earth and tempt mankind in the person of Faust; but there is no wager.

NOTE 34, PAGE 98.

*My way
Is always as at cat and mouse to play.*

That is, with the *living* creature only, catching and letting it go again, till he finally kills, and then, like 'a good mouser,' leaves the carcase alone. In the *Spies-Buch* Mephistophiles, when taunting Faustus on his approaching end, reminds him that the cat does not let the mouse escape. (Scheible, *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 1060.)

NOTE 35, PAGE 99.

A good man, even in his darkest day, &c. These lines have been supposed to express the leading idea of the *Faust*; as see above, Note 25, but compare also what Goethe said to Eckermann of his *Wilhelm Meister*: 'The work is one of the most incalculable (inexplicable?) productions; I myself can scarcely be said to have the key to it. People seek a central point, and that is difficult to find. But if anything of the kind is insisted on, it will perhaps be found in the words which Frederick at the end addresses to the hero, when he says: "Thou seemest to me like Saul the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom." Keep only to this; for, in fact, the whole work seems to say nothing more than that man, despite all his follies and errors, being led by a higher hand, reaches some happy goal at last.'—Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, pp. 394-5.

NOTE 36, PAGE 99.

Good so! 'twill not last long, I trust. That is, the temptation, or the better feelings of Faust. Compare what Mephistopheles says of Faust in the Forest and Cavern scene:

'But you'll not keep the moral humour long.'

NOTE 37, PAGE 99.

With a full-swelling breast. Compare *Lear*, act v. sc. 3:

Regan.

'Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.'

NOTE 38, PAGE 99.

Nature, that ever lives and works, &c. Of this passage Mr. Hayward, writing in 1833, said that it was quite impossible to translate it, and he had never seen a satisfactory explanation of it. Mr. Carlyle, he adds,

interpreted it thus :—‘The Lord has just remarked that man (poor fellow) needs a devil, as travelling companion, to spur him on by means of Denial ; whereupon, turning round (to the angels and other perfect characters), he adds : “ But ye, the genuine sons of Heaven, joy ye in the living fulness of the beautiful ” (not of the logical, practical, contradictory, wherein man toils imprisoned) ; “ let Being (or Existence), which is everywhere a glorious birth into higher Being, as it for ever works and lives, encircle you with the soft ties of Love ; and whatsoever wavers in the doubtful empire of appearance ” (as all earthly things do), “ that do ye by enduring thought make firm.” Thus would *das Werdende*, the thing that is a being (is a-being) mean no less than the universe (the visible universe) itself ; and I paraphrase it by “ Existence which is everywhere a birth into higher Existence ” (or in some such way), and make a comfortable enough sense out of that quatrain.’

This is ‘comfortable’ enough for the first part of the passage, as to the universe—the All, in Pantheistic language—embracing the sons of God in its love ; but it contains no explanation, only a paraphrase, of the second part—of the sons of God establishing by thought what floats in wavering appearance. A solution of this may perhaps be found in the Neo-Platonic doctrine of powers (*δυνάμεις*), which Philo introduced in order to connect God with the world. ‘These are the efficient causes, the bands of the world, sometimes appearing as persons, as in the visit of the angels to Abraham ; also the ideas and *summa genera* of things, as well as the powers by which they are created.’ (Jowett, *Ep. to Gal.* &c. i. 476.) Thus, if the ‘sons of God’ are taken to be these ‘powers,’ they may be said to establish and form the ideas of things out of previously existing formless matter, or ‘wavering appearance.’ What lends probability to this view is that another fragment of Philo’s doctrines regarding the Logos appears further on (see p. 139 and Note 118).

That Goethe was conversant with the Neo-Platonic philosophy is evident from what he says in his *Autobiography*. A short time before going to Strasburg, he writes that he was much interested in Arnold’s *History of the Church and of Heretics*, and he had been led by it to form a religious system for himself. ‘The Neo-Platonism lay at the foundation,” &c.—*Autob.* i. 300.

Thus three forms of religion and philosophy, viz. Mediæval Christianity, Pantheism, and Neo-Platonism, have their share in this blessing, which, at the same time, is possibly an imitation of the benediction of the Church in the name of the Trinity—the three ‘Persons’ being represented respectively by the Lord, Nature, or *das Werdende*, and the genuine sons of God, or the angels.

NOTE 39, PAGE 100.

The Old One is Mephistopheles' irreverent paraphrase of the 'Ancient of Days' (Dan. vii. 13). It is used throughout a great part of Asia, without any irreverence, as a synonym for 'the Father, the Maker and Protector of the world.' See Max Muller's *Lectures on the Science of Religion*, p. 198.

NOTE 40, PAGE 101.

Philosophy, ah! and Law, and Medicine, &c. Philosophy, i.e. the Scholastic Philosophy (based on Aristotle), Law, Medicine, and Theology, or 'the four faculties' or branches of the 'higher education' in Faust's day. These were settled by the University of Paris about the beginning of the thirteenth century. See Waddington's *Church History*, ii. 367, note on the University of Paris.

The opening scene was no doubt suggested by the German *Puppen-spiel*, which begins with

'Faust [in his study, seated at a table, with some ponderous folios before him].

So far in learning am I now advanced,
That I am everywhere a laughing-stock.
Volumes on volumes read from end to end ;—
Still the philosopher's stone I ne'er can find.
Law, Medicine, everything—but all in vain :
No health, save in the Necromantic Art.
What boots the study of Theology ?
My wakeful nights,—what recompenses me ?
Not a whole garment have I to my back,
Nor know I where to lay my head for debt.
I must perforce confederate with Hell,
The hidden depths of nature to explore.
But, to compel the spirits to my will,
Must I in magic now inform myself.'

Faust-Puppen spiel von Karl Simrock, s. 147.

Compare also the first scene of Marlowe's *Faustus*.

It was the recollection of the Puppet-play which Goethe says haunted him at Strasburg (1771–1772), at the age of twenty-three ; and, comparing himself to Faust, he says : 'I also had wandered about in all sorts of science,' &c. (*Autobiography*, i. 357.)

NOTE 41, PAGE 101.

And see
That we can know just nothing!

Compare Milton of Socrates :

‘The first and wisest of them all profess’d
To know this only—that he nothing knew.’

Par. Reg. iv. 293.

Also Ecclesiastes’ fruitless search after wisdom. (Eccles. i. 13, 14, 17 ; vii. 23-25 ; xi. 5.)

NOTE 42, PAGE 101.

Therefore, too,
Of joy am I bereft.

Compare the opening scene of *Manfred* :

‘I have no dread,
And feel the curse to have no natural fear.’

NOTE 43, PAGE 101.

Moreover, I
Have neither land nor gold.

The social status of German poets, and of literary men generally, before the time of Klopstock, appears to have been not unlike that of Faust. ‘They had,’ Goethe says, ‘neither support, standing, nor respectability.’—*Autobiography*, i. 342.

NOTE 44, PAGE 102.

And therefore now
I’ve given myself to magic.

So much of Goethe’s personal experience has been incorporated in his *Faust*, that it may be as well to quote or refer to any passages in his *Autobiography* which seem to throw light upon the poem. With respect to the study of magic we know that on his return from Leipzig, in 1769, at the age of twenty, and when suffering from illness, he engaged in alchemical and magical studies with Fraulein von Klettenberg (the original of the ‘Fair Saint’ in *Wilhelm Meister*). ‘She,’ he says, ‘had already secretly studied Welling’s *Opus Mago-Cabbalisticum*, for which, however, as the author immediately darkens and removes the light

he imparts, she was looking about for a friend who in this alternation of glare and gloom might bear her company. It needed small incitement to inoculate me also with this disease. I procured the work. . . . It makes very honourable mention of its predecessors, and we were incited to investigate those original sources themselves. We turned to the works of Theophrastus Paracelsus and Basilicus Valentinus, as well as to those of Helmont, Starkey, and others whose doctrines and directions, resting more or less on nature and imagination, we endeavoured to see into and follow out. I was particularly pleased with the *Aurea Catena Homeri*, in which nature, though perhaps in fantastical fashion, is represented in a beautiful combination; and thus, sometimes by ourselves, sometimes together, we employed much time on these singularities, and spent the evenings of a long winter, during which I was compelled to keep my chamber, very agreeably, since we three, my mother being included, were more delighted with these secrets than we could have been at their elucidation.—*Autobiography*, i. 292-3.

NOTE 45, PAGE 102.

With sour sweat. Compare *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 1 :

Marcellus.

‘What might be toward, that this *sweaty* haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?’

And, referring to mental labour, 2 Maccabees ii. 26 : ‘Therefore to us that have taken upon us this painful labour of abridging, it was not easy, but a matter of *sweat* and watching.’

NOTE 46, PAGE 102.

Seeds of all things. The *Aurea Catena Homeri*, above mentioned, which seems to have passed through several editions (there are three in the British Museum, two in German, 1723 and 1728, and one in Latin, with notes by L. Favrat, M.D., 1762), consists of two parts : I. De generatione rerum. II. De corruptione rerum et anatomia earum. Part I. contains three-and-twenty chapters, a few of the titles of which will be enough to give some idea of the work. Cap. 1. Quid sit natura. 2. Ex quo omnia generata. 3. Quomodo omnia generata. 4. Quomodo *sperma universale* generatum. 5. Quomodo resoluta et reducta aqua chaotica hyleatis (materia, ἕλη?) regeneratur in rerum omnium *sperma catholicum*, anima seu spiritus mundi vulgo dictum. The remaining chapters treat of heaven and its influences, of the air and its influences, of water, and of earth (the four Aristotelian

elements). In the eleventh and following chapters, nitre and salt are shown to be the primary constituents of all things, as of water, earth, air, minerals, vegetables, and animals.

Part II. shows how all things are reduced again at last to nitre and salt. The work concludes with a description of the tree of delight (arbor dulcificationis), the secret mineral (the philosopher's stone?), and '*Aicāhest quid sit.*'

One must remember Goethe's youth (et. 19-20) and imaginative temperament, as well as the desultory and unscientific character of his early education, to account for his taking interest in such trash. A year or two later, indeed, we find him confessing that these 'mystico-religio-chemical occupations had led him into obscure regions, and what had been passing for some years back in the wide literary [and scientific] world had remained unknown to him.'—*Autobiog.* i. 349.

NOTE 47, PAGE 103.

Up! And away into the wide, wide field! Mr. Taylor quotes the following from Goethe's conversations with Eckermann (1828): 'Moreover, there are forces which increase one's productiveness in rest and sleep; but they are also found in movement. There are such forces in water, and especially in the atmosphere. *In the fresh air of the open fields is where we properly belong*: it is as if the Spirit of God were there immediately breathed upon man, and a divine power exercises its influence over him.'—*Faust*, translated by B. Taylor, i. 277.

NOTE 48, PAGE 103.

*And this mysterious book from the very hand
Of Nostradamus' self.*

Michael Nostradamus, a celebrated wizard of the sixteenth century, was born in 1503 at St. Remi in Provence. He was patronised by Henry II. of France, to whom he became a sort of physician extraordinary, and subsequently by Catherine de Medicis and Charles IX. He wrote a book of prophecies, called *The Centuries*, in which he is said to have predicted the abdication of Charles V., the execution of Charles I. of England, and the Fire of London, the French Revolution and despotism of Napoleon I., &c. He died in 1566 at Salen, a small town on the sea-coast, about seven leagues from Arles. His great book was buried with him. See *Les Prophéties de M. Michel Nostradamus à Troyes*, par Pierre Chevillot, dedicated to Henry, King

of France, 27 juin 1580. Another edition was published in London, in 1672.

In a small copy in the British Museum there is a note: 'The mighty book was iron-clasped and iron-bound, and was so full of spells that no one dare look into it, and indeed, if any attempted to do so, some invisible hand immediately struck them a violent blow, and the clasps shut of themselves as fast as they were opened.'

A similar 'mighty book' was believed to have been buried with the great Northern wizard, Michael Scot. See *Lay of the Last Minstrel*:

'Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasp'd and with iron bound;
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd.'

NOTE 49, PAGE 103.

The sign of the Macrocosm. It was a saying of the Stoics: *βραχὺν μὲν κόσμον τὸν ἄνθρωπον, μέγαν δὲ ἄνθρωπον τὸν κόσμον εἶναι.* (Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, ed. by H. Gardiner, 1845, p. 88, note.)

The earliest mention, however, of the macrocosm and microcosm is to be found in the *Heptaplus* of Pico di Mirandola (1461-1493). According to him there are three worlds, the material, the celestial, and the intellectual or spiritual, all composed of the same elements, but rising one above the other in a scale of perfection. Thus, what in the material world is heat becomes, in the celestial, a heating power or cause of heat, and, in the spiritual, the pure idea of heat; what on earth is fire, in heaven is the sun, and in the spiritual world seraphic fire or pure intellect, and so on. Besides these three worlds, which together form the macrocosm, there is a fourth, which is the exact counterpart of it, and consists similarly of three subordinate divisions. This is the microcosm or man, in whom is found a body composed of material elements, a breath, which is celestial, and intellect or reason, which is like the soul of angels, and is the very image of God.

Robert Fludd also wrote a history of the Macrocosm and Microcosm (published at Oppenheim, 1619), of which Professor Blackie has given a very full account in the notes to his translation of *Faust*.

The original source of the doctrine, according to Düntzer, is to be traced to the Cabala, a body of Jewish tradition (der. *Käbel*, 'to receive by tradition'), said to have been first delivered by Moses to the seventy elders, and handed down orally from generation to generation, but never written down until after the destruction of Jerusalem, about 75

A.D., when the Rabbi Akibha wrote the first book, called *Sezira* or *The Creation*. R. Simeon ben Jochai next wrote the book *Sehar* or *Light*, about 150 A.D. From that time till the tenth century few, if any, traces of Cabalistic philosophy are to be found in the writings of the Jews. The Rabbi Hai Gaon, who died about 1037 A.D., is the first author who speaks distinctly of the Cabala. The writings of the Rabbis upon the Cabala were collected by Knorr von Rosenroth in a work entitled the *Cabala Denudata*, 1677.

Besides the traditional and philosophic Cabala, there was a secondary and practical one, which consisted in a mystical interpretation of words, letters, accents, &c., of the Scriptures. Thus the name cabalistic came to be applied to magical and, subsequently, to any mystical or unintelligible doctrines. See Brucker's *History of Philosophy*, by Enfield, vol. ii. bk. iv.

In the time of Faust the chief professors of Cabalistic learning were Reuchlin, Paracelsus, with his disciple Van Helmont, and Cornelius Agrippa.

Goethe, referring to his experiments in alchemy with K. von Klettenberg, says: 'Now were the strange ingredients of the macrocosm (the elements of heaven) and microcosm (elements of earth) handled in an odd mysterious manner,' &c.—*Autobiog.* i. 294.

In the present passage, too, the macrocosm = the universe is opposed to the microcosm = the earth. The idea of Faust contemplating the macrocosm, however, was probably suggested to Goethe by Rembrandt's picture in Auerbach's Cellar. (Scheible's *Wörter*, b. ii. s. 932.)

NOTE 50, PAGE 104.

'*The spirit-world is never closed, &c.*' These lines are not a quotation from the *Prophecies* of Nostradamus. (Taylor's *Trans. of Faust*, i. 279.) They may perhaps have been suggested by the title of one of the magic books collected by Faust.

In Widman's version we read: 'So also upon high feast-days, very early in the morning, when the sun rose, he used the *crepusculum matutinum*, and several other magic pieces.' (Scheible's *Wörter*, b. ii. s. 286.)

Compare the beautiful dedication to Goethe's minor poems (*Die Gedichte*):

'Der Morgen kam, es scheuchten seine Tritte
Den leisen Schlaf der mich gelind umfing,' &c.

The morning came, her light step scared away
The slumber which so gently held me bound, &c.

NOTE 51, PAGE 104.

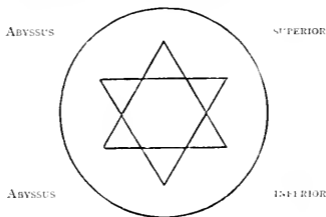
How all doth weave the whole. According to the *Cabala*, says Duntzer, there arose, through emanation (ausströmen) from the God-head, four worlds : the first, one of pure effluence, called the world of Aziluth, which was unaffected by change ; second the world Briah, which was subject to change ; third the world Zezirah, containing the spirits of the stars and all other pure spirits ; and fourth the elementary world, Asiah. The pure light being lost in proportion as the worlds departed farther from their source, the more did they become condensed or materialised. But each higher world works upon the lower, as also the latter reacts upon that above it. (Duntzer's *Erläuterung*, s. 179.)

NOTE 52, PAGE 104.

*How the heavenly powers
Mount up and down.*

Compare Widman's version : ' Moreover, he (Faust) had discovered in his books that the ascending and descending spirits of the stars ought to have power and influence over the earth-kingdom.'—Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 296.

The frontispiece to the *Aurca Catena Homeri* is a representation of a six-pointed star technically termed a hexagram, surrounded by a circle with the 'Abyssus superior' above and 'Abyssus inferior' below, thus :



An explanation is added that the elements of the upper abyss, as rain, dew, &c., pass into those of the lower, as minerals, &c. ; and *vice versa*, the latter are raised by sublimation into the former.

See too, for a great deal of the same kind, Ennemoser's *History of Magic*, translated by Howitt, ii. 234-5, 252, 256.

One is also reminded, of course, of Jacob's ladder and the angels ascending and descending (Gen. xxviii. 12).

NOTE 53, PAGE 104.

And reach the golden pails. Compare Milton's description of the stars drawing light from the sun :

'Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Returning, in their *golden urns* draw light.'

Par. Lost, vii. 364.

Also Balaam's prophecy of Israel (Numbers xxiv. 7) : 'He shall pour water out of his *buckets*'—describing the influence of Israel as of a great river fertilising all the land.

NOTE 54, PAGE 104.

All making music thro' the eternal All. Mr. Hayward quotes from Coleridge :

'And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of all?'

Sibylline Leaves, 'The Æolian Harp.'

NOTE 55, PAGE 104.

The sign of the Earth-Spirit, i.e. of the microcosm, or the spirit of nature and humanity, in which Faust is altogether absorbed. Compare his speech in the 'Forest and Cavern' scene :

'Spirit sublime, thou gav'st me, gav'st me all
For which I pray'd. Thou hast not turn'd in vain
Thy countenance toward me in the fire.
Thou gav'st me glorious nature for my realm,
With power to feel and to enjoy,' &c.

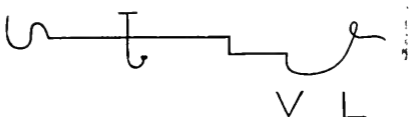
And again, pp. 153-4 :

'The yonder—that
Cannot concern me much.

From this earth spring
My joys, and this sun shines upon my woes.'

NOTE 56, PAGE 105.

He reads out mysteriously the citation of the Spirit. The magic books of the seventeenth century, bearing Faust's name (see Introduction, p. 55), contain various 'citations' of the spirits. These consist chiefly in the use of sacred names from Scripture or the Cabala, and blasphemous adjurations by the sign of the cross or sundry uncanny scrawls, as e.g. the sign of Aziel, thus :



Versiel Lamma,
&c. See Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 810, 87.

NOTE 57, PAGE 107.

O Death! I know it—'tis my Famulus. Both in the legend and in the Puppet-play Faust has, for his 'famulus,' or attendant, a boy named Wagner or Waiger. So Cornelius Agrippa had a similar disciple or attendant named Wierus. 'Famulus,' Duntzer says, 'was the name of those students, generally elderly persons, who assisted a professor in his lectures, and received free board and lodging, with instruction, in consideration of their services.' Wagner here acts as a foil to Faust, being the type of a bookworm and mere matter-of-fact pedant. It is probably only an accident that he bears the name of one of Goethe's early companions, who plagiarised from the 'Faust,' a sketch of which had been shown him, the idea of Gretchen's catastrophe, and founded upon it a little tragedy of his own which he called 'The Infanticide.' See *Autobiog.* ii. 5 and 49.

NOTE 58, PAGE 108.

*But the delivery—
That gains the orator success.*

Delivery (*Ἰστορίας*), *ὑπόκρισις*. Τρίτον δὲ τούτων, ὃ δύναμιν μὲν ἔχει μεγίστην . . . τὰ περὶ τὴν ὑπόκρισιν.—Arist. *Rhet.* III. i. 3.

NOTE 59, PAGE 109.

*Wherein ye cut and frizzle artfully
The shreds and shavings of Humanity.*

Hayward quotes from private letters of Schlegel and Dr. Jacob Grimm, who agree that the shreds (*Schnitzel*) here mean paper shreds twisted and frizzled into ornaments, which have no life or freshness in them, and therefore may be compared to flowery speeches destitute of the genuine spirit of eloquence. See Hayward's *Trans.* p. 169.

Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 2 :

Biron.

'O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation;
I do forswear them: ' &c.

NOTE 60, PAGE 109.

Ah Heaven! How long is Art, and short our life! The original author of the saying, 'Art is long, life short,' appears to have been Hippocrates, the physician of Cos (462-361 B.C.), who begins his aphorisms with it. Goethe makes use of it again in *Wilhelm Meister's 'Indenture:*' 'Art is long, life short, judgment difficult, opportunity transient.'—Carlyle's *Translation*, ii. 248.

Longfellow has made it popular in his *Psalm of Life* :

'Art is long, and Time is fleeting.'

NOTE 61, PAGE 110.

*The spirit of the men
In whom the times are mirror'd.*

That is, of the authors—the chroniclers and historians of the times.

NOTE 62, PAGE 110.

A kind of puppet-show (Haupt- und Staatsaction), i.e. a grandiloquent performance. The term cannot be accurately translated into

English; it was used, in the seventeenth century, of popular puppet-plays, in which the chief characters were persons distinguished in history or romance. Goethe himself used it of Shakespeare's historical dramas. Here, of course, he means a pompous, grandiloquent play, full of cut and dried maxims, but which utterly failed to exhibit the true character and spirit of the times it pretended to represent.

NOTE 63, PAGE 110.

They've from of old been crucified and burnt. See the history of all the martyrs, both of religion and of science—Socrates, Galileo, Giordano Bruno, Servetus, Spinoza, &c.—of the early Christian martyrs, and those of the Reformation. Compare Matt. xxiii. 34, and Heb. xi. 37, &c.

NOTE 64, PAGE 111.

And is rejoiced if he but find earth-worms. The original 'Fragment' of 1790, as before observed, broke off here, and began again with the lines, in the second conversation with Mephistopheles:

'All that Humanity participates,' &c. (p. 158).

NOTE 65, PAGE 111.

*I image of the Godhead, that but now
Fast by the mirror of eternal Truth, &c.*

This must refer to the time when Faust was contemplating the macrocosm, which, however, he then regarded only as a vision from which he could derive no help. The inconsistency between the former passage and this is probably to be attributed, as Duntzer says, to the length of time which elapsed between the composition of the two (1774-1800).

NOTE 66, PAGE 111.

I more than cherub. The Cherubim were one of the lowest of the powers in the 'Celestial Hierarchy.' This work *De Cælesti Hierarchiâ* was attributed to Dionysius the Areopagite, the convert of St. Paul (Acts xviii. 34). No mention of it, however, is made until the sixth century. Gregory the Great (590-604) took his classification of the heavenly powers from it as follows: 'Novem vero angelorum ordines diximus; quia videlicet esse, testante sacro eloquio, scimus: Angelos, archangelos, virtutes, potestates, principatus, dominationes,

thronos, cherubin, atque seraphin.'—Divi Gregorii *Hom.* xxxiv. f. 125, ed. Par. 1518, fol. (Note to Cary's Dante. *Par.* xxviii. p. 503.) Milton threw them together without regard to hierarchical order, but only to the exigencies of rhythm :

'Hear all ye angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, dominations, principdoms, virtues, powers.'

Par. Lost, v. 601.

Compare Byron, *Cain*, act i. sc. 1 :

'*Adah.* I have beheld
The cherubs and the seraphs ; he looks not
Like them.
Cain. But there are spirits loftier still—
The archangels.'

Compare, too, Werther's sentiments in the contemplation of nature : 'I felt myself exalted by this overflowing fulness to the perception of the Godhead, and the glorious forms of an infinite universe became visible to my soul.'—Goethe's *Novels and Tales*, 'Sorrows of Werther,' Bohn's Library ed., p. 288.

And again he exclaims : 'Am I not the same being who once enjoyed an excess of happiness?—who, at every step, saw Paradise open before him, and whose heart was ever expanded towards the whole world? . . . I suffer much, for I have lost the only charm of life ; that active sacred power which created worlds around me—it is no more.'—*Ibid.* p. 319.

NOTE 67, PAGE 112.

Unto the highest that the soul conceived. Compare Van Helmont on the soul : 'She is illuminated by an inward light ; but the tempest of passions, the multitude of sensual impressions, the dissipations of life darken this light, whose glory only diffuses itself when it burns alone, and all is peace and harmony within us.'—Ennemoser's *Hist. of Magic*, Howitt's Trans. ii. 252.

Also Wilhelm Meister's speech to Melina : 'Thou feelest not that in man there lives a spark of purer fire, which, when it is not fed, when it is not fanned, gets covered by the ashes of indifference and daily wants ; yet not till late, perhaps never, can be altogether quenched.'—Carlyle's *Translation*, i. 55.

And Schiller's *Piccolomini* :

Octavio.

'Dear son, it is not always possible
Still to preserve that infant purity
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart.'

Coleridge's *Translation*, Bohn's Library ed. p. 278.

And Wordsworth's *Ode*, 'Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood,' especially cantos v. and ix. :

'Heaven lies about us in our infancy, &c. ;'

and—

'High instincts . . . which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,' &c.

And, in another strain, Mr. Matthew Arnold :

'This is the curse of life : that not
A nobler calmer train
Of wiser thoughts and feelings blot
Our passions from our brain ;

But each day brings its petty dust
Our soon-chok'd souls to fill,
And we forget because we must,
And not because we will.'

Poems, 'Absence,' p. 198.

So also Cicero speaks of 'prima in animis, quasi virtutum igniculi et semina.'—*De Finibus*, v. vii. 18.

Compare, too, the parable of the sower, Matt. xiii. All bear witness to the existence of germs of good, of pure and holy feelings which may have been present in childhood, or been awakened in later years ; and all add the melancholy observation that they are of tender and delicate growth, and liable to be soon quenched under hostile influences, both from within and from without. As has been remarked of sensibility to the beauty of external nature, 'The world is (in general) too much for them (the mass of mankind). Custom and dead routine—still more selfishness, and absorption in material interests—quite fill their minds, and will not let "heaven's harmonies" come in.'—*Principal Shairp in Good Words*, Feb. 1874, p. 130.

NOTE 68, PAGE 112.

Yet doth a little room content her now. Compare Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, l. 70 :

'Those calm desires that ask'd but little room.'

NOTE 69, PAGE 112.

When hope on hope is shipwreck'd in Time's whirl. Compare Charlotte in the 'Elective Affinities:' 'Even on the firm land there are enough shipwrecks; and the true wise conduct is to recover ourselves and refit our vessel as fast as possible. Who has not made arrangement on arrangement, and has not seen them broken in pieces?' *Trans.* in Bohn's Lib. ed. p. 183.

NOTE 70, PAGE 112.

Care nestles straightway in the heart's profound. 'Nel lago del cor.'—Dante, *Inferno*, i. 19.

NOTE 71, PAGE 113.

The wanderer's step annihilate and entomb'd. Compare *Sorrows of Werther*, Bohn's Ed. p. 289: 'The most innocent walk deprives of life thousands of poor insects: one step destroys the fabric of the industrious ant, and converts a little world into chaos.'

NOTE 72, PAGE 113.

That everywhere mankind torment themselves. Speaking of history, Goethe once said to Luden: 'And even if you could get at the genuine unadulterated sources of the matter, what would you find? Why, only this—that humanity in every age and every country has had a miserable lot. Mankind have always tormented and plagued themselves, they have tortured and made martyrs of one another. Few indeed have been so fortunate as to have led a comfortable and happy life.'—Düntzer's *Erläuterung*, s. 194, note.

Compare Hume's *Dialogues concerning Natural Religion*, part x. pp. 530–531, and part xi. pp. 540–553. Also, for the latest and fullest exposition of the miseries of life, *The Philosophy of the Unconscious*, by E. von Hartmann (Berlin, 1874), or the review of it in the *Westminster* for January, 1876.

NOTE 73, PAGE 113.

Mysterious ever in the garish day. Compare Goethe's *Essay on Nature*, 1780: 'She [Nature] is wise and calm: you cannot extort any explanation from her by violence, nor obtain anything from her by threats, which she is indisposed to grant of her own accord.' Again, shortly before his death (in 1832), Goethe said: 'Nature is always

worthy of reverence, and, up to a certain point, is perfectly intelligible. She turns many sides towards us, and she at least hints even what she conceals. To the scientific observer as well as to the [metaphysical] philosopher, she offers manifold opportunities; and we ought not to despise any means by which either her exterior [phenomena] may be more accurately observed, or her inner [symbolical meaning] more profoundly explored.'—Düntzer's *Erläuterung*, s. 195, note.

There is obviously a mixture of a metaphysical or symbolical view of Nature with the scientific in the above passage. Regarding the scientific view alone Mr. Lewes says: 'Of the two methods of science—observation and experiment—Goethe confined himself too exclusively to the first. He thought that Nature revealed herself to the patient observer. Hence his failure; hence also his success; for we must not forget that if as a contribution to optics his *Farbenlehre* be questionable, as a contribution to the knowledge of colour demanded by artists it is very valuable.'—Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, p. 341.

NOTE 74, PAGE 113.

Thou ancient pulley. *Rolle* may mean either a roll, scroll, or a pulley (*Zugrolle*). Most English translators take it in the former sense; Düntzer in the latter.

NOTE 75, PAGE 114.

Use (erwirb es), an thou would'st enjoy it. *Erwerben*, to earn, acquire, must here be understood as = to use, since earning is out of the question. Mr. Hayward renders *erwirb*, 'enjoy;,' while Düntzer says we should expect *genieß* (enjoy) instead of *erwirb* (earn). But the sense of using is even nearer to earning than is enjoying, and agrees with *nutzen*, 'profiting by,' or 'making use of,' in the next two lines.

NOTE 76, PAGE 114.

Opportunity can show the use; or Kommt Zeit, kommt Rath, 'The hour brings its own counsel.'

NOTE 77, PAGE 114.

But wherefore fix mine eyes upon you spot? Faust is now tempted to suicide. Magic has failed him; the macrocosm has proved to be only a vision; the Earth-Spirit has rejected him. There is only one resource therefore left; the way of death—what may not be revealed by it? Compare Werther in a similar mood: 'O Wilhelm, how wil-

ingly could I abandon my existence to ride the whirlwind or to embrace the torrent! and then might not rapture perchance be the portion of this liberated soul?—Goethe's *Novels and Tales*, Bohn's ed. p. 332.

'One lifts up the curtain and passes to the other side—that is all! And why all these doubts and delays? Because we know not what is behind—because there is no returning—and because our mind infers that all is darkness and confusion, where we have nothing but uncertainty.'—*Ibid.* p. 333.

Another view of the subject is presented in the story of the ill-fated Harper in *Wilhelm Meister*. He also had contemplated suicide, but in his case the very facility of the means of escape from life encouraged him to remain in it. 'The possibility,' he says, 'of casting off my load of griefs for ever gave me strength to bear them; and thus have I, ever since this talisman (a phial of poison) came into my possession, pressed myself back into life, by a contiguity with death. Be not anxious lest I use the drug; but resolve, as men acquainted with the human heart, by granting me an independence of life, to make me properly and wholesomely dependent on it.'—*Wilhelm Meister*, Carlyle's Trans. ii. 362.

It is interesting to contrast with these imaginative and morbid views the practical common-sense resolution of Goethe himself, when once he happened to labour under an attack of suicidal mania. 'Among a considerable collection of weapons,' he says, 'I possessed a handsome, well-polished dagger. This I laid every night by my bed, and before I extinguished the candle I tried whether I could succeed in plunging the sharp point a couple of inches deep into my heart. Since I never could succeed in this, I at last laughed myself out of the notion, threw off all hypochondriacal fancies, and resolved to live.'—*Autobiog.* i. 508–509. Compare also the classic passage in *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 1, 'To be or not to be,' &c., and again those in *Romco and Juliet*, act v. sc. 1 and sc. 3.

NOTE 78, PAGE 114.

A fiery chariot, &c. Compare the apotheosi of Elijah, 2 Kings ii. 11, *sq.*, and of Romulus, Livy, bk. i. c. 16.

NOTE 79, PAGE 115.

The gates past which, &c. Compare Job xxviii. 17: 'Have the gates of death been opened unto thee, or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?' and Hezekiah's prayer, Is. xxxviii. 10: 'I

said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the *gates of the grave*.' Also Hom. *Il.* v. 646 (Tlepolemus to Sarpedon) :

'Ἄλλ' ἰπ' ἐμοὶ δμηθέντα πέλας Ἄϊδαο περήσειν.

NOTE 80, PAGE 115.

Pure crystal goblet. The goblet may be supposed to be either of rock-crystal or glass, but, from the epithet *reine*, 'pure' or 'clear,' the figures would seem to have been engraved rather than painted. Specimens of such goblets may be seen in the magnificent 'Sloane' collection of glass in the British Museum and in the Loan Collections at South Kensington. Compare the description of the golden state-goblet of Bohemia in Schiller's *Piccolomini*, Coleridge's Translation, in Bohn's ed., act iv. sc. 5, pp. 259-60 : '*Runner* (comes). The great service-cup is wanted, sir ; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it ;' &c.

NOTE 81, PAGE 116.

Chime of bells, &c. Faust's study must be supposed to be in a cloister adjoining the cathedral. The choral songs which follow are adaptations of old German hymns, the oldest and most popular of which begins :

'Christus ist auferstanden
Von des Todes Banden.
Des sollen wir alle froh sein ;
Gott will (soll) unser Trost sein.'
Kyrieleison.

Christ is arisen
From the bands of Death ;
Therefore should we all rejoice ;
God will be our consolation.
Kyrieleison.

Wackernagel, in *Das deutsche Kirchenlied*, or the German Church Hymnal, gives many variations of the same, e.g. Nos. 129, 130, 343, 348, 546, 588. See Düntzer's *Erläuterung*, s. 199.

NOTE 82, PAGE 117.

Miracle's eye Faith's best-belov'd child. Not so now with the most enlightened Christians. 'It was, as [St. Paul] says, characteristic of "Jews" to demand "signs" or "portents." The especial "sign"

which they sought was that of some manifestation of the "Shechinah," or Divine glory, in the heavens, to encompass the Messiah. But the tendency was more general : it was that craving for the marvellous and miraculous which still characterises Oriental nations, which appears in the license of Arabian invention and credulity, and which, in the Jewish nation, reached its highest pitch in the extravagant fictions of the Rabbinical writers. The proverb 'Credat Judæus' shows the character which they had obtained amongst the Romans for readiness to accept the wildest absurdities ; and this disposition to seek for signs is expressly commended in the Mishna. To a certain extent this tendency is met by the Gospel miracles. . . . Yet, on the whole, it is discouraged : "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign," &c. (Matt. xvi. 4) ; and, 'Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe' (John iv. 48). . . . The tendency in human nature . . . is acknowledged, and to a certain extent satisfied. But it is discountenanced as unworthy of the highest and best form of Christian revelation.'—Dean Stanley's *Corinthians*, pp. 49, 50.

This, of course, is true.

Nevertheless, the Christian Church, both Catholic and Protestant, has always rested upon miracles, as the necessary foundation of Christianity ; and without the 'cardinal' miracle of the 'Resurrection,' St. Paul, at least, declares that the faith of Christians would be vain, and worse than vain (1 Cor. xv. 14, 19) ; there would be no guarantee (he thought) of a future life.

Of Jung Stilling, who was one of Goethe's fellow-students at Strasburg, the latter writes : 'The bent of his mind was pleasing to me, and his wondrous faith in miracles, which was so useful to him, I left unmolested.'—*Autobiog.* i. 319.

NOTE 83, PAGE 117.

And prayer was an unspeakable delight. Compare the feelings of the 'Fair Saint' in *Wilhelm Meister* regarding prayer. (Carlyle's *Trans.* ii. 133-4.)

NOTE 84, PAGE 118.

In joy of progression, &c. The German is :

'Ist er in Werdelust
Schaffender Freude nah.'

I cannot think that *Werdelust* means merely 'reviving bliss,' as Mr. Hayward translates it, which might be taken to imply a return to the same life as before—a small matter certainly for joy—but rather a growing and progressive bliss, such as we might imagine Nature to feel, supposing she could be endowed with consciousness. Düntzer explains it better as : 'The joyous impulse towards a *higher development*.' 'Werde' is used in the same sense in Goethe's maxim :

' Stirb und werde !
Denn, so lang du das nicht hast,
Bist du nur ein trüber Gast
Auf der dunkeln Erde !'

which Mr. Matthew Arnold translates : ' Die and re-exist ! for so long as this is not accomplished thou art but a troubled guest upon an earth of gloom !'—*Literature and Dogma*, p. 207.

See note, p. 13, where *Das Werdende* is understood as the abstract or pantheistic expression for the Second Person of the Trinity, whose feelings are here described as a '*Werdelust*,' or joy in a higher life (attained through death), and equal almost to that of the Creative Power, or the First Person of the Trinity.

NOTE 85, PAGE 119.

Before the city-gate. No particular city is to be understood, though most of the localities here described can be identified with spots in the neighbourhood of Goethe's native place, Frankfort. Düntzer fixes upon a tavern called the Jägerhaus (Huntsman's or Forester's House) upon the borders of a fir forest, near the little town of Rodelheim, as being the original of the one here. The Wasserhof (Waterside Inn) he finds at the village of Oberrad just opposite Frankfort. The hill, whence Faust bids Wagner look back upon the town, is identified with the Mühlberg (Windmill Hill), from which there is one of the finest views of the city, &c. A 'Burgdorf' alone seems wanting, but this is a name of frequent occurrence, reminding one of the origin of towns and municipalities under the feudal system, as the dwellings of retainers clustered round the baronial castle (*Burg*)—whence our 'borough' town.

NOTE 86, PAGE 122.

When yonder there, in Turkey, &c. 'Wenn hinten, weit, in der Türkei,' literally *behind*. Mr. Hayward remarks that 'the common people in Germany are wont to consider themselves as being placed forward in the world, and speak of certain distant outlandish countries

as lying *behind*. Wars between Austria and the Turks were frequent enough in Faust's time. Soliman the Great won the victory of Mohacz in 1526, by which he acquired half Hungary, and laid Bohemia under tribute. He threatened to overrun Germany, but was repulsed at the siege of Vienna in 1529.

If we suppose Goethe in this scene to give a glance at contemporary affairs, a war between Russia and Turkey had arisen out of disturbances in Poland in 1768; and the Turkish fleet was destroyed in the port of Tchasné in 1770. The war ended with the peace of Koutschouc Kaynardgi in 1774.

NOTE 87, PAGE 123.

St. Andrew's eve. November 29. St. Andrew was the patron saint of young ladies who aspired to matrimony. A popular German song begins :

‘ Andreas, lieber Schutzpatron,
Gib mir doch einen Mann !’

O Andrew, dear protector saint,
I pray to me a husband grant.

(Cf. Erlach, *Die Volkslieder der Deutschen*, ii. 552, iv. 278, quoted by Duntzer in his *Erläuterung*, p. 206.) Mr. Hayward quotes from the *Deutsche Sagen* of the Brothers Grimm (Berlin, 1816), No. 114, the following : ‘ There is a belief that on St. Andrew's Eve, St. Thomas's Eve, Christmas Eve, and New Year's Eve, a maiden might invite and see her future lover. A table must be covered for two, but without forks. Whatever the lover leaves behind him, on going away, must be carefully picked up; he then attaches himself to her who possesses it, and loves her ardently. But he should never be allowed to come to the sight of it again, or he will think of the pain he endured on that night by supernatural means, and become aware of the charm, whereby great unhappiness is occasioned,’ &c. See Hayward's *Faust*.

NOTE 88, PAGE 123.

She show'd me mine too in the crystal-ball. Divination by inspecting a crystal-ball was a very ancient practice. It has been conjectured that the ‘ Urim and Thummim ’ in the breast-plate of the Jewish high-priest were such crystals. See *Speech in Season*, by Rev. H. R. Haweis, p. 31.

‘ They ’ (the earlier astrologers of the sixteenth century), Sir W. Scott says, ‘ affirmed they could bind to their service, and imprison in a ring, a mirror, or a stone, some fairy, sylph, or salamander, and compel it to

appear when called, and render answers to such questions as the viewer should propose. . . . Dr. Dee, an excellent mathematician, had a stone of this kind, and is said to have been imposed upon concerning the spirits attached to it, their actions and answers, by the report of one Kelly, who acted as his viewer. The unfortunate Dee was ruined by his associates both in fortune and reputation. His show-stone or mirror is still preserved, among other curiosities, in the British Museum.' Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, Family Library ed. 1830, p. 350.

NOTE 89, PAGE 124.

*And away to new conquests
The soldier hies.*

Compare the Cuirassier's song in 'Wallenstein's Camp :'

'Away, girl, the soldier must go!
No spot on the earth is his resting-place.'

Translation in Bohn's ed. p. 176.

NOTE 90, PAGE 124.

Loos'n'd from ice are stream and rivulet. Compare Horace, *Odes*, l. iv.:

'Solvitur acris hiems gratà vice veris et Favonî

Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.'

The beauty of spring has been the constant theme of poets at least from Virgil (*Georgics*, ii. 125, *sq.*) downwards. Goethe often dwells upon it. 'A wonderful serenity,' says Werther, 'has taken possession of my entire soul, like these sweet mornings of spring, which I enjoy with my whole heart ;' and the rest of this eloquent passage.—*Novels and Tales*, Bohn's ed. p. 249.

Ottile in the 'Elective Affinities' writes : 'So then, once more the old story of the year is being repeated over again. We are come now, thank God, again to its most charming chapter. The violets and the mayflowers are as its superscriptions and its vignettes. It always makes a pleasant impression on us when we open again at these pages in the book of life.'—*Ibid.* p. 181.

NOTE 91, PAGE 125.

Peasants under the linden-tree. Goethe, in his childhood, had often witnessed scenes like those here described. In his *Autobiography*

(pp. 15, 16) he says: 'These venerable solemnities (in the city) were followed, in the fine season, by many festivals, delightful for us children, which took place in the open air, outside the city. On the right shore of the Maine, going down, about half an hour's walk from the gate, there rises a sulphur spring, neatly enclosed and surrounded by aged lindens. Not far from it stands the "*Good-People's Court*," formerly a hospital erected for the sake of the waters. On the commons around the herds of cattle were collected on a certain day of the year; and the herdsmen, together with their sweethearts, celebrated a rural festival, with dancing and singing, with all sorts of pleasure and clownishness. On the other side of the city lay a similar but larger common, likewise graced with a spring and still finer lindens. Thither, at Whitsuntide, the flocks of sheep were driven; and, at the same time, the poor, pale orphan children were allowed to come out of their walls into the open air. . . . The nurses and maids, always ready to take a walk, never failed to carry or conduct us to such places, even in our first years; so that these rural festivals belong to the earliest impressions that I can recall.'

NOTE 92, PAGE 125.

The shepherd for the dance was dress'd. This song is probably an adaptation of an old popular ballad. It is referred to in Meister's 'Apprenticeship.' 'He (the harper) sang a few other ballads, exciting more and more hilarity among the company. "Old man," said Philina, "dost thou know the tune:

"The shepherd deck'd him for the dance?"'

Carlyle's *Trans.* i. 143.

NOTE 93, PAGE 127.

You yourself, too, a stripling then. The episode here imagined in Faust's life is probably copied from one which actually occurred in the life of Nostradamus, who is said to have saved many lives from a pestilence which raged in Provence in 1525.

NOTE 94, PAGE 129.

*And after endless recipes would pour
And fuse together contrarities.*

Goethe's own early studies in alchemy, &c., have already been alluded to. In his *Autobiography*, after speaking of his performances with 'the ingredients of the macrocosm and microcosm,' he continues:

'But what busied me most, for a long time, was the so-called *Liquor Silicum* (flint-juice), which is made by melting down pure quartz-flint with a proper proportion of alkali, whence results a transparent glass, which melts away on exposure to the air, and exhibits a beautiful clear fluidity,' &c.—*Autob.* i. 294.

NOTE 95, PAGE 129.

Then was a lion red, bold suitor he, &c. Düntzer gives an explanation of this passage (*Erläuterung*, s. 211), the substance of which is as follows: The efforts of the alchemists, from the eighth century of the Christian era, were directed towards two chief objects: first, the acquisition of wealth by the conversion of all metals into gold and silver; and secondly, the preservation of health and prolongation of life by means of an elixir or panacea, called the philosopher's stone (*Stein der Weisen*). This, they thought, was to be obtained from an amalgam of the precious metals, gold and silver, which were supposed to be of male and female gender respectively, and endowed with seminal and generative properties. Gold (the male) was called the 'red or golden lion,' and its seed the 'blood of the lion,' while silver (the female) was termed the 'white eagle,' and its seed 'gluten of the white eagle.' In order to produce the panacea these were to be married: they were to be carefully guarded from the air, and gently warmed or 'digested' in an alembic, &c., called the philosopher's egg (*ovum philosophicum*). The process of 'digestion' had three stages, the first being termed 'cineration' or 'putrefaction,' which issued in the production of a black substance, which was called 'the raven's head.' The 'digestion' being further continued ('albification'), the black substance turned into a white, which was called 'the white swan.' And this again, being a third time 'digested,' turned to a yellow or saffron-red substance, which was the philosopher's stone in its highest perfection, and was generally called the 'lily.' These terms, however, were not always strictly adhered to. Düntzer quotes several passages from Paracelsus (1493–1541), the most celebrated of the alchemists, in proof of the above account, e.g.: 'Thou wilt see that as soon as the lily grows warm *in ovo physico* with mysterious working, it will become blacker than a raven; then, after an interval, whiter than a swan, and, at last, from yellow will turn redder than the Indian saffron.'—Paracelsus, *De Tinctura Physicorum*; cf. his *Archidoxa*, v. 50, ed. Basle, 1590.

According to this explanation the 'red lion' in the text is gold, and the 'lily' silver, while the philosopher's stone or panacea itself is the 'young queen,' which was to appear within the glass in varied hues.

Hayward (who is followed by Professor Blackie) gives another explanation from a *Lecture on Alchemical Signs*, delivered at the Royal Institution by Mr. T. Griffiths, according to which the 'red lion' means cinnabar or native mercury, which affords quicksilver, and is properly described as a bold suitor because of its readiness to form an amalgam with other metals. The lily is a preparation of antimony, known as *lilium minerale* or *Paracelsi*; the white stone, or alliated mercury, sometimes called the 'white fume' or the 'most milk-white swanne.' The tepid bath, as in the former explanation, is a vessel filled with hot water, called also '*balneum Mariæ*,' into which the alembic (vessel containing the substance to be distilled) was plunged in order to raise it to the required heat.

'The passage [in the text], divested of alchymical obscurity, would read thus: "There was red mercury, a powerfully acting body, united with the tincture of antimony, at a gentle heat of the water-bath. Then, being exposed to the heat of an open fire in an aludel [alembic], a sublimate filled its heads in succession, which, if it appeared in various hues, was the desired medicine."—Hayward's *Translation*, p. 174.

NOTE 96, PAGE 130.

*O happy he, who still can hope to emerge
Out of this sea of error!*

'For this is the sadness and "mystery" of human life, the thing that most tends to sink us in despair: not that evil is so strong, but that such a blight seems to attend also the seeking after good. The very process on which we must rely seems to play us false; not only evil has brought evil, but effort for right itself has ended in calamity, even in corruption.'—*The Art of Thinking, and other Essays*, by James Hinton. 1879.

NOTE 97, PAGE 130.

The silver brook haste to the golden stream. That is, the brooks descending from the sides and lateral ravines of the mountains, which, as they lay in shadow, would be white and silvery, while the main stream in the valley, being lit up by the setting sun, would appear golden.

NOTE 98, PAGE 131.

*Yet 'tis a feeling natural to us all,
Upwards and onwards to ascend and urge.*

It was a favourite fancy of Goethe's that man, in a future state, was

destined to have the power of flying. In one of his 'Letters from Switzerland' he writes: 'For my part, I do think that man feels conscious also of corporeal qualities' (as well as intellectual), 'of whose mature expansion he can have no hope in this life. This most assuredly is the case with "*flying*." How strongly at one time used the clouds, as they drove along the blue sky, *to tempt me to travel with them to foreign lands!* And now in what danger do I stand, lest they should carry me away with them from the mountain peak as they sweep violently by. What desire do I not feel to throw myself into the boundless regions of the air—to poise over the terrific abyss, or to alight on some otherwise inaccessible rock. With what a longing do I draw deeper and deeper breath, when, in the dark blue depth below, *the eagle soars over rocks and forests*, or, in company and in sweet concord with his mate, wheels in wide circles round the eyrie to which he has entrusted his young. Must I then never do more than creep up to the summits?' &c.—*Autobiography*, ii. 172-3.

Compare, too, Tasso :

'Oh ! to us mortals may some gracious power
Accord the insect's enviable doom,
In some new sunny vale, with sudden joy,
To spread our eager pinions !'

Trans., Bohn's ed. p. 306.

Also Mignon's answer to the children's question "What wings are these? Let us see them." "They represent far finer ones which are not yet unfolded."—*Wilhelm Meister*, Carlyle's *Trans.*, ii. 272.

NOTE 99, PAGE 131.

O then the other never seek to know! Compare Hegel's saying that 'Nature is the *other* of Spirit.'

NOTE 100, PAGE 131.

Two souls, alas! are dwelling in my breast. Wagner, the 'dull groveller' and mere pedant, knows nothing of the higher aspirations of a soul like Faust's; feels nothing of the conflict between the higher and lower 'consciousness' in human nature. Compare Rom. vii. 23, of the conflict between the 'flesh' and 'spirit.'

NOTE 101, PAGE 131.

The fields of a high ancestry. This is an allusion to the account, in Genesis i. 26-28, of the creation of man in 'the image of God.'

NOTE 102, PAGE 131.

O be there spirits in the air. This passage has been variously explained as (1) an expression of Goethe's own youthful belief in spirits (Riemer); or (2) as alluding to the sylphs or spirits of the air recognised by the alchemists (Duntzer); or (3) as derived from a passage in the oldest Faust-legend (the *Spies-Buch*), where Faust says to Mephostophiles: 'My servant, declare what spirit thou art!' The spirit answered and said: 'I am a spirit and a flying spirit, potently ruling under the heavens!' (Taylor.) There seems no reason why all three explanations should not be partially correct, and all three thoughts have been in the poet's mind at once—his own early belief concurring with the views of the alchemists, of which he was aware, and with the description of Mephostophiles in the legend.

NOTE 103, PAGE 132.

Ah! were a magic mantle only mine! In the legend, Mephostophiles conveys three young Counts on his mantle to Munich, to assist at the wedding of the King of Bavaria's son (Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 482); and in the *Puppenspiel* he conveys Faust in a similar manner to the court of the Duke of Parma.

NOTE 104, PAGE 132.

O summon not the too familiar troop. Wagner, agreeably to his nature, understands only the literal spirits of the air—the winds, which he proceeds to describe.

'Wind' and 'spirit' are frequently confounded in Scripture, or what was originally understood as wind has been translated 'spirit,' as in Gen. i. 3, Ps. civ. 4, and Zech. vi. 5, 6: 'And the angel answered and said unto me, There are four *spirits* of the heavens which go forth from standing before the Lord of all the earth,' where 'spirits' in the margin is translated 'winds.'

Wind is an emblem of the Spirit in John iii. 8.

NOTE 105, PAGE 132.

From the east marches forth a withering train. This is the character of the east wind in Western Europe, and in Syria too perhaps. Compare Habakkuk, i. 9: 'Their faces shall sup up as the east wind.'

NOTE 106, PAGE 133.

Seest thou yon black dog? &c. Gastius, as we have seen, reports concerning the original Faust that he had a horse and dog with him which were devils, and the dog sometimes took the form of a servant, and brought him food. See *Introd.* p. 4.

In the legend, too (according to Widman), Faust has a large black-spotted dog named 'Prestigiar.' (Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 437.) Widman also says that Cornelius Agrippa had a familiar spirit which attended him in the form of a dog. (*Ibid.* s. 789.)

Mr. Morley has explained, with regard to Agrippa, that the only foundation for the story was that he was very fond of dogs, and had one special pet, a little black creature called 'Monsieur,' whose demoniacal character was entirely attributable to the calumnies of his master's enemies, the monks. (Morley, *Life of C. Agrippa*, ii. 318.)

NOTE 107, PAGE 133.

*I saw him long ago; to me
He seem'd not worth remarking.*

Wagner, of course, sees nothing spiritual or demonic in the dog.

NOTE 108, PAGE 133.

*And, if I err not, a whirl-stream of fire
Trails on his path.*

'In his work on colours, Goethe gives the following explanation of this phenomenon: "A dark object, the moment it withdraws itself, imposes on the eye the necessity of seeing the same form bright. Between jest and earnest, I shall quote a passage from *Faust* which is applicable here. (Then follows the passage.) This had been written some time—from poetical intuition and in half-consciousness—when, as it was growing twilight, a black poodle ran by my window in the street, and drew a clear shining appearance after him—the undefined image of his passing form remaining in the eye." The phenomenon is now a recognised and familiar one. See Sir David Brewster's *Letters on Natural Magic*, p. 20.—Hayward's *Trans.* Notes, pp. 176-7.

NOTE 109, PAGE 135.

The Study. In this scene, too, Goethe has both followed the legend, and embodied a portion of his own experience.

The Widman version represents Faust, even after he had signed the compact and renounced the Church and sacraments, as still having some sparks of love to God remaining in him, and therefore desirous of extracting a religion of his own out of the Bible. Accordingly he obtains leave from Mephistophiles to contemplate God as the Creator, ('for even the Devils could do so much'), and to read certain portions of Scripture. The Gospel of St. John, however, among other parts, was specially excepted from this permission. See Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. ss. 376-7.

Goethe also, referring to his own study of the Bible, shortly after taking his degree at Strasburg, says: 'Even the New Testament was not safe from my enquiries; with my passion for dissection, I did not spare it, but with love and affection I chimed in with that wholesome word, "The Evangelists may contradict each other, provided only the Gospel does not contradict itself." In this region also I thought I should make all sorts of discoveries.'—*Autobiogr.* i. 444.

NOTE 110, PAGE 135.

Behind me now have I left meadow and field. The first eight lines of this scene have been translated by the late C. J. Fox, and form a hymn (No. xxi.) in the beautiful collection in use at the Unitarian Chapel in South Place, Finsbury. It is sung to music of Beethoven's.

NOTE 111, PAGE 135.

Be quiet, poodle! &c. The poodle naturally becomes restless, and then snarls, and at last breaks out into a howl, at Faust's attempt to translate the forbidden Gospel.

NOTE 112, PAGE 136.

'*In the beginning was the Fact.*' Faust's examination of the first verse of St. John ends, not in a translation, but in a complete alteration of its meaning, by which it becomes, instead of the basis of Christian theology, the starting-point of Pantheism, and indeed of all natural religion. The course of reasoning in the text is obvious enough. The word being but the expression of mind or thought cannot precede the latter, and even these, so far as we know them, are not creative, life-giving powers. What then can the first cause, or rather the expression of the first cause, be but the *Fact*? Reason cannot get further than this, and explain the nature and essence of the Fact.

Goethe is historically consistent in thus representing Faust as

Pantheist, such as his brethren of the same class, Paracelsus, Giordano Bruno, and others, generally were.

NOTE 113, PAGE 137.

Is it a shadow? is't reality? In Widman's version the first appearance of the Devil to Faust in his study is thus described: 'Meanwhile he (Faust) perceives something near the stove, as it were a shadow approaching, and yet he thinks it resembles a man; presently he sees the same shadow in another form; then he takes up his book and adjures it to show itself in its true form,' &c.—Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 311.

NOTE 114, PAGE 137.

The key of Solomon. The first mention of King Solomon as a magician or exorcist is in Josephus (A.D. 37-93). He says: 'God also enabled him to learn that skill which expels demons, which is a science useful and sanative to men. He composed such incantations also by which distempers are alleviated. And he left behind him the manner of using exorcisms, by which they drive away demons, so that they never return; and this method of cure is of great force unto this day.' Josephus then describes the cure of a demoniac by Solomon's recipes, which he himself saw performed by one Eleazar, in the presence of the Emperor Vespasian and his sons. (*Antiq.* bk. viii. c. ii. s. 5, Whiston's Translation.)

A book of magic bearing Solomon's name appears to have been known to Origen (185-253 A.D.). A similar work appeared a little later in Hebrew, and was translated into Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and German. The most popular version of this work in Germany was entitled: *Clavicula Salomonis et Theosophia pneumatica, or Die wahrhaftige Erkenntnis Gottes und seiner sichtigen und unsichtigen Geschaffen*, &c. Wesel, Duisburg u. Frankfurt, bei Andreas Lappius, 1686. (Duntzer's *Erläuterung*, s. 222.)

A form of conjuration, entitled 'Clavicula Salomonis,' is also given in Scheible's *Kloster*, b. iii. s. 191 and b. v. s. 1029. Le Sage refers to 'la clavicule de Salomon' in *Le Diable Boiteux*, chap. i. p. 5: 'Hé, quoi! s'écria Don Cléofas, vous seriez ce fameux Asmodée, dont il est fait une si glorieuse mention dans Agrippa et dans la *Clavicule de Salomon*.'

NOTE 115, PAGE 138.

Use do I the fourfold spell. The source of the doctrine of the four spirits of the elements may be traced to the *Cabala*. This work mentions

four classes of spirits (Schedim), which are of a kind intermediate between men and genuine spirits. They are all subject to a prince named Asmodi, and their natures are various. The first class consists simply of fire; the second of fire and air combined; the third of fire and air with water; and the fourth of fire, air, and water, together with a very fine earthy substance. This last class, as also, occasionally, the one above it, is perceptible to human sense; and both are of a mischievous disposition. The first two classes are invisible, and their nature is wise and benevolent.

The popular German superstition, derived in part from the *Cabaia*, also recognised four classes of elementary spirits possessed of bodies of flesh and blood (though of an ethereal temper), and capable of union with men, whence were born children possessing human souls. The spirits themselves, like Undine in Fouqué's tale, were without souls. They were distinguished, according to the elements in which they dwelt, as Salamandri (fire-people), Nymphæ or Undenæ (water-people), Sylvani or Sylphi (air-people), and Pygmæi (earth-people), called also Gnomes or Kobolds. A treatise on these elementary spirits, attributed to Albertus Magnus, was published at Basle in 1590. Paracelsus wrote a pamphlet *De Nymphis, Sylphis, Pygmæis et Salamandris, et de cæteris spiritibus*. The same are described in the Wagner-Book (c. xviii.) and in Welling's *Opus Mago-Cabbalisticum* (p. 112, sq.). See Duntzer's *Erläuterung*, s. 224.

Compare, too, Milton, *Par. Reg.* ii. 124:

'Princes, Heaven's ancient sons, ethereal thrones,
Demonian spirits now, from the element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier called
Powers of fire, air, water, and earth beneath;'

and Pope, in his Dedicatory Letter to the *Rape of the Lock* (1712), where he says that the poem was founded upon the superstition of the Rosicrucians, 'the best account of whom,' he knew of, was 'to be found in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*. . . . According to these gentlemen the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders.'

NOTE 116, PAGE 138.

Incubus! Incubus! &c. Incubi, says R. Meldegg, were known even to St. Augustine, who speaks of 'silvanis, aut faunis, quos vulgo *incubos* vocant.'—*De Civit.* lib. i. c. 23.

The Bull of Innocent VIII. (Dec. 5, 1484), for the institution of

witch-trials in Germany, mentions the existence of such incubi and succubi (succubæ?) See Scheible's *Kloster*, b. xi. s. 357, note.

Incubus was a general name for a male devil, as *succuba* for a female. Thus Milton calls Belial—

‘The dissolutes spirit that fell,
The sensuallest, and, after Asmodai,
The fleshliest *Incubus*.’

Par. Reg. ii. 150, sq.

In a narrower sense, however, the name ‘Incubus’ is applied to the dwarfish tricky household spirit akin to Kobold, with whom Goethe here confounds him. The Kobolds, according to Sir W. Scott (= English Goblin, Scottish Bogle), were a species of Gnomes. (Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, Fam. Lib. ed. p. 121.)

NOTE 117, PAGE 138.

Then behold this sign! The sign of the cross. This, as well as the next form of adjuration, by the threefold light (sign of the Trinity), is given in *Faust's Miracle-, Art- and Wonder-Book, or Black Raven and Threefold Compulsion of Hell*. See Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. ss. 897-9. Here, however, Faust uses them as exorcisms.

NOTE 118, PAGE 139.

Power, thro' all the heavens diffused. Here is another indication (see Notes 38 and 84) that the Neo-Platonic philosophy lay at the bottom of the religious or pantheistic views which Goethe attributes to Faust. ‘The Logos of Philo is not an historical Christ; he is diffused over creation.’—Jowett, ‘On St. Paul and Philo,’ *Thess. &c.* i. 511.

NOTE 119, PAGE 139.

A travelling scholar. The actual Faust, according to his contemporaries, belonged to this class of travelling scholars (*scholastici vagantes*), of whom Duntzer gives the following account. They were generally half-educated charlatans, who travelled about Europe, living by their wits, and finding entertainment at the courts and mansions of the princes and nobles, or in various universities, where sometimes they had the impudence to give lectures. (See Browning's *Paracelsus*, Preface.) They generally announced themselves as ghost-seers, treasure-finders, soothsayers, calendar-makers, sorcerers, &c. As early as the thirteenth century they appear to have been excommunicated by several

Church councils. The council of Frankfort (1397) classes them along with pugilists, sharpers, actors (*Spielleute*), acrobats, trumpeters, &c. They usually wore a yellow net round their necks, which could be drawn over the head like a cowl. Sometimes they said they had come from the Venusberg, a witch-hill near Wartburg in Thuringia (the Horselberg in the opera of *Tannhauser*), where they had learned the art of magic. They pretended to be able to recover lost property as well as to prevent hailstorms, sickness, murrain, murder, and sorcery. They sold the so-called mandrakes (*Galgenmännchen oder Alraune*), which were cut from roots of trees, and were believed to confer the power of prophecy. A carnival play of Hans Sachs has been preserved, entitled *The Travelling Scholar with the Exorcists*. See Duntzer's *Erläuterung*, s. 8.

NOTE 120, PAGE 140.

What is thy name? The name of the devil, both in the Spies and Widman versions of the legend, is spelt Mephistophiles. Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. ss. 949 and 344.

Widman conjectures that it was probably a Persian name, but upon no other ground, apparently, than that the names of the angels Michael and Raphael were derived from Persia.

Goethe, in one of his letters to Zelter, the court musician at Berlin, discusses the question of the name, and comes to the conclusion that it was probably coined, at the same time that the legend itself was composed, out of the words $\mu\acute{\eta}$, $\phi\acute{\omega}\varsigma$, and $\phi\acute{\iota}\lambda\omicron\varsigma$, to denote a being unfriendly to light. He has embodied this view in the lines in which he makes Mephistopheles describe himself as

'A part of Darkness, which brought forth the Light,
The arrogant proud Light, that now contests
Her ancient rank and realm with Mother Night.'

Goethe further says, in the same letter, that he had just disinterred some dozen or so of magical works, 'Compulsions of Hell' (*Hollenzwang*), 'Treasure-finders,' &c., at Neustadt, the best of them being Faust's *Hollenzwang*, or *Praxis Cabale Nigrie Doctoris Johannis Fausti, Magi celeberrimi*, Passau, 1612, a very perfect copy of which existed in the Grand-ducal Library at Weimar. This work gives the names of the chiefs of the infernal kingdom, e. g. of the seven wise spirits: (1) Mephistophiel, (2) Barbiel, (3) Marbuel, (4) Aziel, (5) Aciel, (6) Ahadiel, (7) Cammiel.

Faust's Miracul-, Kunst- u. Wunderbuch also mentions Mephistophiles as the second of the Great Princes of Hell, and gives a copy of his seal with the description—

‘MEPHISTOPHILES.

I am the great master of all kinds of arts and fortune, can teach them in a moment, and am to be summoned four times. Also I have various spirits under me who serve, and if I need their services they are bound to render them quickly.’—Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. ss. 869 and 864.

The name is variously spelt—

Mephostophiles (Spies and Widman).

Mephistophilis (Marlowe, ed Dyce).

Mephistopheles (*Tupfenspiel*, ed. Simrock).

Shakespeare in his single reference to the name spells it differently from any of the above, as—

Pistol to Slender.

How now, Mephostophilus?

(*Merry Wives of W.* act i. sc. 1.)

NOTE 121, PAGE 140.

Fly-God, i.e. ‘Beelzebub or Baalzebub, the god of flies.’ He was worshipped at Ekron (2 Kings i. 2), and called Baalzebub, because he protected his worshippers from the flies, which were a grievous plague in those parts. So also Hercules was called by the Eleans Ἀπόμμυιος, the defender from flies. (See Robinson, *Theol. Dict.* art. Baalzebub.) Fly-god was also one of the names of the Devil in the Middle Ages, when he was believed often to appear in the form of a fly. See Ennemoser, *Hist. of Magic*, Howitt's *Trans.* ii. 153.

NOTE 122, PAGE 140.

Destroyer. Apollyon (ἀπόλλυμι) is another of the names of the Devil. Originally it was that of the king of the locusts in the bottomless pit. (Rev. ix. 11.)

NOTE 123, PAGE 140.

Part of that Power

*Which ever wills the Evil, and ever works
The Good.*

Compare Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 159, sq. :

(*Satan loq.*)

'To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will,
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to prevent that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil.'

NOTE 124, PAGE 140.

I am the Spirit that evermore denies. 'The Everlasting No (das ewige Nein) had said : "Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the universe is mine (the Devil's) ;" to which my whole Me now made answer : "I am not thine, but free, and for ever hate thee."—Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus*, ed. 1849, p. 183.

The character of Mephistopheles is compounded of negation, contradiction, sensuality, and malice, relieved only by his cynical humour. Certain traits in the portrait were no doubt taken from one of Goethe's companions in early life named Merck, for notices of whom see the *Autobiography*, i. 439, 482, 489, 497-8, 500, ii. 14 ; and Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe*, translated by J. Oxenford, pp. 363, 390, 542-4. Compare too Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, pp. 103 and 123.

NOTE 125, PAGE 141.

*And reason : for that all which is produced
Deserves to be destroy'd ; therefore, &c.*

This is the real opinion of the latest German philosophers, Schopenhauer and Hartmann, as see art. on 'The Philosophy of Pessimism' in the *Westminster Review*, January 1876; and Strauss (*The Old Faith and the New*, pp. 166-7), who says of the former : 'We need only turn over the leaves of Arthur Schopenhauer's works . . . in order to come upon the proposition, variously expressed, that the Cosmos is something which had much better not have existed. Or, as the author of the *Philosophy of the Unconscious* (E. von Hartmann) has expressed it in his manner, with a still finer point, that although in the existing universe everything is ordained as well as possible, that it nevertheless is "miserable throughout, and . . . worse than no universe at all."' Upon which Strauss remarks that such a philosophy 'involves the most glaring contradictions.

If the universe is a thing which had better not have existed, then surely the speculation of the philosopher, as forming part of this universe, is a speculation which had better not have been speculated. . . . Every true philosophy is necessarily optimistic, as otherwise she hews down the branch on which she herself is sitting. . . . We consider it arrogant and profane, on the part of a single individual, to oppose himself with such audacious levity to the Cosmos, whence he springs, from which, also, he derives that spark of reason which he misuses.' As Faust, a little further on, rebukes Mephistopheles for doing—

'So raisest thou then thy cold devil-fist
Against the ever-active, health-giving,
Creative power—clench'd wickedly in vain !'

NOTE 126, PAGE 141.

*I am a part
Of that part which in the beginning was all,
A part of Darkness, which brought forth the Light.*

Goethe here follows Genesis: 'In the beginning . . . the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.' After which Light was created. (Gen. i. 1, *sqq.*)

The recently discovered Assyrian tablets confirm this account, if indeed they are not rather the original records, or copies of them, from which the Scriptural story is derived. According to these, Chaos, or a dark chaotic ocean (Tiamat), was the original matter out of which, first the gods, and then the world, were created. See the *Chaldean Account of Genesis*, by G. Smith, 1875.

The Greek legends also represent Chaos as the father of Erebus (literally, place of darkness) and Night, who were the parents of Ether and Day:

Ἦτοι μὲν πρῶτιστα Χάος γένητ', αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
Γαῖ' εὐρύστερνος. . . .
'Ἐκ Χάεος δ' Ἐρεβός τε μέλαινά τε Νύξ ἐγένοντο.
Νυκτὸς δ' αὐτ' Αἰθήρ τε καὶ Ἡμέρη ἐξεγένοντο.

Hes. *Theog.* 116, and 122-3.

Compare Milton:

'Where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy.

Par. Lost, ii. 894, *sqq.*

Cf. Strauss, *The Old Faith and the New*, p. 161 (Trans. by M. Blind, 1874): 'Even as regards the latter (the Cosmos) we know ourselves as "*part of a part*," our might as nought in comparison to the almightiness of Nature, our thought only capable of slowly and laboriously comprehending the least part of that which the universe offers to our contemplation as the object of knowledge'—where the reference is probably to this very passage.

NOTE 127, PAGE 141.

With forms material doom'd to be destroy'd. That is, since in Mephistopheles' view Light had no independent existence, but was necessarily bound up with matter, and would therefore perish with it.

NOTE 128, PAGE 142.

With waves, storms, earthquakes, devastating fire. Widman in one of his 'Reminders' says: 'In short, it (the world) is everywhere full of devils, which would gladly hurt the body, [destroy] the good, and confound the soul with bitterness, hate, wrath, pride, heresies, and such like. That this, however, does not come to pass—for this we have our good God to thank, who, by his almighty power, restrains the devil, so that more good than harm always results, that there is more peace than war, that more fruit and grain lives and flourishes than by frost, hail, and other causes is destroyed, that more houses remain standing than are burnt down, that we have more whole limbs than maimed ones. If the devil seizes an eye, a foot, an arm, a leg, still the rest of the body is sound; as also in a pestilence more persons always escape than fall victims to death.'—Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 320.

As a counterpoise to this view may be set that of the melancholy Werther, when, looking only at the evil side of Nature, he exclaims: 'My heart is wasted with the thought of that destructive power which lies concealed in every part of universal Nature. Nature has formed nothing that does not consume itself and every object near it; so that, surrounded by earth and air, and all the active and productive powers, I wander on my way with aching heart, and the universe is to me a fearful monster, for ever devouring its own offspring.'—Goethe's *Novels and Tales*, Bohn's ed. p. 289.

NOTE 129, PAGE 142.

I' the air, the water, as out o' the earth. Goethe, speaking to Eckermann in 1831, said: 'I worship Him who has infused into the world such a power of production, that, if only the millionth part of it

comes into life, yet the world swarms with creatures to such a degree that war, pestilence, fire, and wa'er cannot prevail against them. That is *my God*.'—*Goethe's Conversations with Eckermann*, Trans. by J. Oxenford, p. 518.

The microscope has long since revealed the existence of an infinity of minute organisms, both vegetable and animal, in the air and in water; even the greater part of the earth's crust, it has been estimated, is composed of their remains. See Dr. Carpenter's Lecture 'On a Piece of Limestone,' *Good Words*, Oct. 1875.

As to germs in the air and in sewer gas, they are inferred to exist in motes, to 'float about in little clouds,' and to be the causes of many kinds of disease. Professor Tyndall, indeed, says that 'it has remained for modern science to discover that more than by battle, accident, or famine, humanity suffers from disease-germs conveyed in the air and water.'—*Times* report of a Lecture 'On Germs' by Prof. Tyndall, 1876. See also *Conservation of Energy*, by Prof. Balfour Stewart (International Scient. Ser.), pp. 3, 4. And as to germs in the earth and water, see Darwin, *Origin of Species*, 5th ed. p. 465: 'I do not believe that botanists are aware how charged the mud of ponds is with seeds. I have tried several experiments, but will here give only the most striking case: I took in February three table-spoonfuls of mud from three different points, beneath water, on the edge of a little pond: this mud when dry weighed only 6½ ounces; I kept it covered up in my study for six months, pulling up and counting each plant as it grew; the plants were of many kinds, and were altogether 537 in number; and yet the viscid mud was all contained in a breakfast-cup!' Also as to the prolific character of Nature see Haeckel, *History of Creation*, ii. 68. And for the enormous destruction which continually goes on, see Darwin, *Origin of Species*, p. 79: 'Seedlings are destroyed in vast numbers by various enemies,' &c.; and Haeckel's *Hist. of Creation*, i. 257; and *ib.* pp. 161-2: 'By far the greater number of germs perish in the earliest stage of life.'

Compare Tennyson:

'And finding that of fifty seeds
She (Nature) often brings but one to bear.'

NOTE 130, PAGE 142.

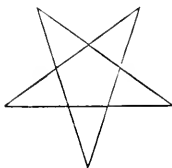
In wet, dry, warm, and cold! Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 898, 899:

'For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms.'

NOTE 131, PAGE 143.

The wizard-foot. Druftenfuss (from Drud, a hobgoblin, a witch) stands here for the Pentalpha or Pentagram. Duntzer says that the Pythagoreans were acquainted with the sign, which they regarded as one of health. (*Erlauterung*, s. 229.) In the medieval superstition it was believed to be a charm against witches and evil spirits.

The Pentagram is a pentagonal figure formed from a regular pentagon by producing its sides till they meet, thus—



It is resolvable into three triangles, and therefore formed a triple emblem of the Trinity.

Professor Blackie quotes from Horst's *Zauberbibliothek*, viii. 74, a passage of Paracelsus, in which he describes two principal figures used in conjuration, one formed by producing the sides of a regular hexagon till they meet, and the other this Pentagram, which, he says, is the more efficacious of the two. (Blackie's *Trans.* notes.)

The 'Hexagram' is given in Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 889; and also in Note 52.

NOTE 132, PAGE 145.

*Put on condition that I pass the time
Worthily in exhibiting my arts.*

In the legend Mephistophiles appears to be attended by an invisible orchestra, which was heard first after Faust's conjuration of the Devil in the wood, and again after his signing the compact. On the latter occasion we read: 'Lastly was heard by Faustus all manner of instruments of musick, as organs, clarigolds, lutes, viols, citterns, waits, horn-pipes, flutes, anomes, harps, and all manner of other instruments, which so ravished his mind that he thought he had been in another

world.'—Translation of the *Spies-Buch* by P. R. Gent ; Thoms' *Early English Prose Romances*, iii. 178.

In the *Miracul-, Kunst- u. Wunderbuch*, too, Mephistopheles is described as 'the great master of all kinds of arts.' (Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 864.)

The song which follows is known in Germany as the 'Lullaby' (*Einschlüferungslied*). It is intended to prepare Faust's mind, by the presentation of voluptuous images, for the temptations about to follow.

NOTE 133, PAGE 147.

The lord of flies, frogs, &c. That is, of all noxious or destructive creatures, especially of the smaller kinds, of insects, &c. See Note 121.

NOTE 134, PAGE 148.

Thrice must thou say't. Compare the Widman legend : 'He (Faust) then adjured the Devil with sacred words and profanation of the name of God for a first, second, and third time.'—Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 307.

The *Miracle, Art, and Wonder Book* also directs that the citations, &c. of the spirits shall be made in a particular manner, and for a certain number of times, as that of Aziel thrice. (*Ibid.* s. 864, &c.)

NOTE 135, PAGE 149.

A noble youth, in red gold-border'd coat. Compare Widman : 'Also we might show that, when the Devil meets the witches and sorcerers, he appears to them in manifold shapes, sometimes as an old man or a youth, sometimes as a foot-soldier (*Landsknecht*), or a knight (*Reutter = Ritter*), or a nobleman with fine gold chain and other aristocratic gear.'—Scheible's *Kloster*, ii. 349.

'Often he appeared as a fair youth, whence he is called Junker, Junker Hans, &c.'—Grimm, *Mythologie*, s. 1016.

In the *Puppenspiel* he appears in a red under-garment, with a long black mantle or cloak, and a horn on his forehead. (Simrock's *Puppenspiel*, act ii. sc. 1.)

Red and black are infernal colours, supposed to be emblematic of darkness and fire.

NOTE 136, PAGE 149.

Renounce shalt thou, &c. Goethe, in his *Autobiography*, says : 'Our physical as well as our social life and manners, customs, worldly

wisdom, philosophy, religion, and many an accidental occurrence, all call upon us to deny ourselves.' Compare Mr. Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma*, pp. 204-7, where the above passage, as well as that in the text, and the one before quoted, 'Stirb und werde,' &c., are referred to, among others, in confirmation of the 'secret of Jesus' as the true 'law of the spirit of life.' (Rom. viii. 2.)

NOTE 137, PAGE 149.

There no rest will be bestow'd, &c. Compare Job vii. 13-16 : 'When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint ; then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions : so that my soul chooseth strangling, and death rather than life. I loathe it ; I would not live alway : let me alone ; for my days are vanity.' And Eccles. ii. 23. Also Young's *Night Thoughts*, 'The Complaint,' l. 9, *sqq.* :

'I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain :
(A bitter change !) severer for severe,' &c.

NOTE 138, PAGE 150.

The god, who in my bosom dwelleth, &c. Compare Goethe's *Tasso*, Miss Swanwick's Trans., Bohn's ed. p. 267 :

'Princess.

Alas, that we're so prone to disregard
The still and holy warnings of the heart !
A God doth whisper softly in our breast
.
.
.
Both what we ought to seek and what to shun.'

And *Rom. and Jul.* act v. sc. 1 :

'My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne.'

And John Sterling :

'Man's a king, his throne is duty,
Since his work on earth began.'

The 'God within' is the highest regulating power in man—described by Socrates as his *Dæmon*, by Butler as Conscience, by Wordsworth as Duty—'stern daughter of the voice of God'—by Kant as the 'Moral Law,' or Reason as directed to conduct, and by Goethe as 'the mighty conception of Duty, which in distress alone holds us erect.' Faust's

complaint here is that, powerful as it may be within, it cannot change external circumstances, 'move a single thing without.' His distress arises, as before remarked, from utter disappointment with life in general, and especially with the limitations of human faculties, and in particular of his own. He craves from heaven the fairest star, &c. (p. 98). He wants to know the secret seeds of all things (p. 102)—the essences of things—absolute as well as relative knowledge, &c.

NOTE 139, PAGE 150.

Death is desired, &c. Compare Ecclesiastes ii. 17: 'Therefore I hated life,' &c.

NOTE 140, PAGE 150.

Of the Great Spirit. That is, the Earth-spirit (p. 105).

NOTE 141, PAGE 151.

Curse on that last boon paramount of Love! Düntzer quotes from Boccaccio: 'Quello diletto, oltr' al quale niun maggior ne può amor prestare, ultima dilettazone d'amor.' (*Erläuterung*, s. 238.)

Magic, the vision of the macrocosm and of the microcosm, all having failed—even the way of death having been debarred him—Faust has no resource left; and hence he breaks out in a terrific curse upon all that tempts man to linger in this 'den of misery'—self-conceit and aspiration, false appearances, dreams of name and fame, possessions, wife and children, servants, lands, wealth, luxury, the love of woman, and, last of all, the highest virtues, faith, hope, and patience. Hereupon the spirits are heard singing, 'Woe, woe,' &c.

NOTE 142, PAGE 151.

Chorus of spirits [invisible].

Woe! woe! &c.

Mr. Taylor, following Deycks and Leutbecker, regards these as good spirits genuinely bewailing Faust's curse. Düntzer, on the other hand, takes them for evil spirits, as Mephistopheles claims them to be his 'little ones'—in which case, of course, their chant would be ironical. Either way, however, the source whence they are derived is obviously Marlowe's play and the *Puppenspiel*. In the former a good and an evil angel appear, the one warning Faust to lay aside magic, and exhorting him to repentance, the other urging him to pursue magic and to sign the compact. These are represented in the *Puppenspiel* by voices to the right and to the left. Here, indeed,

it is possible that the good and bad spirits are united in the chorus, the song sounding to Faust, at first, like the warning of his guardian angel in the Puppet-play, when he sings, 'O foolish son of man,' &c. (Introduction, p. 47), and exhorting him to repentance and renewal of life. Mephistopheles, however, claims the spirits as his, and gives their words a turn to suit his purpose; suggesting that, by a 'new life,' they mean one of pleasure and action.

This might be an external representation of an inward conflict in Faust's soul; the good thoughts presenting themselves first, but then the evil immediately following and gaining dominion.

NOTE 143, PAGE 152.

Pleasure and action. Compare *Othello*, act ii. sc. 3 :

'Iago. Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.'

NOTE 144, PAGE 154.

An Uppier or an Under. The 'Fair Saint' in her 'Confessions' says: 'Oh! why must we, in speaking of such things ('heavenly things'), make use of figures, which can only indicate external situations? Where is there in His eyes aught high or deep, aught dark or clear? It is we only that have *an Under and an Uppier*, a night and day.'—*Wilhelm Meister*, Carlyle's Trans. ii. 133.

Compare Tennyson, *In Memoriam* :

'Or if indeed that eye foresee,
Or see—in Him is no before.'

NOTE 145, PAGE 154.

Yet hast thou food which satisfieth not. Compare the *Spies-Book*, Thoms' *Early Eng. Rom.* iii. 265.

'This sumptuous banquet the duke took thankfully, and afterwards he departed homeward; but, to their thinking, they had neither eat nor drunk, so were they blinded while they were in the castle.'

NOTE 146, PAGE 154.

Honour . . . which, like a meteor, vanisheth in air.

'What is glory?—in the socket
See how dying tapers fare!
What is pride?—a whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star.'

Wordsworth, 'Inscriptions supposed to be found written in and near a Hermit's Cell,' ed. 1850, vol. v. p. 165.

NOTE 147, PAGE 154.

*Show me the fruit that rots ere it be pluck'd,
And trees which every day put forth fresh leaves.*

That is, fruits of Tantalus, which either grow ripe and rotten, or else vanish (as they did from Tantalus: see *Odyssey*, xi. 581-591, Cowper's Trans. xi. 710, *sqq.*) before they can be gathered; and trees, which, like the barren fig-tree in the Gospel (Matt. xxi. 19, 20; Mark xi. 13, 14), are always putting forth leaves, but never bear fruit—deceitful both.

NOTE 148, PAGE 155.

Some genuine good. That is, in opposition to the magical and delusive gifts described by Faust.

NOTE 149, PAGE 155.

*If to the passing moment e'er I say
'Tarry! thou art so fair!'*

It should be noticed that Faust never does say this throughout the First Part; and therefore, when, at the end, Mephistopheles calls him, 'Hither to me!' this is not to be understood (as is represented in one of the operas, and in the English play) as a summons to descend with him to Hell, but merely as a call to play out the wager. In the Second Part, when Faust is supposed to have learned the lesson of life, viz. of self-surrender and devotion to Humanity, and is about to drain a marsh and render it fit for human habitation, he at last utters the exclamation:

'Now to the passing moment can I say,
'Tarry! thou art so fair!'

and immediately falls senseless.

Nevertheless, after all, Mephistopheles does not win his wager, for the angels appear to rescue Faust, and sing:

'Saved the glorious scion, see,
Of the spirit-world for ever,' &c.

Pt. II. pp. 442 and 454, ed. 1856.

NOTE 150, PAGE 156.

At the Doctor's feast. That is, the inaugural feast upon taking a Doctor's degree. Faust may be supposed to have been just made a Doctor, as he says in the beginning: 'Master yeleft, ay, Doctor too.'

NOTE 151, PAGE 156.

*Happy he
Who bears pure Truth unsullied in his breast!*

Compare Goethe's *Iphigenia*:

' *Iphigenia.*

Then only can the heart know perfect ease,
When not a stain pollutes it.'

Miss Swanwick's Trans. Bohn's Ed. p. 202.

And again:

' *Orestes.*

Cunning and force, the proudest boast of man,
Fade in the lustre of her perfect truth.'—*Ib.* p. 217.

Also Mignon's answer to the question of the children in *Wilhelm Meister*: 'Why dost thou bear a lily?'—

'So pure and so open should my heart be; then were I happy.'

Carlyle's Trans ii. 272.

And Milton's *Comus*:

' *Elder Brother.*

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the midday sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.'

NOTE 152, PAGE 157.

*Thou undersign'st thyself with a small drop
Of blood!*

Goethe here follows the legend and the puppet-play. See Scheible's *Moster*, b. ii. s. 329, and Simrock's *Puffenspiel*, act ii. sc. 1.

The earliest instance of a compact with the Devil is that of

S. Cyprian of Antioch, in the third century A.D., whose story Calderon took as the subject of his *Il Magico Prodigioso*, several scenes from which have been translated by Shelley. S. Cyprian, however, was a heathen at the time when he signed the bond.

The first *Christian* who entered into such a league with the fiend was S. Theophilus, a deacon of the church at Adana in Cilicia (500-550 A.D.). 'On his earnest prayer to the Holy Virgin, we are told, he at last got the fatal manuscript back again, at the sight of which he was seized with horror and consternation.'—*Ennemoser's Hist. of Magic*, Howitt's Trans. ii. 142-3.

The legend of Theophilus was the parent of many other similar stories which were current in the middle ages. See Düntzer, *Erläuterung*, ss. 4 and 5.

NOTE 153, PAGE 157.

*I'm despised
By the Great Spirit.*

That is, the Earth-spirit (p. 106).

NOTE 154, PAGE 157.

*Nature shuts herself
Against my search.*

See page 113 :

'Ye instruments, forsooth ye mock at me,
.
.
.
Mysterious ever in the garish day,
Nature will not be rifled of her veil,' &c.

NOTE 155, PAGE 157.

The threads of thought are snapt. So Hayward, Filmore, and Taylor, &c. Or it may be '*The web of thought is rent,*' as Anster and Miss Swanwick and others, viz. Faust's system of philosophy.

If the former be the interpretation, compare Job xvii. 11 : 'My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart.' And Tennyson's *Lucretius*, speaking of the philtre which Lucilia gave him to win back his love—how it

'Confused the chemic labour of his blood,
And tickling the brute brain within the man's

Made havoc among those tender cells, and check'd
His power to shape : be loathed himself, &c.

Macmillan's Magazine, May 1868.

NOTE 156, PAGE 157.

Long have I loathed all knowledge. Faust begins his complaint with a misology, pp. 101 and 102.

NOTE 157, PAGE 157.

Only in restlessness doth man his course fulfil. Schopenhauer again is quite of Faust's opinion here. 'The fullest enjoyment,' says he, 'of his (man's) existence consists in the conquest of obstacles, whether of a material or a mental nature ; to combat them and to overcome them are the conditions of felicity. If all such opportunity be wanting to him, he creates it as best he may, if only to put an end to the intolerable state of rest.'—Strauss, *The Old Faith and the New*, pt. ii. p. 32.

The mistake here lies in putting a part of truth for the whole. Action is one of the conditions of happiness, not of course the only one. Peace is a far more essential condition. Compare, too, Cowper's *Task*, 'The Sofa :

'By ceaseless action all that is subsists ;'

that is, by energy (*ἐνεργεία*). But Faust further mistakes mere restlessness for energy.

NOTE 158, PAGE 158.

Inspiriting disappointment. 'Every want or impediment stimulates us to activity, to which we should otherwise not feel inclined.'—Goethe's *Autobiog.* i. 393.

NOTE 159, PAGE 158.

All that Humanity participates. It has been already noticed that the *Fragment of 1790*, after breaking off at the first lines of Faust's second monologue—'And is rejoiced if he but find earth-worms'—recommenced here. Faust, in his desire to absorb all human feelings in himself, expresses the very essence of selfishness.

Compare with this the opposite ideal of sympathy so beautifully described by Coleridge, in contrast with the commoner forms of selfishness :

'A sordid solitary thing,
'Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart,
Through courts and cities the smooth savage roams,

Feeling himself, his own low self, the whole ;
 When he by sacred sympathy might make
 The whole one self ! self, that no alien knows !
 Self, far diffused as Fancy's wing can travel !
 Self, spreading still ! Oblivious of its own,
 Yet all of all possessing ! This is Faith !
 This the Messiah's destined victory !'

Religious Musings.

NOTE 160, PAGE 158.

O credit me, &c. Mephistopheles, as a true devil, had had full experience of the 'old leaven' of selfishness, and knew it to be 'bitter fare.' Such a whole, he impiously says, was made but for a God alone. 'He dwells in an eternal blaze of light,' but man must have an alternation of self-interest and sympathy, just as to him are 'day and night appportioned.' Then he continues ironically: 'If you want a tutor, take a poet for your companion, who is an adept at reconciling contradictions such as you desire to experience.'

There is a passage in Goethe's *Autobiography* (i. 302) which seems to bear out the view above given of the double action of man's nature in regard to self and others: 'Enough,' he says, 'if it only be acknowledged that we find ourselves in a condition which, even if it seems to drag us down and oppress us, yet gives us opportunity, nay even makes it our duty, to raise ourselves up, and to fulfil the purposes of the God-head in this manner, that while we are compelled on the one hand to concentrate [inself] ourselves (*uns zu verselbsten*), we, on the other hand, do not omit to expand [unself] ourselves (*uns zu entselbstigen*) in regular pulsation.' Herein the Positivist motto, 'Amem te plusquam me, nec me nisi propter te,' if taken strictly, runs into excess, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out (*Sociology*, p. 201): 'The rational dictate is—*live for self and others*;' so that the Christian precept to 'love one's neighbour as oneself' represents the true mean after all.

NOTE 161, PAGE 160.

*A carle who speculates
 Is like a beast upon a barren heath.'*

Carle (*Kerl*), Saxon *Cheurl*, English *Churl*.

'The mastiff, ill-condition'd carl.'

Wordsworth, *The Waggoner*.

The word is used by Scott too: 'wrinkled carles and odious hags.' (*Demonology*, p. 174.)

Compare Burton, *Anat. of Melancholy*: 'They (persons who indulge in solitude and reverie) are ever musing, melancholising, and carried along as he (they say) that is led round about a heath with a puck in the night.'

Compare Eccl. ii. 24.

NOTE 162, PAGE 162.

*And, for his insatiety, shall float
Vands and drinks, &c.*

Compare the punishment of Tantalus:

'Next, suffering grievous torments, I beheld
Tantalus; in a pool he stood, his chin
Wash'd by the wave; thirst-parch'd he seem'd, but found
Nought to assuage his thirst; for when he bow'd
His hoary head, and strove to drink, the flood
Vanish'd absorb'd, and at his feet adust
The soil appear'd, dried instant by the gods.
Tall trees, fruit-laden, with inflected heads
Stoop'd to him, pears, pomegranates, apples bright,
The luscious fig, and unctuous olive smooth;
Which when with sudden grasp he would have seized,
Winds whirl'd them high into the dusky clouds.'

'The offence of Tantalus was insatiable greediness; for not contented to banquet with the gods himself, he also stole their nectar and ambrosia, and gave them to his companions.'—Hom. *Odyssey*, xi. 581-591, Cowper's Translation, ll. 710-721, and note by Barnes and Clarke.

NOTE 163, PAGE 162.

A student enters. This scene reminds one of a little practical joke which Goethe in his student days played off on Höpfer, the professor of law at Giessen. See *Autobiog.* i. 475. 'Arrived at the end of my journey,' Goethe says, 'I looked out for Höpfer's residence, and knocked at his study. When he had cried out "Come in!" I modestly appeared before him as a student, who was going home from the universities, and wished on his way to become acquainted with the most worthy men. For his questions as to my more intimate circumstances I was prepared; I made up a plausible, prosaic tale, with which he seemed satisfied, and

as I gave myself out for a jurist, I did not come off badly ; for I well knew his merits in this department, and also that he was occupied with natural law. Conversation, however, sometimes came to a stand, and it seemed as if he were looking for a Stambuch,* or for me to take my leave.'

NOTE 164, PAGES 162 and 163.

I fain would learn some useful knowledge here, and I fain would be right learn'd, &c. Like M. Jourdain, the Bourgeois Gentilhomme in Molière's play, act ii. sc. 6 :

'*Le Maître de Philosophie.* Que voulez-vous apprendre ?

'*M. Jourdain.* Tout ce que je pourrai, car j'ai toutes les envies du monde d'être savant ; et j'enrage que mon père et ma mère ne m'aient pas bien fait étudier dans toutes les sciences quand j'étais jeune.'

The Maître de Philosophie also, as Mephistopheles here, begins with logic :

'*M. de P.* Par où vous plaît-il que nous commençons ? Voulez-vous que je vous apprenne la logique ?'

Of his lectures at Leipzig, Goethe says : 'At first I attended my lectures assiduously and faithfully. In the logic it seemed strange to me that I had so to tear asunder, isolate, and, as it were, destroy these operations of the mind, which I had performed with the greatest ease from my youth upwards, and this in order to see into the right use of them. Of the thing itself, of the world, and of God, I thought I knew about as much as the professor himself, and in more places than one the affair seemed to come into a tremendous strait.'—*Autobiog.* i. 208.

NOTE 165, PAGE 164.

Spanish boots. These were instruments of torture, or wooden cases in the shape of boots, into which wedges were driven, till the legs of the victim were compressed into the smallest possible compass. Compare the old Scottish boot described in *Old Mortality*, ii. 406-408, 48 vol. ed.

NOTE 166, PAGE 164.

But weavers still they never have become. This is to expect too much of logic. In so far as it is merely analytical, it cannot be ex-

* 'A "Stambuch" is a sort of album for autographs and short contributions.'—*Translator's note.*

pected to be synthetical and make men weavers—that is, producers—either as scientific discoverers, or still less even as poets and artists.

NOTE 167, PAGE 165.

*He who would seek to know and to describe
A living thing, &c.*

In his latter days Goethe fully recognised the value of Chemistry: 'She can,' he said, 'it is true, only divide (analyse), but she furnishes us with the means of comparing the dead organism with the living, the separate with the connected parts, . . . and reveals to us the depths of Nature more than any other course of study and investigation.' See Duntzer's *Erläuterung*, Notes, s. 253.

In a letter to Wackenroder, Professor of Chemistry at Jena, dated January 21, 1832, Goethe says: 'Although we must be ready to allow Nature her secret *Encheiresis*, whereby she creates and sustains life; and though, without being mystics, we must at last admit that there is a something undiscoverable, still, if we are in earnest, we cannot help trying to confine this undiscoverable [residuum] within the narrowest limits, so that we may feel content to give up the search, as after something which it is impossible to reach.'

Encheiresis (ἐγχείρησις, handling, mode of treatment, *Galén.*) Lid. and Scott, *Gr. Lex.*

The Positivist definition of life, adopted by Comte from De Blainville, is 'the double interior motion, general and continuous, of composition and decomposition.'—*Pos. Phil.* by H. Martineau, i. 362.

Goethe, however, was thinking of the metaphysical idea of life, as a 'living principle,' which of course is undiscoverable, like every other metaphysical entity.

NOTE 168, PAGE 165.

A pompous word will serve you well instead. Duntzer says that this is an allusion to the Wolfian philosophy, which was in vogue when Goethe was at Leipzig, and which, as Kant showed, put nominal definitions in place of real ones, or those derived from a knowledge of the things themselves. (See *Erläuterung*, s. 254.)

NOTE 169, PAGE 166.

Be sure you write away as zealously, &c. Compare Goethe at Leipzig: 'My stubborn industry in writing down the lectures at first was paralysed by degrees, for I found it excessively tedious to pen down

once more that which, partly by question, partly by answer, I had repeated with my father often enough to retain it for ever in my memory.'—*Autobiog.* i. 208, and *ib.* p. 244.

NOTE 170, PAGE 166.

To Jurisprudence I cannot apply. Goethe himself was originally destined by his father for 'the law,' but, as might be imagined, he had little inclination for it. Nevertheless, he went through the requisite studies, although in a somewhat desultory manner, both at Leipzig and Strasburg. See his *Autobiog.* i. 308–309. 'I pursued jurisprudence with as much diligence as was required to take my degree with some credit.'—*Ibid.* p. 389. And he even wrote a 'disputation' for his degree which both satisfied his father and gained him some κῶδος in the university (1771, æt. 22). See *ibid.* i. 407.

Even after his return to Frankfort, he tells us that he 'applied a good part of the day, according to his father's wish, in the duties of an advocate, for the practice of which he happened to find an excellent opportunity.'—*Ib.* p. 492.

NOTE 171, PAGE 166.

*Reason at last becomes
Nonsense, &c.*

Comp. the Duke of Alva's speech in *Egmont* (Bohn's ed. p. 376): 'What is permanent in this world? And shall the constitution of a state alone remain unchanged? Must not every relation alter in the course of time, and an ancient constitution become the source of a thousand evils because not adapted to the present condition of the people?' And *Autob.* i. 309.

NOTE 172, PAGE 167.

*And generally, indeed,
Stick to the word!*

'At the Reformation we are at another stage of the human mind, in which system and logic and the abstractions of Aristotle have a kind of necessary force, when words have so completely taken the place of things, that the minutest distinctions appear to have an intrinsic value.'—Jowett, 'On Righteousness by Faith,' in *Thess. Gal. and Rom.* ii. 528.

Of the scholastic logic, Professor Jowett says: 'Around theology

it lingers still, seeming reluctant to quit a territory which is peculiarly its own. No science is equally unwilling to ask the meaning of terms.'—*Ib.* p. 524.

And again, speaking of the word 'Inspiration,' he says: 'Almost all Christians agree in the word. . . . But here the agreement ends; the meaning of inspiration has been variously explained, or more often passed over in silence,' &c. And then he adds: 'The advice has indeed been given to the theologian that he "should take care of words and leave things to themselves;" the authority, however, who gives the advice is not good—it is placed by Goethe in the mouth of Mephistopheles. Pascal seriously charges the Jesuits with acting on a similar maxim.

'Instead of this,' Mr. Jowett continues, 'errors about words, and the attribution to words themselves of an excessive importance (*Thess. Gal.* &c. vol. ii, p. 499, 'Law,' &c.), lie at the root of theological as of other confusions.'—*Essays and Reviews*, 'Interpretation of Scripture,' p. 344. Compare too, on the other hand, Coleridge, *Aids to Reflection*, vol. i. pp. 30 and 31, on the importance of distinguishing between the different senses of a word.

NOTE 173, PAGE 167.

Would you please say

A weighty word or two on Medicine?

Goethe himself, when at Strasburg, had a strong penchant for medical studies. 'Most of my fellow-boarders,' he writes, 'were medical students. These, as is well known, are the only students who zealously converse about their science and profession even out of the hours of study. This lies in the nature of the case. The objects of their endeavours are the most obvious to the senses, and at the same time the highest, the most simple, and the most complicated. Medicine employ the whole man, for it occupies itself with the whole man,' &c.—*Autob.* i. 309-10.

And again: 'Medicine charmed me, because it showed Nature, if it did not unfold it on every side; and to this I was attached by intercourse and habit.'—*Ibid.* i. 389.

And: 'Another faculty (than Jurisprudence, viz. Medicine) had completely carried me away.'—*Ib.* p. 408.

NOTE 174, PAGE 168.

You study through the great and little world. That is, the macrocosm and the microcosm, or Nature and Man.

NOTE 175, PAGE 168.

To take all liberties, or to all familiar privileges. (*Zum Willkomm tapft ihr dann nach allen Siebensachen.*) *Seine sieben Sachen* = 'his bag and baggage,' so here it means to deal with the person and all her belongings. Professor Blackie says that it is a phrase taken from the 'seven liberal arts, which comprehended all knowledge in the middle ages.'

NOTE 176, PAGE 169.

And one moreover sees the *Where* and *How*. That is, all particulars. The phrase is perhaps derived from the categories of Aristotle and the Schoolmen: 'Ubi, Quando, Habitus,' &c. Goethe uses it again in *Wilhelm Meister*: "'Are not you," continued he (Friedrich) to Wilhelm, "curious about the how and where, the when and wherefore? and how it stands," &c.' (Carlyle's *Trans.* ii. 318.) And again: 'She (the nut-brown maid) is happy, you tell us, by her own activity and merit. But the youth would like to learn the *How*, the *When*, and the *Where*.' (*Ibid.* iii. 135.)

NOTE 177, PAGE 169.

Eritis sicut Deus, &c. The verse was probably suggested by that in the *Puppenspiel* which Faust repeats to himself when he is about to take Mephistopheles into his service:

'What can I wish more?—even God himself
Cannot have more. "*Eritis sicut Deus.*"'

Simrock's ed. act ii. sc. 1.

NOTE 178, PAGE 170.

We'll see the little first, then the great world. That is, first the little world of Leipzig with its individual interests, and afterwards the greater world of courts and states and public affairs—which Faust sees in the Second Part.

NOTE 179, PAGE 171.

We only spread the mantle out. The legend relates how Faust conveyed three young counts on his mantle to assist at the wedding of the King of Bavaria's son at Munich. (Scheible, *Kloster*, b. ii. ss. 1017 and 483.) In the *Puppenspiel*, too, Mephistopheles carries Faust on his mantle to the court of the Duke of Parma. (Simrock's ed.

s. 163.) The *Miracle, Art, and Wonder Book* gives complete directions for performing 'Dr. Faust's mantle-journey.' See Scheible, *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 894. Le Diable Boiteux uses the same means of conveying Don Cleophas to the top of San Salvador in Madrid: 'Seigneur Zambullo, dit-il (Asmodée) ensuite à l'Ecolier, sauvons-nous au plus vite ; prenez le bout de mon manteau, et ne craignez rien.'

NOTE 180, PAGE 171.

A little firewind, which I will prepare. (Feuerluft.) This is an allusion to air-balloons, invented by Montgolfier in 1782. The invention followed almost immediately on the discovery by Cavendish in 1770 of the lighter specific gravity of gas as compared with atmospheric air.

Balloons were soon introduced into Germany, and Goethe himself was much interested in experimenting with them. See his letters of the time quoted by Duntzer, *Erläuterung*, s. 259, notes.

NOTE 181, PAGE 171.

Goethe, at various times, sketched other plans, and even wrote some whole passages for his *Faust* which were omitted in the published editions. These 'Paralipomena' were collected and published in the standard German edition of Goethe's *Works* in 40 vols., 1827-1830, Stuttgart u. Tübingen. They are introduced by Duntzer in his very complete *Explanation* at the points in the poem to which, as he conjectured, they belong. Mr. Taylor is the first English translator who has given them to the world. See notes to his *Translation*.

The first of these omitted passages may have been intended to come in here, or perhaps still earlier, after Mephistopheles, having presented himself to Faust in the habit of a young nobleman, advises him to 'array himself in similar attire.' The passage runs :

'Externally well furnish'd so you be,
All will throng round you most admiringly.
He who's without some spice of vanity
Had better hang himself at once, and die.'

The second fragment may either follow this, or, more probably, may belong to the present scene, and is an answer to Faust's plea of diffidence and awkwardness in society.

'Just look at me :— see how one should appear
Before the world. I come agreeably dress'd,
All hearts incline towards me ; then I smile,
And everyone smiles answeringly.

You too, like me, must learn to trust yourself ;
 And think that something must be ventured too :
 The ladies even sometimes pardon us,
 If, with good grace, we waive o'ermuch respect ;
 No magic wand, no mandrake is required ;
 Good humour is the genuine sorcery.
 So I'm in harmony with everyone,
 Then no offence is given, that I see.
 So quick to work ! nor longer dally here ;
 Long preparations are what most I fear.'

The plan of a 'Disputation' scene, with one or two finished passages, was also found among the 'Paralipomena,' and was probably meant to come in between the scene with the student and that in Auerbach's Cellar.

'DISPUTATION.

Semi-chorus—Second semi-chorus—Tutti of the students expressing the situation—the crowd, the surging, the streaming in and out.

Students (within).

Come let us out ! We've had nothing to eat.
 The orator, he may meat and drink forget ;
 The auditor nevertheless grows faint.

Student (without).

Come let us in ! We have just left our feed.
 The convict's* given us meat enough indeed ;
 But let us in—we would digest it now—
 Wine's what we want, and here is spirit, we know.

Wagner as opponent—passes a compliment—single voices—Rector to the Beadle—the Beadles command silence. Travelling Scholar (Mephistopheles) enters—abuses the assembly—Chorus of students—Half—Whole—abuses the respondent—The latter declines.

Travelling Scholar.

Go out ! Come in ! And no one stirs a jot !
 Why on the doorstep make ye such ado ?

* The convict or convictorium (= Oxford 'commons') was a common table at which the students were supplied with dinner free, but without wine.

Room there outside ! Let those within come out,
Then occupy their empty places you !

Faust accepts the challenge—rebukes his swaggering. Desires him to particularise. Mephistopheles complies, but immediately begins praising the vagabond life and the experience it affords.

Semi-chorus.

Student.

He is of the travelling tribe ;
He blusters, yet he's right.

Faust. Unfavourable picture of the vagabond.

Semi-chorus.

Mephistopheles. Knowledge which the schoolmen are wanting in

Mephistopheles.

Who speaks of doubts ? let's hear it then.
Whoso will doubt must not teach men.
Whoso would teach must speak out plain.

Faust. Γνώθι σεαυτόν in a good sense.

Challenges the opponent to propose any questions from his experience, which Faust will answer.

Mephistopheles. Glaciers—Bolognese fire*—Fata morgana †—Beast-Man.

Faust. Counter-question. Where is the creative mirror? ‡

Mephistopheles. Compliment. The answer another time.

Faust. Conclusion—Dismissal.

Chorus as majority and minority of the audience.

Wagner's anxiety lest the spirits should utter what the man believed himself to say.

Mephistopheles.

And, once for all, I pray ye note—
The weightiest of sayings this :

* Something like 'Greek fire.'

† An aerial mirror (*Luftspiegelung*); the *mirage* of the Desert.

‡ 'Perhaps some scholastic or magico-cabalistic speculation.' (Düntzer.) Query if the macrocosm or 'mirror of eternal truth' alluded to by Faust in his second monologue (Trans. p. 111).

No mystery's in whole numbers, but
A great one in the fractions lies.'

NOTE 182, PAGE 171.

Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig. This scene, which formed part of the original 'Fragment' of 1790, was probably written in September 1775. Auerbach's Cellar is now a celebrated restaurant and wine-cellar, underneath Auerbach's Hof, one of the oldest houses in Leipzig, but rebuilt 1530-38. It is situated in one of the principal streets, called the *Grimmasche Strasse*, immediately opposite to the *Rathhaus* (Guildhall). Here are to be seen the famous wall pictures, before mentioned, representing Faust riding out of the cellar on a wine-cask, and entertaining a party of students and musicians at a feast. The story itself, 'How Faust presented the students with a cask of wine,' is first found in the Widman legend. See Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. ss. 498-9.

The scene here is derived partly from incidents furnished by the legend—in which, however, Faust, and not Mephistopheles, is the principal actor—and partly, of course, from Goethe's recollections of his own student days.

For an account of his life at Leipzig see *Autobiography*, i. 20-288.

Speaking of the students at Giessen (near Wetzlar), in 1772, Goethe says: 'Merck' (in some respects the type of Mephistopheles) 'was a deadly enemy to them, as at that time, at Giessen, they took delight in the greatest rudeness. For me they were well enough; I could have used them as masks for one of my carnival plays, but with him the sight of them by day, and their noise by night, destroyed every sort of good humour.'—*Autobiog.* i. 481.

NOTE 183, PAGE 171.

Frosch. Of the four students, Frosch (Frog) is the liveliest and most boisterous. Brander has most pretension to refinement and experience of life. Siebel, who is bald-headed and stout, is the eldest and the leader of the party; while Altunayer, who is least prominent, appears to be the youngest.

NOTE 184, PAGE 172.

With open breast sing Runda. 'Runda,' Duntzer says, means a drinking song, so called from the chorus 'Runda,' as in a song of Simon Dach's (d. 1656):

‘Lass mich ein gut
Runda dinella spielen.’

Let me play a good runda dinella.

The complete refrain used to run :

‘Runda, runda, runda, runda dinella.’

(See Duntzer's *Erläuterung*, s. 264, notes, and the discussion there.)

NOTE 185, PAGE 173.

A frothy song! psha! A political song! Brander here expresses Goethe's own general aversion to politics, but especially to their introduction in poetry. This peeps out again in the ‘Prelude in the Theatre,’ in the lines :

‘Others their heads full of the journal come ;
And these, I reckon, are the worst of all.’

His dislike to politics was owing partly to his nature, in which the artist predominated, and partly, too, no doubt, to his being a member of a little insignificant state instead of a great nation.

NOTE 186, PAGE 173.

Sends up the scale. (*Den Ausschlag giebt* : literally, gives the *out-stroke*, i.e. sends out the ‘tongue’ of the balance.) The quality meant is, of course, a strong head for drinking.

NOTE 187, PAGE 173.

Rise, Lady Nightingale. The nightingale was the bird of Love, and was supposed to carry messages between lovers. She appears very frequently in the songs of the Minnesingers, the erotic poets of the eleventh century.

A popular ballad entitled ‘Love's Message’ (*Liebe's Botschaft*), 1639, begins :

‘Schwing dich auf, Frau Nachtigall, geschwinde !
Vor meines Liebchen Fensterlein dich finde,
Sing ihm das Lied, welches ohne Beschwerden
Wir erdacht, mein'm Schatz zu Ruhm und Ehren.’

Erlach, iii. 107, f

Rise, Lady Nightingale, and flit
I'p to my lover's window-sill ;

Sing him the ditty I have writ,
Withouten toil, his fame to tell.

A verse of another, called 'Love's Wish,' runs :

'Lady Nightingale, Lady Nightingale,
Bid, a thousand times, my lover hail.'
Erlach, iv. 150, f. See Düntzer's *Erläuterung*, s. 265.

NOTE 188, PAGE 174.

*A kobold be her lover! let him play
And crack his jests with her at the cross-roads.*

See Note 116. The point where two or more roads crossed was a favourite spot for the meetings of witches and spectres. The origin of this, as of many other superstitions, seems to be Jewish, or at least oriental. Even in Ezekiel (xxi. 21) we read: 'For the King of Babylon stood at the parting of the way, at the head of the two ways, to use divination.' Faust chose such a spot for his first conjuration of the Devil. See the *Spiess-Buch* in Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. ss. 306-7.

The *Clavicula Solomonis*, cap. 7, mentions such 'cross-roads' as peculiarly favourable for the citation of spirits. See Reichardt, *Geistereich*, b. i. s. 556.

NOTE 189, PAGE 174.

There once was a rat in a cellar-nest. This song is Goethe's own, and, like the rest of the scene, was probably written in September 1775, when he was passionately in love with 'Lili.'

In one of his letters, dated September 17 of that year, just after he had parted from her, he writes: 'The day has passed tolerably, yet very heavily. When I rose I felt pretty well, and composed a scene for my *Faust*.' Then he adds: 'I felt all the while like a rat which has swallowed poison; she runs to every hole, sips at every puddle, swallows everything eatable that comes in her way, while her bowels are all the while consumed with a raging unquenchable fire.' See Düntzer, *Erläuterung*, s. 76.

NOTE 190, PAGE 174.

Just like old Doctor Luther. This allusion to Luther is said to have given offence to some persons, so that Tieck, when he produced the play at Dresden, felt it necessary to alter the verse into—

‘Es war eine Ratt’ in Kellernest,
 Lebte nur von Butter und Kase (cheese),
 Hatte sich ein Ranzlein angemast,
 Wie der gelehrteste *Chinese*.’

NOTE 191, PAGE 176.

Leipzig for me! It is a little Paris. In his *Autobiography* (i. 212), after noticing the peculiarities of other German universities, Jena, Halle, &c., Goethe says: ‘In Leipzig, on the contrary, a student could scarcely be anything else than polite, if he wished to stand on any good footing with the rich, well-bred, and punctilious inhabitants.’ And, *ibid.* p. 213: ‘For the student of any wealth and standing had every reason to show himself attentive to the mercantile class, and to be the more solicitous about the proper external forms, as the “colony” (Leipzig) exhibited a model of French manners.’

NOTE 192, PAGE 177.

Mountebanks. Itinerant quack-doctors were so called in Faust’s time. Compare *Othello*, act i. sc. 3:

‘By spells and medicines bought of *mountebanks*.’

NOTE 193, PAGE 178.

You’re only just arrived from Rippach perhaps? Rippach is the first village or little post-town out of Leipzig, on the Weimar road; and Hans (short for Johann=Jack) von Rippach was a name for a loutish, awkward sort of fellow. Mephistopheles, therefore, by speaking of Frosch and his friends as *cousins* of Hans von Rippach, shows that he understands the innuendo.

NOTE 194, PAGE 179.

*There once was a king
 Who had a big flea.*

This, too, is an original song of Goethe’s, and is supposed to have been intended as a satire upon court favourites in general, who, when raised to high rank, often give themselves airs, and make themselves obnoxious to the older and more legitimate aristocracy of the country.

Mr. Hayward says: ‘A favourite at the court of Weimar is said to

be alluded to. "Bertuch, the father," says Falk, "who was treasurer to the Duke, used in aftertimes to speak with great glee of a singular head in the accounts which he had to submit in those days. It consisted almost entirely of breeches, waistcoats, shoes and stockings for German literati, who were wandering within the gates of Weimar, slenderly provided with those articles." This song was set to music by Beethoven.—Hayward's *Trans.* notes, pp. 189-90.

NOTE 195, PAGE 181.

Yet dare they not nip them, &c. The following couplet occurs in Goethe's *Autobiography*, ii. 44 :

'This trouble at the court you catch,
That where you itch, you must not scratch.'

The chorus, which nips and scratches the fleas, must mean the general public, who are not under the same restraint as the courtiers.

NOTE 196, PAGE 182.

*I would give
These worthy folk some of our cellar's best.*

The trick of drawing wine from the table is related in the Widman legend as having been performed by Faust at Erfurt. 'A party being seated at supper there,' the story runs, 'and one of them happening to express a wish that Dr. Faustus were among them, he suddenly appeared at the door, having ridden all the way from Prague (upwards of 150 miles) upon a magic horse. Taking his seat at the table, Faust began joking, and asked if they would not like to try a foreign wine or two, and whether it should be Malvasier (Malaga or Malvasia), Spanish or French; to which they answered, laughing, that they were all good. Faust then asked for a ginlet, and began to bore holes in the sides of the table and stop them with plugs. He next bade them bring him a couple of large glasses, and, as he drew out one plug after another, the various wines immediately gushed into the glasses; whereat the guests wondered and laughed, and were very merry, and drank the precious wine with infinite satisfaction.'—Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 513.

NOTE 197, PAGE 184.

A genuine German can't endure the French. The reference here is not to a political, but a literary, antagonism. The national hatred

between Germany and France did not begin till after the oppression of the former by Napoleon in 1813.

The revival of a German national literature, which commenced with Lessing and Klopstock in Goethe's youth, led to a violent reaction against the previously existing French taste, which had prevailed under the influence of Voltaire, and had been rendered all the more bitter to the Germans by the patronage of their own sovereign, Frederick the Great, and his court. See Taylor's *Trans.* i. 309, note. Goethe himself, however, seems very fairly to have acknowledged the obligations which Germany was under to French literature; e.g. in *Wilhelm Meister*, when Aurelia expresses her violent hatred of all things French, even of the very language, Wilhelm replies: 'How can you be hostile to a language to which we Germans are indebted for the greater part of our accomplishments; to which we must become indebted still more, if our national qualities are ever to assume their proper form?'—Carlyle's *Trans.* ii. 72-3.

NOTE 198, PAGE 187.

He seizes Siebel by the nose. The first mention of a trick similar to the one in the text occurs in Lercheimer's *Christlich Bedenken*, &c. 1586. (See Introduction, p. 14.)

'This reminds me,' says Lercheimer, 'of a companion of mine at the court of H. (Heidelberg?) who once played off a curious and impudent joke—I know not whether he had been provoked—on some of his guests; wherein is to be observed a peculiar power of the Devil. The company, when they had finished supper, desired [their host], as they had come expressly for that purpose, to show some magic sport for their amusement. Accordingly he immediately caused to grow upon the table a vine with ripe clusters of grapes hanging before their eyes. Then he bade each of them take his knife, and with one hand seize a cluster, and with the other place his knife on the stalk ready to cut it off, but on no account to do so. Then he goes out of the room for a little while, and on his return he finds his guests sitting still, and each holding his own nose with his knife upon it. If they had cut, they would have cut off their own noses.'

This story was copied, almost word for word, into the oldest Faust legend, or *Spies-Buch*, and the trick is attributed to Faust. It is omitted by Widman (as also by Christian Meynenden), but occurs again, with some variations, in a work by Philip Camerarius, entitled *Operæ horarum subcisivarum centuria prima*, 1602; whence it was copied by Neumann into his *Disquisitio de Fausto*, 1683. From one or

another of these sources Goethe must have derived the trick which he here attributes to Mephistopheles.

NOTE 199, PAGE 190.

Witch's Kitchen. This scene was written, as before noticed, in the garden of the Villa Borghese at Rome, in March 1788. There is no foundation for it in the legend. Its object obviously is to carry on the plot by offering further temptations to Faust—viz. to lasciviousness, through the vision of woman in the mirror, and the witch's philtre, &c. —and so preparing him for the seduction of Margaret. Sundry German commentators have been misled into fancying that there was a profound mystical meaning underlying the whole scene; but Goethe himself has entirely dispelled such a notion by what he said to Falk. 'For thirty years they (the Germans) have been sorely vexed and tormented in spirit by the broomstick on the Blocksberg, and the cats' dialogue in the witch's kitchen, which occur in *Faust*; and all the interpreting and allegorising of this dramatic-humoristic extravaganza have never thoroughly prospered. Really people should learn when they are young to make and take a joke, and to throw away scraps as scraps.'—Hayward's *Trans.* p. 190.

The picture of the Witch's Kitchen is, of course, drawn from imagination. Compare the Witch's Cave in *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1.

The title-page to L. Lavater's curious work, *De spectris, lemuriibus, et magicis et insolitis fragoribus, variisque presagitionibus*, 1570, is adorned with a very fine engraving of a witch's kitchen.

Compare Retzsch's outlines to Goethe's *Faust*, also Cornelius's, Kreling's, and other illustrations.

Mr. Hayward says, Retzsch himself told him that Meerkatze was the common little long-tailed monkey. The word is used in a German translation of *Lear*, act i. sc. 2, Edmund's speech: 'Eine unvergleichliche Ausflucht für einen Hurenjäger, seinen Meerkatzen-Trieb den Sternen zur Last zu legen'—'An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star!' (Hayward's *Trans.* p. 190.)

NOTE 200, PAGE 190.

Some thirty years off from my wither'd frame. Faust's age in the first scene, only a few days before, is represented as comparatively young, since he has been teaching only ten years, and but just been made a doctor, while, if the number here is to be taken literally, he must be supposed to be at least fifty. The discrepancy is probably due,

as Duntzer says, to the length of the interval (1774-1788) between the composition of the two scenes.

The irony of Mephistopheles is nowhere more conspicuous than in this scene, e.g. in his recommending Faust to try a simple country life; his allusion to the popular superstition concerning Devil's bridges; the usual character of witches; the general spread of culture; the decay of belief in the 'Christian' Devil without any corresponding advantage to morality; the licentiousness of the aristocracy; the unintelligible nature of Church dogmas; &c.

NOTE 201, PAGE 193.

Beggar-soup (*Bettelsuppen*). Goethe, in a letter to Schiller in 1797, describes a commonplace literary work of the day as a 'Beggar's dish' (*Bettelsuppe*), such as the public enjoyed. The allusion here, therefore, may be taken to be to the shallow literature of the time, especially that of a poetic kind, which nevertheless was highly esteemed by the public. The jingling doggerel of the monkeys is intended as a caricature of such senseless sham poetry.

NOTE 202, PAGE 194.

Look thro' the sieve! The terms *κοσκινομαντεία* and *κοσκινόμαντις*, 'divination and diviner by the sieve,' are as old as Theocritus, iii. 31, fl. B.C. 382. In mediæval times this method of divination was used to discover criminals guilty of theft, murder, &c.

The sieve was held up between the middle fingers of each hand, or between the middle fingers of two persons on either side. Some magical words were then repeated, and the names of suspected persons called out, when at the mention of the guilty party the sieve would begin to swing round. (Duntzer, *Erl.* s. 278.)

Professor Blackie gives a story from Campanella, *De sensu rerum*, of some boys who had lost a cloak, and, in order to discover the thief, hung up a sieve on a peg, and began repeating a number of names, until they came to 'Flavius,' upon which the sieve instantly swung round. See notes to Blackie's Trans. of Goethe's *Faust*.

NOTE 203, PAGE 195.

The whisk. (*Wedel*: literally, 'tail' or 'brush'.)

R. Meldegg calls it a 'fly-brush' (*Fliegenwedel*). (Scheible's *Kloster*, b. xi. s. 486.)

Siebert, too, in his illustrations to Goethe's *Faust*, represents it as a featherbush ; Retzsch as a fan or hand-screen.

NOTE 204, PAGE 195.

Faust [*who has been standing before a mirror*]. Divination by a mirror or crystal has been before referred to. See Note 88. It is mentioned in the Widman version of the legend as one of the accomplishments of Faust, which he learned from Christoff Hayllinger, a celebrated crystal-seer. (Scheible's *Kloster*, h. ii. s. 301; also s. 568.)

The figure which Faust sees is neither Helen of Greece nor Margaret, but an ideal representation of woman.

One is reminded of Goethe's admiration of the human form, that 'masterpiece of Nature,' as he calls it in one of his letters from Switzerland (1799). See *Autobio.* ii. 181.

NOTE 205, PAGE 195.

The quintessence of all the heavens themselves (*Den Inbegriff von allen Himmeln*). Compare *As You Like It*, act iii. sc. 2:

'*Celia.*

But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.'

NOTE 206, PAGE 196.

*With sweat and with blood
The crown to lime.*

An ironical allusion to the history of many a crown which has been won or retained by bloodshed. The rest of the verses sung by the monkeys are, as before, a caricature of the senseless jingling poetry of the day.

NOTE 207, PAGE 197.

The Witch (*Die Hexe*; Saxon, *Hexe*; English, *Hag*). Haxa was the name of the chief prophetess among the ancient German tribes, whence came *Hexe*, witch. Sir Walter Scott says: 'The word "Haxa"'

is still used in Scotland, in its sense of a Druidess or chief priestess, to distinguish the places where such females exercised their ritual."—*Letters on Demonology, &c.*, p. 101, Family Lib. ed.

The following account from Menzel's *Witch Prosecutions*, cap. 496, quoted by Captain Knox in his translation of *Faust*, gives a fair idea of the powers and character popularly ascribed to witches in the Middle Age: 'The accursed woman can raise storms, kill from a distance, occasion sickness by a look, brew love-potions, kindle unnatural hate and love, &c., by the help of the Devil. She learned the art from another woman, who either had introduced her to the Devil in the shape of a sweetheart, generally as a youth, or from whom she had received the witch-ointment. She strips herself, anoints herself with the ointment, seizes a broom, distaff, spit, he-goat, or oven-fork, cat, &c. &c., mounts it, calls out, "Out, above, and towards nowhere!" and proceeds through the chimney-pot to the great witches' Sabbath on the Blocksberg in the Walpurgis Night.'

NOTE 208, PAGE 198.

Still

*I see no horse's hoof; and where too are
Your pair of ravens?*

'The best known marks of the Devil are the cloven hoof, the goat's beard, the cock's feather, and the ox's tail.'—Ennemoser, *Hist. of Magic*, Howitt's Trans. ii. 153.

The Devil often appears in German legends in the form of a horse, so that, when he comes in shape of a man, he retains the horse's hoof. (Simrock, *Mythologie*, s. 80; quoted by Duntzer, *Erläuterung*, s. 281.)

The two ravens were no doubt derived from those of Odin. 'Odin's constant attendants, which used to bring him news of all events, were two ravens, Hugin (Thought) and Munin (Memory).'—Simrock, s. 63. *Ibid.* s. 281.

In the *Puffenspiel* a raven ('Mercurius') brings the compact in his bill. *Faust's Miracle, Art, and Wonder Book* is called also the 'Black Raven,' and a figure of the bird forms the frontispiece to the work. See Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 852.

NOTE 209, PAGE 198.

The northern phantom's no more to be seen. 'From this it will appear that there were originals enough in the mythology of the Goths as well as Celts (e.g. Odin, the Gaelic Ourisk, &c.), to furnish the

modern attributes ascribed to Satan in later times, when the object of painter or poet was to display him in his true form, and with all his terrors.'—Scott's *Dem. and Witchcraft*, p. 116.

NOTE 210, PAGE 199.

To see the younker Satan here again. Satan is also frequently called the 'Bachelor,' and was supposed to appear in the form of a handsome youth wearing a cock's feather in his cap, and amorously disposed towards the witches.

In making Mephistopheles abjure the name of Satan, Goethe is referring, of course, to his own time, and not to that of Faust, when the belief in Satan and a multitude of devils was very real and practical. 'The old German catechisms from Luther's time downwards were generally adorned with a frontispiece representing the Devil with all his appendages.'—Hayward's *Trans.* p. 191.

In Goethe's days, on the contrary, Kant in philosophy, and Schleiermacher in theology, had already denied the existence of a personal Devil.

The names 'Lord Baron' and 'Cavalier' are in allusion to the licentiousness of the upper classes in the period preceding the French Revolution (regency of Duke of Orleans and Louis XV., 1715-1774).

NOTE 211, PAGE 201.

Once one's one. A name for the multiplication table, from its old beginning, 'Once one's one.'

NOTE 212, PAGE 202.

*By three
And one, and one and three, Error, instead
Of Truth, to propagate and spread.*

Mephistopheles here expresses Goethe's disbelief in Trinitarianism.

Referring to his earlier days, he said to Eckermann in 1824: 'In religious, scientific, and political matters I generally brought trouble upon myself, because I was no hypocrite, and had the courage to express what I felt. I believed in God and in Nature, and in the triumph of good over evil; but this was not enough for pious souls. I was also to believe that three was one, and one three; but that conflicted with the sense of truth in my soul; besides, I did not perceive that I was in the least helped by such a belief.' See Düntzer's *Erläuterung*, s. 281.

Compare his *Autobiography*, ii. 18, where Goethe blames Baselow for his inconsiderate attacks on this doctrine, which he there calls 'a universally admitted mystery.'

The allusion, however, is not confined to the dogma of the Trinity, but extends generally to a whole class of mystico-alechemical works, in which, at one time, Goethe had been much interested. As to one of these, Welling's *Opus Mago-Cabalisticum*, he says that, with all his study, 'the book still remained dark and unintelligible enough, except that one at last studied oneself into a certain terminology, and, by using it according to one's own fancy, believed that one was at any rate saying, if not understanding, something.'—*Autobiog.* i. 292-3.

Elsewhere he remarks: 'Such books, with their unending monotony, like a constant clatter of bells, tended rather to produce delirium than devotion.'—Duntzer, *Erläuterung*, s. 284.

NOTE 213, PAGE 202.

*The high power
Of knowledge.*

The witch here unwittingly utters a profound truth which has often been recognised.

Goethe himself has remarked that the deepest insight into things is given, and not acquired :

'Ja, das ist das rechte Gleis,
Dass man nicht weiss,
Was man denkt,
Wenn man denkt ;
Alles ist als wie geschenkt.'

Yes, that's the right way ;
One can never say
What one thinks,
If he thinks ;
All is as it were given.

Duntzer, *Erläuterung*, s. 285.

Compare R. Browning, *Paracelsus*, pp. 71, 72 :

'Watch narrowly
The demonstration of a truth—its birth,
And you trace back the effluence to its spring
And source within us ;
And men have oft-grown old among their books,

To die case-harden'd in their ignorance,
 Whose careless youth had promised what long years
 Of unremitted labour ne'er perform'd ;
 While contrary, it has chanced some idle day
 To autumn loiterers, just as fancy-free
 As the midges in the sun, gives birth at last
 To Truth, produced mysteriously as cape
 Of cloud grown out of the invisible air.'

So, too, Wordsworth calls a child

'Mighty prophet ! Seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find.'

Intimations of Immortality.

And again :

'Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
 Of things for ever speaking,
 That nothing of itself will come,
 But we must still be seeking?'

Expostulation and Reply.

Compare also *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2 (Clarendon Press series), where the same truth is noticed in regard to practical life :

Hamlet. 'Rashly,
 And praised be rashness for it, let us know,
 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
 When our deep plots do pall ; and that should teach us
 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will.'

Also Matt. xi. 25, Luke x. 21, and 1 Cor. i. 19-29.

NOTE 214, PAGE 204.

A street. This, and the series of scenes in which Margaret is present—with the exception of that with Valentine, and the 'Forest and Cavern' scene—were written in the spring of 1775, when Goethe was passionately in love with 'Lili,' and had just been obliged to part from her. The lady called 'Lili,' whose full name was Anna Elizabeth Schönemann, was the daughter of a wealthy banker of Frankfurt. The story of Goethe's attachment to her may be found in his *Autobiography* (vol. ii. pp. 71, 72, 79, 80, 91-93, and 147), and in Mr. Lewes's *Life of Goethe*. The character of Margaret, however, is not taken from 'Lili,' but chiefly, it would seem, from a girl of the

same name, a Gretchen, into whose company Goethe was accidentally thrown when a boy (æet. 14-15) through acquaintance with her brothers at Frankfort. She was his first love. (See *Autobiog.* vol. i. pp. 137-140, 163, 164, 172-74, 176-84, and *Lewes's Life*.) Other traits in the character of Margaret were perhaps taken from Frederika Brion, the daughter of a country clergyman, the vicar of Sesenheim, near Strasburg, and Charlotte Buff, the 'Charlotte' of Werther, who afterwards was married to Kestner, the secretary to the Hanoverian legation at Wetzlar. (See *Autobiog.* vol. i. pp. 367-74, 397-407, 471, 472, 482, 483, 516, and *Lewes's Life of Goethe*.) These probably furnished the chief characteristics, although Margaret is undoubtedly a distinct ideal creation.

The notion of introducing a Margaret into the *Faust* may perhaps have been originally suggested by Christian Meynenden's version of the legend (published in 1728), in which there figures 'a poor young girl, an apprentice to a small tradesman, who would not allow anything to Faust out of wedlock.'—Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 96.

NOTE 215, PAGE 206.

Master Praiseworthy (*Magister Lobesan*). A name for a pharisaically virtuous, or 'rigidly righteous, unco guid' individual. The name occurs in a satirical poem by one Neumeister (d. 1624), entitled *The Creation. M. in German, Magister Lobesan*. (Duntzer, *Erl.* s. 288, note.)

NOTE 216, PAGE 207.

With all sorts of Brimborium. Brimborium is a Latinised form of the French *brimborion*, a trifle. It occurs in Molière's *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, sc. 4 :

'*Gorgibus*. Ces pendardes-là, avec leur pommade, out, je pense, envie de me ruiner. Je ne vois partout que blancs d'œufs, lait virginal, et mille autres *brimborions* que je ne connais point.'

NOTE 217, PAGE 207.

Full many a foreign history doth teach. (*Welsche Geschichte* : literally, Italian, alluding perhaps especially to the *Decameron* of Boccaccio and other Italian novels.)

NOTE 218, PAGE 208.

And hundreds of long-buried treasure-stores. The 'travelling scholars' pretended to be treasure-finders. (Duntzer, *Erläuterung*, s. 8.)

In the Widman legend, Faust discovers a treasure near an old ruined chapel, which was guarded by a monstrous dragon. (Scheible, *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 581.)

NOTE 219, PAGE 209.

A neat little chamber. 'We feel a joy in entering even a cleanly house, though it may be tasteless in its structure and its decorations; because it shows us the presence of a person cultivated in at least one sense.' (*Wilhelm Meister*, Carlyle's Trans. ii. 143.) This scene was hastily supposed by Byron to have been imitated from the 'bed-chamber' scene in *Cymbeline*, act ii. sc. 2, to which, however, it bears but a very superficial resemblance. Mr. Hayward, with a slightly greater degree of truth, remarks that there is 'some analogy between it and that in *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, pt. i. lett. 54, though Faust's feelings in his mistress's chamber are very different from St. Preux's.' (Hayward's *Trans.* Notes, p. 163.) The fact, however, is that the whole scene is peculiarly Goethe's own creation. The sentiments which he puts into the mouth of Faust may be found in other of his writings, as the *Meister*, where Wilhelm speaks of what he conceived to be the natural vocation of woman, viz. the management of the house: "'It is very strange," cried he (Lothario), "that men are blamed for their proceeding here: they have placed woman on the highest station she is capable of occupying. And where is there any station higher than the ordering of the house? While the husband has to vex himself with outward matters—wealth to gather, perhaps to take part in the administration of the state, &c.—. . . a reasonable housewife is actually governing in the interior of her family,'" &c.—*Wilhelm Meister*, Carlyle's Trans. ii. 200.

Compare, too, the character of Margaret with that of 'Charlotte,' as described by Mr. Lewes, *Life of Goethe*, p. 119: 'Her mother had died. The care of the house and children devolved upon her; she was only sixteen (about Margaret's age), yet good sense, housewifely aptitude, and patient courage carried her successfully through this task.'

Also, for the circumstances here described, see Goethe's own account of his first introduction to the Margaret of his boyhood (*Autob.* i. 137, 138): 'On our arrival the table had already been neatly and orderly covered, and sufficient wine had been put on. . . . As there was, however, a want of wine at last, one of them (Margaret's brothers) called for the maid; but instead of the maid there came in a girl of uncommon, and, when one saw her with all around her, of incredible beauty.' This was Margaret—she goes to fetch some wine. Goethe then describes the impression she made on him, and continues: 'The form of that girl followed me from that moment on every path;

it was the first durable impression which a female being had made upon me; and as I could find no pretext to see her at home, and would not seek one, I went to church for love of her, and soon traced out where she sat. Thus, during the long Protestant service, I gazed my fill at her. When the congregation left the church, I did not venture to accost her, much less to accompany her, and was perfectly delighted if she seemed to have remarked me and to have returned my greeting with a nod.'—*Autobiog.* i. 137-8.

NOTE 220, PAGE 210.

And thou! what has brought thee here? The contrast between the thought of Margaret's innocence and goodness and his own selfish passion produces a feeling of shame and remorse in *Faust*.

Compare Iachimo in *Cymbeline*, act ii. sc. 2:

'I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.'

NOTE 221, PAGE 212.

There was a king in Thule. This song was written in 1774 and recited by Goethe to his friend Fritz Jacobi one evening at Cologne. See *Autobiog.* ii. 25. It was first published in 1782, in a collection of national and other songs, with an accompaniment for the piano by S. F. von Seekendorf. See Düntzer, *Erläuterung*, ss. 293, 294.

NOTE 222, PAGE 215.

Heavenly manna. Alluding to Exod. xvi. 14-15; Numb. xi. 7-9; Ps. lxxviii. 24, 25; and Rev. ii. 17: 'To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna.'

NOTE 223, PAGE 215.

A gift-horse even is something worth. According to the proverb: 'Geschenktem Gaul sieh nicht in's Maul; nimm's, die Haut ist dankenswerth.' (Don't look a gift-horse in the mouth; take it, the hide's worth thanking for.)—Düntzer, *Erläuterung*, s. 297, note.

NOTE 224, PAGE 217.

Be still

A Devil, only not a milkop one.

Sei Teufel doch nur nicht wie Brei. *Brei* means 'pap.' Hayward

translates this, 'Don't be a milk-and-water devil,' and probably most English translators would do the same. Duntzer and Dr. Zerfli, however, both take it as alluding to the *stiffness* of pap. 'Do not be so stiff, so thick, like porridge.' Perhaps this is the more natural. The meaning is the same in either case—'Be a thorough active, energetic devil.'

NOTE 225, PAGE 221.

Joy must have sorrow, sorrow must have joy. Boccaccio's *Decameron* has been before alluded to (NOTE 217). Compare 'Introduction' to same, p. 1: 'For as joy usually ends in sorrow, so again the end of sorrow is joy.'

NOTE 226, PAGE 221.

He lies at Padua, in St. Anthony's. S. Antonio is one of the principal churches of Padua. See Murray's *Handbook of North Italy*.

NOTE 227, PAGE 222.

What every journeyman-apprentice keeps. A German artisan is obliged, by law or usage, to pass a certain period in travelling (*Wanderjahre*), in order to perfect himself in his craft, after the conclusion of his apprenticeship (*Lehrjahre*), and before his mastership can begin. See Carlyle's Translation of *Wilhelm Meister*, Preface, vol. iii. p. xxix. note.

NOTE 228, PAGE 225.

I'd mourn for him just one chaste year. 'The law imposes on widows a year of mourning.'—*Wilhelm Meister*, Carlyle's Trans. iii. 60.

NOTE 229, PAGE 226.

I would even change rings with you myself. It is a German custom on betrothal for the intending bride and bridegroom to exchange rings. The practice is alluded to in the story of 'The Two Strange Children' in Goethe's *Elective Affinities*. (*Novels and Tales*, Bohn's ed. p. 191.)

NOTE 230, PAGE 227.

*In the mouth of two
Witnesses truth is everywhere confirm'd.*

Referring to the German law, perhaps derived from the Jewish. (Deut. xvii. 6; Matt. xviii. 16; and I Tim. v. 19.)

NOTE 231, PAGE 235.

Old bachelors are so hard to convert. Ennemoser says that the Devil was generally called the 'Bachelor.' (*Hist. of Magic*, Howitt's Trans. ii. 152.)

NOTE 232, PAGE 235.

*One's own hearth
And a good wife are gold and jewels worth.*

There is no German proverb exactly in these words. The nearest is 'Eigen Herd ist Geldes (o. Geldes) werth.' (Duntzer, *Erläuterung*, s. 306, note.)

NOTE 233, PAGE 237.

A star-flower. *Sternblume*, probably a China-aster; though any flower of the same shape—a star of Bethlehem or a daisy—would do as well. This mode of consulting Fate as to the truth of love appears to be at least as old as Theocritus (fl. B.C. 282). See *Idylls*, iii. 29.

NOTE 234, PAGE 238.

No end! no end! Faust probably remembers what he had said just before to Mephistopheles (p. 230):

'If I . . . this glow with which I am aflame
Endless, eternal, everlasting call,
Is that, forsooth, a devilish sport o' lies?'

Compare Goethe, *Autobiog.* i. 503: 'The first love, it is rightly said, is the only one; for in the second, and by the second, the highest sense of love is already lost. The conception of the eternal and infinite, which elevates and supports it, is destroyed, and it appears transient like everything else that recurs.'

NOTE 235, PAGE 241.

Was ever such a man! Compare Tennyson, *In Memoriam*:

'She knows but matters of the house,
But he, he knows a thousand things.'

NOTE 236, PAGE 242.

Forest and Cavern. This scene was probably written in Italy in 1787, or else very soon after Goethe's return to Weimar (June, 1788).

In the 'Fragment' of 1790 it is placed after Margaret's fall and the conversation with Lieschen at the well, and was, therefore, intended to exhibit Faust's remorse at having seduced her. In the finished work of 1807 it was transferred to its present position, where it serves to show the struggle that was going on in Faust's mind between his passion and his higher aspirations after knowledge and communion with Nature.

Düntzer has pointed out the probable source of this scene in an episode of Goethe's life after his separation from the Margaret of his boyhood. See *Autobiog.* i 183-4.

The circumstances which led to the discovery of this attachment, and put an end to it, were of a painful nature, and occasioned Goethe a severe illness. Upon his recovery he was placed by his father under the care of a tutor, with whom he used to spend the long summer days wandering about the woods and fields round Frankfort. In his weak, convalescent state, being a prey to hypochondriacal fancies, and imagining that he was the object of special attention to the townspeople, &c., he says:—

'I therefore drew my friend into the woods, and, while I shunned the monotonous firs, I sought those fine leafy groves, which do not, indeed, spread far in the district, but are still of sufficient extent for a poor wounded spirit to hide itself in. In the deepest recesses of the forest I had discovered a solemn spot, where the oldest oaks and beeches formed a magnificent circle, over which they flung their glorious shadows. The ground sloped slightly, and so showed off the grand old trunks to the greatest advantage. This open space was enclosed within the densest thickets, from the midst of which the grey masses of moss-covered rock peering forth formed a wall over which fell a copious cascade.

"Oh! why," exclaimed (Goethe) to his friend, "does not this glorious spot lie in some remoter wilderness? Why can we not draw a hedge around it, and, excluding it and ourselves from the world, dedicate both to Heaven? Surely there is no more beautiful worship of the Deity than that which, requiring no image, springs up spontaneously in the heart under the spell of communion with Nature!" What I then felt, he says, is still present with me; but what I said it would be impossible for me to recall.'—Düntzer, *Erläuterung*, s. 312.

NOTE 237, PAGE 242.

Spirit sublime, &c. This must refer to the Earth-spirit which had originally appeared to Faust in the fire (p. 105), and yet that

spirit, so far from granting his prayer, had rejected him with scorn (pp. 107, 112). As he says later :

‘I’m despised
By the Great Spirit. Nature shuts herself
Against my search.’

It must therefore be admitted that there is an incongruity between this and the earlier scenes, which is probably to be ascribed to the length of the interval (twelve or thirteen years) between the composition of the one and the other.

NOTE 238, PAGE 242.

*Thou grantest me into her secret breast
To look, &c.*

Goethe, it may be remarked, was one of the earliest prophets of the theory of evolution. See Darwin, *Origin of Species*, Historical Sketch, p. xvi.—a deep look into nature surely, however current doctrines may have to be modified in the future.

NOTE 239, PAGE 242.

Then mounts before my vision the clear moon. There is a passage in one of Goethe’s letters from Switzerland, dated ‘Salenche, Nov. 4, 1779, Noon,’ which this description brings to mind. ‘With break of day,’ he writes, ‘we set out on foot for Cluse, taking the road towards Balme (the Col de Balme between Chamounix and Martigny). In the valley the air was agreeably fresh; the moon, in her last quarter, rose bright before the sun, and charmed us with the sight, as being one which we do not often see. *Single light vapours rose upwards from all the chasms in the rocks. It seemed as if the morning air were awakening the young spirits, who took pleasure in meeting the sun with expanded bosoms and gilding them in his rays.*’—*Autobiog.* ii. 195.

NOTE 240, PAGE 242.

The silvern shades of a departed world. The allusion here, however, is perhaps more particularly to the heroes of Ossian, whose rhapsodies Goethe, at one time, seems greatly to have admired. Thus he makes Werther say : ‘Ossian has superseded Homer in my heart. To what a world does the illustrious bard carry me ! To wander over pathless wilds, surrounded by impetuous whirlwinds, where, *by the feeble light of the moon, we see the spirits of our ancestors*; to hear from the mountain-tops, amid the roar of torrents, their plaintive sounds issuing from deep caverns, and the sorrowful lamentations of a maiden who sighs

and expires on the mossy tomb of a warrior by whom she was adored. I meet this bard with silver hair ; he wanders in the valley, he seeks the footsteps of his fathers, and, alas ! he finds only their tombs. Then, *contemplating the pale moon* as she sinks beneath the waves of the rolling sea, *the memory* of bygone days strikes the mind of the hero,' &c.—Goethe's *Novels and Tales*, Bohn's ed. p. 316.

Compare also *ibid.* p. 340. And p. 342 : 'Oh ! from the rock and the hill, from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead ! Speak, I will not be afraid ! Whither are ye gone to rest ? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed ?'

Macpherson's *Ossian* appeared towards the close of the last century. Principal Shairp, in his *Poetic Interpretation of Nature* (p. 223), says of the work : 'Whatever men may now think of them, there cannot be a doubt but these mountain monotonies took the heart of Europe with a new emotion, and prepared it for that passion for mountains which has since possessed it.'

Along with these Ossianic forms there may have mingled too, in Goethe's mind, the ghosts of departed friends ; as he says of his Wilhelm Meister (Carlyle's *Trans.* ii, 207) : 'The full moon, enlightening a rich plain, was already up ; and in the bosom of our wanderers it awoke remembrances of similar scenes. The spirits of all dear friends hovered past him : especially the image of Lenardo rose in him so vividly that he might have fancied the man himself was standing before his eyes.'

NOTE 241, PAGE 243.

So from desire unto enjoyment, &c. Here is another slight incongruity consequent upon the transposal of the scene from its first position in the *Fragment*, after Margaret's prayer in the Zwinger, to its present place. The lines imply that her seduction had already been accomplished, which, of course, was not until after the second garden scene.

NOTE 242, PAGE 244.

Of crotchets of imagination. The word translated 'crotchets' is *Kribskrabs*, an onomatopœic word like 'cling clang,' 'zigzag,' &c., formed from *kribben* or *kribbeln*, 'to crawl,' and may perhaps be intended to describe the slow and creeping character, as it would seem to Mephistopheles, of Faust's speculations, as when he says : 'A carle who speculates is like a beast upon a barren heath, led in a circle, &c.' See p. 160.

NOTE 243, PAGE 245.

Already thou art driven away again. Compare Proverbs xiv. 32 :
'The wicked is driven away in his wickedness.'

NOTE 244, PAGE 245.

She stands at the window watching the clouds draw on. A picture this which recalls a passage in the *Autobiography* (i. 4) where Goethe is describing his childhood : 'On the second floor [of his father's house] was a room, which was called the garden-room, because they had there endeavoured to supply the want of a garden by means of a few plants placed before the window. As I grew older it was there that I made my favourite, not melancholy, but somewhat sentimental retreat. Over the gardens, beyond the city-walls and ramparts, might be seen a beautiful and fertile plain, the same which stretches towards Hochst. In the summer season I commonly learned my lessons there, and watched the thunder storms, but could never look my fill at the setting sun, which went down directly opposite my windows.'

NOTE 245, PAGE 246.

'*Were I a bird!*' so runs her song. The song referred to is given in Herder's *Volkslieder* (Popular Songs), 1779, and is called the 'Flight of Love.' (Dantzer, *Erläuterung*, s. 316, note.)

The following is a literal translation :

'Were I a bird,
And had two little wings,
How I'd fly to thee!
But, since that cannot be,
Alas! I stay here.
Far tho' I be from thee,
Sleep brings me near to thee,
And I whisper with thee.
When I awake,
Ah! lonely am I!
Not an hour of the night
But my heart is awake,
And thinking of thee;
How, a thousand times over,
Thy heart to thy lover
Thou'st given to me.'

It has been paraphrased by Coleridge and entitled 'Something childish but very natural.' It was written in Germany 1798-9, and begins :

'If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear ;
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here,' &c.

Coleridge's *Poetical Works*, 'Sibylline Leaves,' Tauchnitz ed. p. 197.

NOTE 246, PAGE 247.

*I've often envied you that sweet twin pair
That feed among the roses.*

The allusion is to the Song of Solomon, iv. 5 : 'Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.'

Milton applies the epithet '*rosy-bosom'd*' to the Hours. See *Comus*, 'The Spirit's Song.'

Compare Mr. D. G. Rossetti's beautiful poem, 'A Last Confession' (*Poems*, p. 68) :

'And as she stooped in laughing, I could see
Beneath the growing throat the breasts half-globed
Like folded lilies deepset in the stream.'

NOTE 247, PAGE 247.

What is the heavenly joy within her arms? (Was ist die Himmelsfreud' in ihren Armen?) There is certainly some ambiguity as to the meaning of this line. Translators understand it variously, e.g. 'What are the joys of heaven in her arms?' (Hayward) ; 'What were the joys of heaven, though with them blest, in her embrace?' (Dr. Anster) ; 'What ! (*sic*) in her arms are all the joys of heaven?' (Filmore) ; 'What in her arms the joys of heaven to me?' (Swanwick) ; 'Faust confesses that even the joys of heaven in her arms can never make him happy,' &c. (Dr. Zerffi). Mr. Taylor, on the other hand, translates it : 'What are, within her arms, the heavenly blisses?'—agreeing with Düntzer, who says (*Erz.* s. 318) : 'Very strangely have the words been lately understood, "Does not the joy of heaven lose all its value in her arms? for in her arms is more than the joy of heaven."' I cannot think myself that there is any reference intended to the heaven of popular theology, which Faust, as a pantheist, did not believe in. I understand the words as spoken by Faust to himself, asking 'What is the heavenly

(exquisite) joy,' &c. ? and answering, 'It is a very mixed thing. Even in her arms, as always, I feel her misery.' Then comes the thought that he had been the cause of it ; and at last, in despair, he rushes on the inevitable doom in which they are both involved.

Both this and several other single passages, as well as the whole tenor of Faust's and Mephistopheles' speeches, seem suitable if we suppose Margaret's fall to have already taken place, but not otherwise ; and we can hardly understand the reason for the transposition, unless it was that something more was wanted to fill up the space between the first and second 'garden scenes,' which before came too close together, with only Gretchen's short 'Reverie at the Spinning-wheel' between.

NOTE 248, PAGE 248.

Gretchen's Chamber.—*Gretchen* [at the spinning-wheel, alone]. So in the *Autobiography*, i. 139, we find 'Gretchen sat at the window spinning ; the mother was going to and fro.'

NOTE 249, PAGE 250.

Promise me, Henry! Margaret was probably going to ask Faust to promise something as to confession or attendance at mass, &c., when she suddenly stops short and changes the form of the sentence into a question as to her lover's general sentiments as to religion.

NOTE 250, PAGE 251.

Dost thou believe in God? The answer which Faust gives first is sceptical, and, because it does not go the length of the full and confident affirmation of the priest, Margaret mistakes it for denial. So, to set her right, Faust explains in eloquent language what his positive belief is. This amounts at most to an unsystematic and poetic species of Pantheism, which, to her simple mind, sounded very much like what she had been taught by the priest, only that it wanted a distinct expression of Christianity. As to Faust's belief, Goethe is historically correct in representing him as a pantheist, Pantheism being the creed of his class generally, e.g. of Paracelsus, Giordano Bruno, perhaps of Cornelius Agrippa, &c.

The historical source of European Pantheism may be traced to the Neo-Platonists, and thence through the Arabians (Avicenna, Averroes, &c.) to Spinoza. After the capture of Constantinople (1453) and the consequent diffusion of Greek literature, Neo-Platonism became the

philosophic rival of the old Aristotelian scholasticism, which had for centuries been supported by the Church. The new philosophy had many points of agreement with Pantheism, as in the doctrines of the sympathies and antipathies pervading all Nature, and extending even to inanimate objects (the magnet, &c.), of the influences of the stars upon human life, of the agency of spirits, of good and evil angels, &c.; and, above all, the belief in God as the universal 'Soul of the world.' The form of Pantheism here attributed to Faust, however, seems to identify the universe, material and spiritual, with Deity, rather than to regard the 'soul' as something separate and above the universe—an 'over-soul.'

The passage in the text has been said to express Goethe's own religious creed. This, however, is negatived by any fair examination of his life and works, his letters and conversations. The chief 'loci' for a study of his religious opinions are: *Autobiog.* i. 18, 19, 29-31, 104-118, 185, 232-4, 245-50, 286-7, 291, 300-1, 442-4, ii. 9, 14, 15, 26, 33, 37, 39, 63, 65, 74, 156-7, 351, 375, 383; *Wilhelm Meister*, Carlyle's Trans. iii. 121-3, 130-1; Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, pp. 69, 70, 115, 169, 171, 172-8, 259, 288, 517, 521, 559; Duntzer, *Erläuterung*, ss. 323, 325, and notes; Conversations with Eckermann and Soret, &c. Duntzer especially quotes from letters of his, written about the time when this scene was composed, in which he speaks of God as

'Das liebe Ding das sie Gott nennen.'

That dear Thing which they call God.

He also speaks of Him as 'the dear invisible Thing which leads and schools me' (*Das liebe unsichtbare Ding das mich leitet und schult*); 'The dear Thing that has laid down the plan of my journey'—expressions which certainly attribute consciousness to the 'Thing,' though they may not go the length of defining It as a 'Person.' Again, in 1781, he said to Moser's daughter: 'The love of the godlike is ever striving to represent to itself the Highest.' In 1813 he writes to his friend Jacobi: 'For my part, with the manifold directions in which my nature moves, I cannot be satisfied with a single mode of thought. As poet and artist I am a polytheist; on the other hand, as a student of Nature, I am a pantheist, and both with equal positiveness. *When I need a God for my personal nature, as a moral and spiritual man He also exists for me.* The heavenly and the earthly things are such an immense realm, that it can only be grasped by the collective intelligence of all (thinking) beings.' In 1829, at the age of eighty, he said to Eckermann: 'Dear child, what know we of the idea of the godlike? and, therefore, what can our narrow conception of the Highest express?

Though, like a Turk, I should call It by a hundred names, I should still fall far short of It, and, in comparison with Its infinite attributes, I should have said absolutely nothing.'

Upon the whole Goethe appears to attribute personality to God, but without presuming to confine His being within its limits; he never *defines* God as a Person. If we must make use of the stock terms, 'Pantheism,' 'Christianity,' &c., his belief seems always to have hovered somewhere between the one and the other, at one time partaking more of the first, at another of the second. Of one thing only we are certain, that he, if any, loved and strove after the Truth. Moreover, he was tolerant, and that too not contemptuously, but with a genuine respect for all religious creeds which endeavoured, however imperfectly, to express the Truth. As Faust says here, he 'would rob no one of his Faith, and of his Church.'

'I keep silence at many things,' he said, 'for I would not mislead men, and am well content if others can find satisfaction in what gives me offence.' (Quoted by Mr. Matthew Arnold, Preface to *Literature and Dogma*, p. vi)

Compare Goethe's conduct towards Jung Stilling and his belief in miracles (see above, Note 82, p. 351).

Compare also Jowett, *Thess. Rom. and Gal.*, 'Natural Religion,' ii. 487: 'There are two witnesses of the being of God, &c. . . . God Himself;' and a Sermon by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson (of Brighton) on Jacob, First Series, ed. 1874, pp. 45-6 and 48-9.

NOTE 251, PAGE 253.

Say it

All places do, all hearts, &c.

'As "there are so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification," so also, "there are so many kinds of worship in the world, and none of them is without signification," to Greek or Roman, German or Englishman, barbarian or Scythian. To discover the true "voice" in which to reach the mind and heart of the worshipper, the true "interpretation," by which the gift of prayer and praise, always more or less difficult to be understood by the people, can be rendered intelligible, should be the one great object of every form of worship.'—Stanley, *On Corinthians*, ed. 1858, p. 282.

And again: 'The feelings with which the most refined and exalted spirits of humanity adore the Maker of all things, the Friend of their own individual souls, can never be reduced to the level of the common worldly worshippers of everyday life.'—*Ibid.* p. 281.

NOTE 252, PAGE 256.

The monkey! is she gone? *Grasaffe*, i.e. green monkey, is Frankfort slang for a 'budding miss.' (Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, p. 276, note.)

Goethe himself used the word of 'Lili.' In a letter to Frau von Stein in 1779, he says: 'In the afternoon (September 26) I called on Lili, and found the lovely *Grasaffen* with a baby of seven weeks old, her mother standing by.'—*Ibid.* p. 276.

NOTE 253, PAGE 259.

And do church-penance in a sinner's shift. Penance used to be enforced in the Church of Rome in the sixteenth century, particularly on Ash Wednesday. See Wheatly, *On Common Prayer*, Bohn's ed. p. 220.

In the Presbyterian Church of Scotland the practice was maintained as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, as we learn from Jeanie Deans's reference to the 'cutty-stool:'

"Some thinks it's the kirk session—that is—it's the—it's the 'cutty-stool,' if your leddyship pleases," said Jeanie, looking down and curtsying.

"The what?" said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who, besides, was rather deaf.

"That's the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your leddyship," answered Jeanie, "for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command."—*Heart of Midlothian*, 48 vol. ed. xii. 391.

NOTE 254, PAGE 260.

The boys will tear her wreath, &c. If the virtue of a bride, in Margaret's class, was suspected, she was not allowed to wear a wedding-wreath; and if she ventured to do so the young people would tear it to pieces, and scatter chopped straw, instead of palm-branches, before her door. (Duntzer, *Erläuterung*, s. 329.)

NOTE 255, PAGE 261.

Zwinger. The 'Zwinger,' in a German town, is the space between the ramparts and the first line of gardens and houses within them. The word occurs several times in Goethe's *Autobiography*, i. 9, 38, and 122.

Goethe conjectures that the *Judenstadt*, or Jews' quarter, in Frankfort was probably in early times hemmed in between the walls and trenches of the town, as in a Zwinger or prison.

The word is derived from *zwingen*, to force, constrain ; hence the space between the walls and nearest houses, from its being so contracted, is called a *Zwinger*.

Margaret's prayer is founded on the well-known Catholic hymn of Jacoponus (d. 1306) :

' Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem, lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius :
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius ;'

which has become familiar to everyone through Rossini's music.

NOTE 256, PAGE 262.

Night.—*The street before Margaret's door.* This scene was written in 1800. Düntzer, somewhat curiously, objects to it as interfering with the unity of the piece, and spoiling what he calls 'the beautiful gradation' (*die schone Steigerung*) from the scene at the well, through that in the *Zwinger*, to the catastrophe in the cathedral. Not only, however, is it far from being evident that it does interrupt the gradation, which would be almost too sudden without it, but there is also a very valid reason for its introduction, since it affords an excuse in the murder of Valentine for Faust's flight to the Brocken, and enables him to prove the sincerity and strength of his affection for Margaret by returning, at the risk of his life, to the scene of the murder, in order to save her (see p. 305). Thus the scene is almost a necessary link in the plot. Besides, although there is not any 'inner and necessary connection,' as Düntzer rightly observes, between Margaret's sin and the death of her brother, yet the latter is a very natural and possible (external) consequence of her sin—one more, indeed, of the wide-spreading miserable results of it, and which deepens our sympathy with her sufferings. Lastly, it is an additional 'life-scene,' which we should be very unwilling to part with.

NOTE 257, PAGE 263.

Top! top! cling! clang! Compare *Othello*, act ii. sc. 3:

'*Iago.*

Some wine, ho ! [*Sings.*]
And let me the canakin clink, clink ;
And let me the canakin clink.'

NOTE 258, PAGE 263.

The pearl of all her sex is she. Compare Laertes' praise of his sister Ophelia :

'A sister . . .
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections.' *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 7.

And again, Laertes also of the Norman knight, Lamond :

'I know him well : he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.' *Ibid.*

NOTE 259, PAGE 263.

And now! Düntzer again remarks that Valentine's representation, both here and in his dying speech, of Margaret's fall as being generally known is in direct contradiction to the scene in the cathedral, where she would not have dared to present herself until after she had performed penance, which there is no hint that she had done. Moreover, he objects that Valentine makes no allusion, in his reproaches of Margaret, to the manner of their mother's death by her hand. The objections seem rather hypercritical, and to admit of an easy answer. In the first place, Margaret's fall may have been known only to her brother and a small circle of intimate friends, in which case she might very well enter the cathedral without having performed penance. In his first speech probably, and certainly in his curse, Valentine is speaking prospectively of consequences which he foresees will follow. Secondly, as to her mother's death, we may suppose it to have been generally believed that that was natural, the real cause being a secret, so that Valentine could not make any reference to that.

NOTE 260, PAGE 264.

Meanwhile is that the treasure rising up? &c. Alluding probably to some buried treasure, which Mephistopheles had promised to procure for Gretchen. It was a popular superstition that treasures buried in the earth rose to the surface once in seven, or sometimes only once in a hundred, years. They were generally contained in a kettle, and their presence was indicated by the appearance of a blue light. This the treasure-finder watched for, and upon seeing it he had to seize the kettle at once ; otherwise it would return to the earth for another long period. See Düntzer's *Erläuterung*, s. 335.

Hayward refers to the scene in the *Antiquary* between Sir Arthur Wardour and Douterswivel, in the ruins of St. Ruth, where it is said : 'No supernatural light burst forth from below to indicate the subterranean treasury.'—Hayward's *Trans.* p. 197.

According to the legend, Mephistophiles once showed Faust an old ruined chapel near Wittenberg, under which lay a treasure. He forthwith dug for it, but, on reaching, found it was guarded by a terrible dragon. The treasure itself appeared like 'a flaming light.' Faust exorcised the dragon, which crept away into a hole, but the treasure itself turned out after all to be only some red-hot coals. Nevertheless Faust took these home, and his faith was rewarded by finding them turn into gold and silver to an amount, says the legend, which was estimated by his famulus at several thousand gulden ! (Scheible's *Kloster*, b. ii. ss. 1045 and 581.) Compare, too, Goethe's poem, 'Der Schatzgraber' (The Treasure-finder), *Gedichte*, s. 122 :

' And I saw a light afar,
Which approach'd me like a star.'

NOTE 261, PAGE 264.

Saw splendid lion-dollars in't. The lion-dollar (*Löwenthaler*) was a Dutch silver coin, stamped with the figure of a lion, = 1 thaler 3 groschen (in gold), or about 3s. 4d. English. (Düntzer, s. 335, note, and Dr. Zerffi's *Faust* with notes, 1862.)

Mr. Hayward quotes from Köhler's *Münz-Belustigungen* to the effect that it was a *Bohemian* coin. See Hayward's *Trans.* p. 197.

This is contradicted by Mr. Taylor, who says that 'lion-dollars are a Dutch coinage, and so called both from the city of Louvain (in German *Löwen* = lion), in Brabant, where they were first struck, and also from the figure of a lion on the obverse. Their value is about eighty-five cents.'—Taylor's *Trans.* i. 327.

NOTE 262, PAGE 265.

What dost thou, say? This song is an imitation, of course, as Goethe acknowledged, of Ophelia's in *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5, Campbell's ed.:

' Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime ;
And I, a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
 And dupp'd the chamuer-door ;
 Let in the maid, that out a maid
 Never departed more.

By Gis, and by Saint Charity, &c.

Schlegel, from whose translation Goethe probably took the song, has 'St. Catherine' for 'St. Charity.'

NOTE 263, PAGE 266.

Thou damn'd ratcatcher! Compare *Rom. and Jul.* act iii. sc. 1:
 'Mercutio.

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
A la stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*
 Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?']

The name is derived from the legend of the ratcatcher who charmed the children of the town of Hameln by his piping. (Erlach, iv. 45, quoted by Düntzer, s. 337, note.)

The story is thus referred to by Widman in one of his 'Reminders :'
 'Thus we read in the Saxon Chronicle that a strange piper came to Hameln, and by his playing drew a great crowd of children out of the town, and brought them to a large hole [where they disappeared], so that neither the piper nor the children were ever seen again.' Compare Goethe's own ballad of 'The Ratcatcher,' *Gedichte*, s. 123, ed. 1859, and Mr. R. Browning's poem, 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin.'

NOTE 264, PAGE 266.

Out with your fiddlestick! (*Flederwisch*, literally 'goose-wing, 'feather-broom.')

It is here used as a slang word for a rapier. Compare *Rom. and Jul.* act iii. sc. 1 :

'*Mer.* Here's my fiddlestick ; here's that shall make you dance.'

From this and other expressions it is evident that the duel scenes in *Romeo and Juliet* between Mercutio and Tybalt, and between Tybalt and Romeo, were in Goethe's recollection when he wrote this. The extent to which Goethe's mind seems to have been absolutely saturated with the spirit and language of Shakespeare shows itself again and again in scores of passages and single expressions. Many of these have been already referred to, and others will be pointed out in the sequel. In addition to those before noted may be mentioned for comparison the following :

Wagner's speech (Trans. p. 108) :

' Ah ! when in his museum one's so penn'd ; '

and Montague :

' And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out.'

Romeo and Juliet, act i. sc. 1.

Wagner (p. 111) :

' I could have gladly sat up all the night
To talk so learnedly with you ; '

and the Nurse :

' O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel : O what learning is ! '

Romeo and Juliet, act iii. sc. 3.

Faust (p. 156) :

' And shall an airy promise fetter me ? '

and the Prince :

' Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word.'

Romeo and Juliet, act i. sc. 1.

Even the correspondence between the ages of Margaret and Juliet may be remarked, as—

Faust (p. 206) :

' Yet is she over fourteen years of age ; '

Capulet :

' She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.'

Romeo and Juliet, act i. sc. 2.

and the Nurse :

' Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.' *ib.* sc. 3.

Again, Mephistopheles (p. 244) :

' Thou would'st ere now have wander'd far away (*abgesetzt*)
From this earth-ball ; '

and Bolingbroke :

' By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air.'

Richard II. act i. sc. 3.

The expression ' rich in sorrow ' (*Schmerzreiche*) in Margaret's prayer to the Virgin (p. 261) is paralleled by Romeo's ' rich in joy,' act v. sc. 1 :

' Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy ! '

Margaret's speech in the second garden scene (p. 254) :

'I feel so happy on thine arm,
So free, so unreservedly love-warm ;'

and Othello (act ii. sc. 1) :

'My soul hath her content so absolute.'

And Valentine's speech (p. 263) :

'O, I could rend my hair,
And dash my brains out in despair'
(*Und an den Wänden hinauf zu laufen !*)

with Juliet's :

'O bid me leap . . .
From off the battlements of yonder tower.'

Romeo and Juliet, act iv. sc. 1.

Such similarities might no doubt be extended much further. *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Cymbeline*, however, more especially, seem to have exercised perhaps an unconscious influence over Goethe in the composition of *Faust*. That this is not a mere fancy, but a fact, is rendered certain both by his *Autobiography* and by the elaborate criticism of *Hamlet* which he has given in the *Wilhelm Meister*. See *Autobiog.* i. 406, 427-8, 506 ; and *Wilhelm Meister*, Carlyle's Trans. i. 218-9, 241, 249-51, 281-5, 292-7 ; ii. 16-24, 26-41, 47, &c.

As to the duel scene between Faust and Valentine, Captain Knox remarks (notes to his Translation of *Faust*) that 'it is the custom in German duels for the seconds to parry, or, if broadswords are used, to guard ; hence Valentine takes Mephistopheles' interference in the encounter as a matter of course.' But surely Valentine ought to have had a second too, and his not having one would have made his death a murder instead of manslaughter in fair fight, even if his adversary's second had not been the Devil.

NOTE 265, PAGE 267.

Blood-ban (*Bluthann*). This 'is an old name for criminal jurisdiction in the general sense.'—Hayward's *Trans.* p. 197.

NOTE 266, PAGE 271.

*And beneath thy heart
Stirs there not something, &c.*

That is, a child. *Sie trägt das Pfand der Liebe unter ihrem Herzen* (She bears the pledge of love under her heart) is a common saying

in Germany. In the *Wilhelm Meister* we find Mariana saying: 'This child, *which I carry under my heart*, is thine.'—Carlyle's *Trans.* ii. 234.

Compare R. Browning, *Paracelsus* :

'Him whose heart
First beat *beneath a human heart*.'

And Tennyson, *Lover's Tale*, p. 18 :

'She that bore
Camilla close *beneath her beating heart*.'

NOTE 267, PAGE 271.

Dies iræ. This magnificent chant is attributed to Thomas of Celano, who lived in the thirteenth century. The original text, which differs to some extent from the later versions, is engraved on a marble tablet in the church of S. Francesco, in Padua (or Mantua?). It was adopted by the Roman Catholic Church as a 'Sequence' for the Requiem, or Mass for the Dead, before the year 1385. See Düntzer's *Erläuterung*, s. 340 and note, and Taylor's *Trans.* i. 329.

There is an excellent translation of it by the Earl of Rosecommon (1623-1684). This has been adopted, with some slight alterations, in the English Roman Catholic Missal, and has even formed the groundwork for some of our earlier Protestant Church hymns. In 1805, Sir Walter Scott took it as the basis for the 'Hymn for the Dead,' which he supposes the monks of Melrose to sing for the repose of the soul of Michael Scot in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; and since then it has appeared, with only one or two verbal alterations, in almost every Church Hymn Book, as an Advent Hymn. Bishop Heber chose it as a hymn for the sixth Sunday after Epiphany in a little collection by him, published about 1827.

NOTE 268, PAGE 273.

Neighbour! your smelling-flask! (*Flaschen*, i.e. *Riech-fläschen*, smelling-bottle.—Düntzer.)

The 'Fragment' of 1790 ended here.

Another passage of the 'Paralipomena' may as well be given here, although it is somewhat uncertain where it was originally meant to be introduced. The scene is :

'In the Public Street.

Mephistopheles (*loq.*)

The young lord, verily, is hard to guide ;
And yet, as an experienced governor,
Know I well how to rule the madcap youth ;

And there is nothing I delight in more.
 I let him wander at his own sweet will,
 So I but manage him, too, after mine.
 I prate away, but always leave him free ;
 If he does something too preposterous,
 Then it behoves I show my cleverness,
 Then will he be deliver'd by his hair ;
 Yet ever rectifying old, one will
 Provide occasion for new errors still.'

Düntzer would insert these lines 'a little before the Blocksberg scene,' Mr. Taylor before the first garden scene ; but there hardly seems sufficient evidence to determine the point.

NOTE 269, PAGE 273.

Walpurgis-Night. This scene was not written until 1800, though it is possible that Goethe had either it, or some similar scene, in his mind as early as 1788, when he composed 'The Witch's Kitchen,' in which he makes Mephistopheles allude to Walpurgis-Night (see p.203).

The original manuscript, dated November 5, 1800, is preserved in the Imperial Library at Berlin.

The chief object of the scene is to tempt Faust into still deeper sensuality, and so to make him forget his affection for Margaret ; and for this purpose Goethe makes use of the mediæval superstition as to the assembling of the witches under Satan on Walpurgis-Night. But, that the fanciful scene may also possess some real substance and stamina of sense, he has made it a vehicle for criticism and satire on the various forms of religion, philosophy, science, art, politics, &c. of his own day, as well as an occasion of retaliation on sundry individuals who had offended him—Lavater, Nicolai, &c.

In this, too, the poet complies with the demand of the manager in the Prologue, viz. that he will 'give enough.'

Düntzer thinks that the idea of such a scene may have been suggested by a mock-heroic poem, entitled *Die Walpurgis-Nacht*, by one Joh. F. Löwen, published in 1756, in which Faust appears on the Blocksberg.

Shelley translated a portion of the scene, as far as the 'Intermezzo,' and his translation, which seems to have been the first in English of any part of Goethe's *Faust*, appeared in a newspaper called *The Liberal*, in 1818. It is now included among his poetical works (see ed. by Mrs. Shelley, in 4 vols. 1839).

Walpurgis Night is the night between the 30th of April and the 1st

of May or Walpurgis Day, and is so named after St. Walpurgis or Walpurga, sister of St. Willibald, the first Bishop of Eichstadt in Bavaria. She went over from England with her brother in 750, and was appointed Abbess of Heidenheim in Franconia, where she died about 776 A.D. She was buried at Eichstadt. See R. Meldegg's notes to Goethe's *Faust*, in Scheible's *Kloster*, b. xi. s. 781.

Mr. Taylor says: 'The 1st of May, which was given to her in the calendar, was the ancient festival-day of the Druids, when they made sacrifices upon their sacred mountains, and kindled their May-fires. Inasmuch as their gods became devils to their Christian descendants, the superstition of a conclave of wizards, witches, and fiends on the Brocken—or Blocksberg—naturally arose, and the name of the pious Walpurgis thus became irrevocably attached to the diabolical anniversary.'—Taylor's *Trans.* i. 330.

NOTE 270, PAGE 273.

The Hartz Mountains. The range of the Hartz is the most northerly chain of hills, which comparatively may be called mountains, in Germany. It overlooks the vast post-tertiary or quaternary plain of Northern Europe, which extends for hundreds of leagues from Holland and the shores of the North Sea on the west to beyond Berlin and far away into the territories of Russia on the east. The chain is about 70 miles (English) in length by 24 miles in breadth; and the highest point is the Brocken or Blocksberg, which rises to about 3,500 feet above the sea. The view from the summit, in addition to its mere extent, is one of the most interesting in Europe, comprising, as it does, the great towns, or rather old capital cities, of Hanover, Brunswick, and Magdeburg, with the course of the Elbe, on the north, and the situations at least, if not the actual towns and universities, of Cassel, Göttingen, Weimar, Halle, and Leipzig, on the south.

Geologically, the Hartz consists mainly of Devonian, with a smaller proportion of Silurian and Carboniferous rocks. All are more or less subject to slaty cleavage, and are pierced by innumerable dykes of trap, porphyry, &c.; while two huge bosses of granite rise up conspicuously upon the northern side. The most western of these is the Brocken, which, according to Sir R. Murchison, is 'composed of two kinds of granite, which burst forth long after the slaty rocks of Carboniferous age had been accumulated.' The whole chain is surrounded by Permian, Triassic, and Cretaceous formations. It must therefore either have been an island throughout those periods, or have been elevated by subterraneous action, probably at various times, and exposed by

denudation since. See Murchison, *Siluria*, ed. 1867, pp. 318, 319, and 390, note.

The scenery of the Hartz is described as being extremely picturesque, 'the hills intersected by deep and dark ravines, watered by copious streams, and clothed with magnificent forests of pine and fir,' &c. See Heine's *Reisebilder*, translated by C. G. Leland.

Goethe, at Weimar, lived within sight of the Hartz; and he had three times ascended the Brocken before he wrote this scene. The first occasion was on December 10, 1777, when he remained for three hours on the summit. 'A bright glorious day,' he wrote in the visitors' book; 'all the world below enveloped in clouds and mist, but overhead all clear and bright. "What is man that thou art mindful of him?"'

One is reminded of Coleridge's lines on Saddleback, beginning :

'On stern Blencathra's perilous height
The winds are tyrannous and strong,
.
.
.
But oh! the sky and all its forms how quiet!
The things that seek the earth how full of noise and riot!'

The second time he ascended was in September 1783, when he passed the night on the top, and the third on September 4, 1784, when again he had 'a glorious day,' and wrote in the Brocken-Book :

'Quis cælum posset, nisi cæli munere, nosse,
Et reperire Deum, nisi qui pars ipse deorum est?'

NOTE 271, PAGE 273.

District of Schierke and Elend. These are two little villages lying to the south-east of the Brocken, on the banks of the principal tributary of the Bode, the river, or rather stream, by which the district of the Hartz is drained. Schierke lies highest, and indeed is the highest village in the range, and the point whence the ascent of the Brocken on that side is usually commenced. Elend lies a few miles lower down.

The two following lines of the 'Paralipomena' were probably intended to come in at the beginning of the 'Walpurgis Night :'

'*Faust.*

The further northward that you fare,
The plentier soot and witches are.'

NOTE 272, PAGE 274.

*How melancholy mounts th' imperfect disk
Of the red moon with her belated glow!*

Compare Wordsworth :

'With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the sky,
How silently, and with how wan a face !'

Miscellaneous Sonnets, xxiii.

NOTE 273, PAGE 275.

Faust, *Mephistopheles*, *Will-o'-the-wisp* [*singing alternately*]. Mephistopheles sings the first strophe, Will-o'-the-wisp the second, and Faust the third ; Mephistopheles again the fourth, and Faust the last.

NOTE 274, PAGE 275.

And the long rock-noses. Two conspicuous granite rocks on the roadside between Elend and Schierke are called the Snorters (*Die Schnärcher*), probably from their nasal form, as well as the sound which the wind makes round them.

NOTE 275, PAGE 276.

Owl and peewit and the dove. Compare Cowper, *Task*, 'The Sofa :

'The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.'

NOTE 276, PAGE 276.

And the fire-flies round us sport. (*Funkenwürmer*.) The word is not generally to be found in the dictionaries, but is compounded of *Funke*, spark, and *Wurm*, a worm. Düntzer, with Kreuz and Voss (see Dr. Zerffi), explains it 'glowworms.' Many English translators render it so, while others (Shelley among them) translate it 'fire-flies.' The latter appears the better word, as it would include other luminous insects besides glowworms, the female alone of which is luminous, while, at the same time, she is generally destitute of wings. In his *Autobiography*, i. 203-204, Goethe describes a similar phenomenon, which he witnessed, when a boy, on his first journey from Frankfort to Leipzig. 'At night we

were driving up a rising ground between Hanau and Gelhausen, and, although it was dark, we preferred walking to exposing ourselves to the danger and difficulty of that part of the road. All at once, in a ravine on the right-hand side of the way, I saw a sort of amphitheatre, wonderfully illuminated. In a funnel-shaped space there were innumerable little lights gleaming, ranged step-fashion one over the other, and they shone so brilliantly that the eye was dazzled. But what still more confused the sight was that they did not keep still, but jumped about here and there, as well downwards from above as *vice versa*, and in every direction. The most of them, however, remained stationary, and beamed on. It was only with the greatest reluctance that I suffered myself to be called away from this spectacle, which I could have wished to examine more closely. On interrogating the postilion, he indeed knew nothing about such a phenomenon, but said that there was in the neighbourhood an old stone quarry, the excavation of which was filled with water. Now, whether this was a pandemonium of will-o'-the-wisps, or a company of shining creatures, I will not decide.'

On a later occasion, during an excursion from Strasburg, he mentions that at night 'on the banks of the Saar, shining clouds of glowworms hovered around us, betwixt rock and thicket.'—*Ibid.* i. 365.

The late Charles Dickens, in a letter to Mr. Forster, says: 'The fire-flies at night now are miraculously splendid, making another firmament among the rocks on the sea-shore and the vines inland. They get into the bedrooms and fly about all night like beautiful little lamps.'

'A remark on this, made in my reply,' says Mr. Forster, 'elicited what follows in a letter during his (Dickens's) travel home. "Odd enough that remark of yours. I had been wondering at Rome that Juvenal (which I have been always lugging out of a bag on all occasions) never used the fire-flies for an illustration. But even now they are only partially seen; and nowhere, I believe, in such enormous numbers as on the Mediterranean coast-road between Genoa and Spezia. I will ascertain, for curiosity's sake, whether there are any at this time in Rome, or between it and the country-house of Mæcenas, on the ground of Horace's journey. I know there is a place on the French side of Genoa where they begin at a particular boundary line and are never seen beyond it.'—*Life of Dickens*, by Forster, ii. 170, and note *ad loc.*

NOTE 277, PAGE 277.

Mammon in the hills doth glow. There are no mines in the neighbourhood of Schierke and Elend, so that Goethe has used a poetic

license in placing Mammon's palace there. The picture is probably taken from the iron mines of Neukirch, near Saarbruck, which are thus described in the *Autobiography*, i. 365 : 'The spark-spitting forges played their sprightly firework towards us. We passed, in the depth of the night, the smelting-houses situated in the bottom of the valley, and were delighted with the strange half-gloom of these dens of plank, which are but dimly lighted by a little opening in the glowing furnace.'

Compare, too, the description of the Miners' Festival in *Wilhelm Meister*, Carlyle's Trans. iii. 197 : 'Our wanderer observed little flames come glimmering and wavering forth from many dells and chasms, gradually stretch themselves into lines, and roll over the summits of the mountains. Much kindlier than when a volcano opens, and its belching roar threatens whole countries with destruction, did this fair light appear, and yet by degrees it glowed with new brightness; grew stronger, broader, more continuous; glittered like a stream of stars, soft and lovely indeed, yet spreading boldly over all the scene.'

Goethe was always greatly interested in mining and mineralogy, and was for some time director of Duke Carl August's coal mines at Ilmenau.

NOTE 278, PAGE 277.

How raves the hurricane thro' the air! Hurricane (*Windsbraut*, literally Wind's bride) is the word used in Luther's translation of Acts xxvii. 14, for the '*tempestuous wind*, called "Euroclydon."'

NOTE 279, PAGE 278.

The witches to the Brocken are drawn. Ennenosser, in his *History of Magic* (Howitt's Trans., Bohn's Scient. Lib., ii. 196-7), quotes the following passage (from Menzel, 'On Witch Prosecutions') as giving one of the most complete descriptions of the proceedings at the witch assemblies : 'The devil appears as a handsome young man, wearing feathers, and amorously disposed. . . . He appoints certain days on which they (the witches) shall visit him, or he fetches them to nightly feasts, which are celebrated in the company of other devils and witches. When he fetches them, he sits before them on the staff, fire-shovel, or whatever it be on which they ride. Or he comes on a he-goat on which they mount; or they travel on horses which rise out of the earth. They find at the place of rendezvous many witches, some who have been long dead, and others ladies of station,

who are masked. Their paramours, however, are only servants of the chief devil, who, in the shape of a he-goat, with a black man's face, sits solemnly on a tall chair, or on a stone table in the middle of the circle, where all do homage to him by curtsseys and kisses. He also appoints witch-queens. Sable candles which burn between the horns of the he-goat light up the unsatisfactory meal. They there relate what mischiefs they have done, and resolve upon fresh ones. If the devil disapproves of their deeds, he chastises them. After the meal, which neither satisfies nor nourishes, the dance begins. The musician sits on a tree; his fiddle is a horse's head; his pipe is a cudgel or a cat's tail; in the dance they turn round backwards, and in the morning there are seen in the grass the intersecting traces of the hoofs of cows and goats. When the dance is over, they flog one another with flails or mangle-rollers; finally they burn the great he-goat to ashes, which are distributed among the witches as a means of mischief.'

In the speeches and songs of the witches, &c., which follow, just as in the rhymes of the monkeys in the 'Witch's Kitchen,' there is an undercurrent of ironical allusion to the poetasters, scientists, critics, and others of Goethe's own day.

The boisterous behaviour of the company has been supposed to symbolise the period of German literature which succeeded the reign of Voltairianism, and which went under the name of the 'Storm and Stress.' Of this singular phase of literary history Mr. Lewes gives the following account in his *Life of Goethe*, p. 97: 'The revolutionary movement known by the title of the *Storm and Stress* was then (1771) about to astonish Germany, and to startle all conventions, by works such as Gerstenberg's *Ugolino*, Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*, and Klinger's *Sturm und Drang* (from whence the name). The wisdom and extravagance of that age united in one stream; the masterly criticisms of Lessing, the enthusiasm for Shakespeare, the mania for Ossian and the Northern mythology, the revival of ballad literature, and imitations of Rousseau, all worked in one rebellious current against established authority. There was one universal shout for Nature. With the young, Nature seemed to be a compound of volcanoes and moonlight; her force explosion, her beauty sentiment. To be insurgent and sentimental, explosive and lachrymose, were the true signs of genius. Everything established was humdrum. Genius, abhorrent of humdrum, would neither spell correctly, nor write correctly, nor demean itself correctly. It would be *German*, lawless, rude, and natural. Lawless it was, and rude it was, but not natural, according to the nature of any reputable type.'

NOTE 280, PAGE 278.

Sir Urian is a common name for some unknown person, whom it is not desirable to mention more particularly. It is used of the Devil by Burger, b. i. s. 129, in his poem *Der Kaubgraf*. See Duntzer, *Erläuterung*, s. 350, note.

NOTE 281, PAGE 278.

The witch she —s, and —s the goat. In Aristophanic language, the witch *πέδηται*, the he-goat *κίναβρα*. (Hayward's *Trans.* p. 202.)

For the manner of travelling of the witches and sorcerers, see above, Notes 207 and 279.

Duntzer refers to the following learned authorities upon the subject (*Erläuterung*, s. 350, note):

Remigius, *De Daemonolatriâ*, i. 2, sq.

Bodinus, *De Demonomaniâ*, ii. 4.

Porta, B., *Magia Naturalis*, ii. 26.

Sprengel, *Geschichte der Arzneikunde*, iii. 359.

Soldan, s. 231.

Gorres, *Christliche Mystik*, iii. 558, ff.

Whom see, and Ennemoser's *Hist. of Magic*.

NOTE 282, PAGE 278.

Alone old Baubo cometh now. Duntzer says (s. 350), Baubo in the Greek mythology is the nurse of Demeter (Ceres), who by her shameless jesting and indecency provoked the latter to laughter, when disconsolate at the loss of her daughter Proserpine.

Goethe introduces her here as the personification of shamelessness riding upon a sow, and leading the witches just as, in the German popular superstition, Holda or Holla (= Diana) used to do. Compare Grimm, s. 887, &c.

See Smith's *Dict. of Gr. and Rom. Biogr.* art. 'Baubo,' where a similar account is given on the authority of Clement of Alexandria (*Cohort.* p. 17).

NOTE 283, PAGE 279.

Ilsestein is the main root, or rather buttress, of the Brocken on its northern side, and a favourite haunt of eagles, hawks, owls, &c. (Duntzer, *Erl.* s. 351.)

NOTE 284, PAGE 280.

For when the road runs to the house of the bad. Goethe, in 1801 said to Riemer: 'When a woman has once gone astray, she goes on blindly and recklessly to the bad, and a man, if he has wandered into evil courses, is nothing to her; for he always retains some sort of conscience, but with her mere nature has all its own way.' (Düntzer, s. 351.)

The first half of the chorus expresses this opinion, which the second half qualifies.

NOTE 285, PAGE 280.

Voices above.

Come along, come along, from Felsensee!

This voice is supposed to represent the genuine poet and artist.

NOTE 286, PAGE 280.

Voices below, on the other hand, are the art-critics, who, though especially careful to spy out and avoid faults, can never produce anything themselves; they are 'free from stain,' i.e. ultra-purists in taste but 'eternally barren' as regards production.

There is no lake of the name of 'Felsensee' on the Brocken. It is a general name (like *Felsenspalte*, rocky cleft, 'chasm wide,' below) for any rock basin or tarn.

NOTE 287, PAGE 281.

Voice [below].

I've tried,

For three hundred years, the top to gain.

This is probably Science, which for three hundred years and more since the taking of Constantinople (1453), had been advancing, but was still to some extent fettered by superstition and the pedantry of the schools, i.e. detained in the 'rocky cleft.' See Düntzer, s. 352.

NOTE 288, PAGE 281.

Half-twitch [below]. That is, the 'half-talents' in art, which can never rise above mediocrity. Comp. *Wilhelm Meister*, Carlyle's Trans. i. 8.

'Either a poem is excellent, or it should not be allowed to exist. Because each man who has no gift for producing first-rate works should entirely abstain from the pursuit of art, and seriously guard himself against every deception on that subject.' This opinion is contradicted by Meister's friend, Werner. (*Ibid.* p. 88.)

NOTE 289, PAGE 281.

With salve the witch is strong and hale. 'A feeling of flying through the air is produced especially by henbane. . . It is well known that the witches used henbane internally as a magic drink, and externally as an ointment.'—Ennemoser, Howitt's *Trans.* i. 82, who quotes from Passavant, *Investigations concerning the Magnetism of Life*, p. 244.

NOTE 290, PAGE 282.

Room! Younker Voland comes. The name Valant (feminine Valantinne, &c.) is often used by the poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries for the Devil. The original meaning of the word is probably either 'seducer' or 'Wicked One.' See Duntzer, s. 354. Others identify it with *volant*, flying.

NOTE 291, PAGE 282.

Spirit of contradiction. Reference has already been made to this title of the Devil as forming a part of what Goethe called 'the demonic influence in life.' See Introduction, p. 70, and Goethe's *Autobiog.* ii. 157-9; also *Trans.* p. 140:

'*Meph.* I am the spirit that evermore denies.'

NOTE 292, PAGE 283.

And many a riddle knotted up also. In a letter to Meyer, dated 'Weimar, July 20, 1831,' concerning the Second Part of *Faust*, Goethe says: 'If it contain problems enough (inasmuch as, like the history of man, the last solved problem ever produces a new one to solve), it will please.'—Hayward's *Trans.* Appendix, p. 225.

In the legend it will be remembered that Faust is compelled to renew the compact with Mephistophiles. (Introduction, p. 29.)

NOTE 293, PAGE 284.

With that fine-feeling face of hers, &c. Shakespeare has noticed the sensibility of the snail's horns:

' *Biron.*

Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.'

Love's Labour's Lost, act iv. sc. 3.

NOTE 294, PAGE 284.

The General is one of the old school, before the Revolution; *the Minister*, one of the legitimate monarchy of France; *the Larvenu* (Shelley calls him 'a sort of fundholder'!), one of the speculators who, having first promoted the Revolution, were afterwards afraid of the rate at which things were going. Thus the four speakers together represent the army, the state, the capitalists, and the literary men of the times preceding the French Revolution.

NOTE 295, PAGE 285.

Mephistopheles [who all at once appears very old]. Both Düntzer and Mr. Taylor think this is in mockery of the old gentlemen. It may be so; but does it not also imply that the belief in the existence of the Devil is becoming antiquated and about to die out?

NOTE 296, PAGE 286.

Lilith. Heb. *Lil*, *nocturna*, night-creature. The word first occurs in Isaiah xxxiv. 13, in the prophecy against Edom: 'The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow; the screech-owl (*Lilith*) also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest.' In the margin '*Lilith*' is translated 'night-monster,' in the Vulgate '*Lamia*,' and in Luther's version '*Kobold*.'

The Rabbins say that *Lilith* was the wife of Adam before Eve; that, because he required obedience from her, she quarrelled and left him, was changed into a devil, and became the mother of a whole race of such. She exercised a terrible fascination over youths, chiefly by the beauty of her hair. She could also destroy children, unless protected by amulets. See Düntzer, s. 358, and Hayward's *Trans. Notes*, p. 203.

Mr. D. G. Rossetti has taken *Lilith* for the subject of one of his 'Sonnets for Pictures;' and also of a poem, of weird and fascinating beauty, entitled *Eden Bower*, beginning—

' It was *Lilith* the wife of Adam;
(*Eden bower's* in flower.)

Not a drop of her blood was human,
But she was made like a soft sweet woman.'

Poems, 1872, p. 31.

NOTE 297, PAGE 288.

It had — &c. The original MS., in the Imperial Library at Berlin, contains the words here omitted. They may be found in Duntzer's *Explanation*. Their object is simply to convey an impression of the grossness and sensuality of the scene.

NOTE 298, PAGE 288.

Proktophantasmist. From *πρωκτός*, anus, and *φάντασμα*, spectrum : literally, 'rump-visionary.' The allusion is to Friedrich Nicolai, a bookseller of Berlin (b. 1733, d. 1811), who, in conjunction with Lessing and Moses Mendelssohn, brought out the *Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek*, or 'Universal German Library,' about 1765. Goethe, in his *Autobiography* (i. 513-15), says of him : 'This otherwise excellent, meritorious, and well-informed man had already (1774) begun to depreciate and oppose everything that did not accord with his own way of thinking, which, as he was of a very narrow mind, he held to be the only correct way. Against me, too, he must needs try his strength, and his pamphlet was soon in our hands.' This pamphlet was a staped parody of Goethe's *Sorrows of Werther*, in which the hero is made to shoot himself with a pistol loaded with chicken's blood ; from which says Goethe, 'no mischief, but only a very disgusting spectacle, resulted. Charlotte becomes the wife of Werther, and the whole affair ends to the satisfaction of all parties.'

Goethe replied by a little burlesque poem entitled *Nicolai at the Grave of Werther*.

Duntzer remarks of Nicolai that, after having at first rendered good service to literature, he was misled, through self-conceit and arrogance, into attacking the greatest geniuses of Germany, among them Kant, Fichte, Schlegel, Tieck, Lavater, &c. He was severely handled for this impertinence by Goethe and Schiller in the 'Xenien,' a series of satirical epigrams published in the *Musen-Almanach* for 1793. Carlyle gives a similar account of him, and says that he was generally known as an 'Arch-Philistine.' (Preface to *Specimens of German Romance*, vol. iv., quoted in *Wilhelm Meister*, vol. iii. p. xvii.)

In 1791 Nicolai was attacked with a nervous disorder, which caused him to see apparitions of persons both living and dead. The attack lasted for several weeks ; but he was at length cured by the application

of leeches to the base of the spine. Some years afterwards (1799) Nicolai thought proper to publish, in the Monthly Reports of the Scientific Academy of Berlin, a minute account of his illness and the manner of his cure. The prolixity and bad taste displayed in the account excited the ridicule of his numerous literary enemies, and afforded Goethe an opportunity of gibbeting him here in the *Faust*. Nicolai died in 1811. For a more favourable account of him see Scott's *Demonology*, &c., Family Library ed. p. 21, sq.

NOTE 299, PAGE 288.

*Have I not
Long ago demonstrated that a ghost, &c.*

Nicolai was a thorough disbeliever in the reality of ghosts. (*Ibid.*)

NOTE 300, PAGE 288.

*While others dance away,
He criticises.*

This alludes to Nicolai's captious criticisms of men far his superiors.

NOTE 301, PAGE 289.

His old mill. That is the *Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek*, and also *A Tour through Germany and Switzerland*, a very voluminous and prolix work which is again alluded to in the line below :

‘But I have always got my tour with me.’

NOTE 302, PAGE 289.

We are so wise; yet Tegel has its ghost. Tegel is the name of a small country seat, originally a hunting-lodge of the electors of Brandenburg, a few miles north-west of Berlin, and the residence, in 1857, of W. and A. von Humboldt. In 1797 the house was the scene of a remarkable ghost-story, an account of which appeared in the Berlin newspapers for the 6th November of that year. ‘Two commissions of distinguished persons set forth to investigate the character of the apparition. The first betook themselves to the house on the 13th of September 1797, waited from eleven at night till one in the morning, heard a noise, and saw nothing. The second party were more fortunate, for one of them rushed with such precipitation towards the place from whence the noise proceeded, that the ghost was under the necessity of decamping in a hurry, leaving the instruments with which he made the

noise (very clumsy contrivances) as *spolia opima* to the conquerors.'—Dr. Hitzig, quoted by Hayward, *Trans.* p. 205.

The meaning of the passage is : 'We pretend to so much wisdom, and yet believe in such a stupid ghost-story as that of Tegel.'

Mr. Taylor denies the above discovery, and quotes further, in opposition to Hitzig and Hayward, from Varnhagen von Ense's *Tagebuch* :—'Tegel is haunted, as is known : this winter the Minister (Wilhelm) von Humboldt is said to have seen his double there. The servant entered, terrified to find him sitting at his writing-desk, and confessed, in his confusion, that he had just left him lying in bed. The Minister followed the servant into his bedchamber, also saw himself lying in bed, observed the thing for a while, did not approach nearer, however, but went quietly away again. After half an hour the apparition had disappeared.' It is a question for scientific (?) spiritualists.

NOTE 303, PAGE 289.

This spirit-despotism I endure not. Nicolai was also an enemy to all kinds of spiritualism and mysticism.

NOTE 304, PAGE 289.

But I have always got my tour with me. Alluding to the work above mentioned, *A Tour through Germany &c.*, in 12 vols., into which, says Düntzer, he crammed everything that came in his way, and therefore he could add this quarrel with the spirits on the Blocksberg.

NOTE 305, PAGE 289.

And when the leeches have amused themselves. This refers to the manner in which Nicolai was cured of his malady.

NOTE 306, PAGE 290.

*There sprang
A little red mouse out of her sweet mouth.*

According to the popular superstition, a cat or a red mouse was often seen to run out of the mouth of a witch when asleep. See Grimm's *Deutsche Sagen*, 1036, and Nos. 247, 248, and 249.

NOTE 307, PAGE 291.

Of the Medusa thou hast surely heard. Medusa was one of the three Gorgons, daughters of the sea-deities Phorcys and Ceto, and

celebrated for the beauty of her locks. She, however, violated Minerva's temple, and, as a punishment, the goddess turned her locks into snakes. Henceforward she was believed to possess the power of killing and turning to stone whoever looked on her face. Perseus, son of Jupiter and Danae, and a favourite with Minerva, undertook to slay the Medusa. He cut off her head and fixed it as a trophy in the ægis of Minerva, which he had used in performing the feat. See Smith's *Dict. of Gr. and Rom. Biogr.*

NOTE 308, PAGE 291.

*It is as merry there
As in the Prater.*

Prater (*Pratum*). The Prater is the name of the Park at Vienna which was formed by Joseph II. in 1766, and dedicated to 'Humanity.' It is both a park and a 'Champs-Elysées,' containing theatres, cafes chantants, hippodromes, stages for fireworks, &c.

NOTE 309, PAGE 292.

Servibilis = Servilis, the servant of the theatre.

NOTE 310, PAGE 292.

*When I find you upon
The Blocksberg, &c.*

To wish a person at the Blocksberg was equivalent to wishing him at the devil. Hence Goethe, through Mephistopheles, expresses his pleasure at finding Dilettantism, of which he was an avowed enemy, in its right place there.

Goethe had originally intended to introduce other personages besides Nicolai on the Blocksberg, as appears from the following passages of the 'Paralipomena' which should belong to this scene :

'Mephistopheles.

The dear singer
Of Hameln, even my old friend,
The much beloved ratcatcher,
How goes it? . . .

Ratcatcher of Hameln.

Thanks, at your service, pretty well,
A sleek and plump-fed man enough,

Patron of twelve Philanthropines,
And so [perchance a little rough].'

This is Basedow, one of Goethe's early acquaintances who established a model school at Dessau, under the name of the 'Philanthropin,' which became the parent of many other similar institutions. He was a native of Haulburg (born 1723, died 1790). See *Autobiog.* ii. 18, 57.

Another fragment, which was perhaps meant for Mephistopheles when dancing with the witch, is :

'Music strike up ! A bagpipe will do here !
Like many noble fellows that I know,
We've appetite enough, but little taste, I fear.'

NOTE 311, PAGE 293.

Walturgis-Night's Dream, &c. The idea is taken, of course, from Shakespeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, especially act iv. sc. 1, in which Oberon and Titania are reconciled after their quarrel about the Indian boy.

Wieland's *Oberon*, published in 1780, also may have furnished some hints.

NOTE 312, PAGE 293.

Intermezzo. Many of the verses of this 'Intermezzo' were originally composed in 1796 for the 'Xenien,' a series of epigrams after the model of Martial's 'Xenia,' and sent by Goethe to Schiller for publication in the *Musen-Almanach* for 1797. They were omitted, however, at that time with Goethe's consent, and, having been subsequently increased to double the number, were inserted in the *Faust*. Of the original 'Xenien' Mr. Lewes says : 'The sensation produced by Pope's *Dunciad* and Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* was mild compared with the sensation produced by the "Xenien," although the wit and sarcasm of the latter is like milk and water compared with the vitriol of the *Dunciad* and the *English Bards*.'—*Life of Goethe*, p. 390.

The original 'Xenien' are all given in the *Nachträge zu Goethe's Werken*, by E. Boas (Berlin, 1859).

NOTE 313, PAGE 293.

Mieding's gallant company. Johann Martin Mieding, court decorator and theatrical manager at Weimar, was a particular favourite with Goethe, who used jestingly to call him 'The Manager of Nature.' He dedicated a little poem to his memory—'On Mieding's Death.' The carpenters, scene-shifters, &c., are called his 'sons.'

The scene reminds us of the private theatricals at Weimar during the first years of Goethe's residence there (1775-1777). The Weimar troupe was a distinguished one. 'The Duchess Amalia,' Mr. Lewes says, 'Karl August, Prince Constantine, Bode, Knebel, Einsiedel, Musæus, Seckendorf, Bertuch, and Goethe, with Corona Schroter, Kotzebue's sister Amalia, and Fraulein Göchhausen—these formed a curious strolling company, wandering from Weimar to all the palaces in the neighbourhood. . . . Their stage was soon arranged. At Ettersburg the traces are still visible of this forest stage, where, when weather permitted, the performances took place. . . . The illuminated trees, the crowd of gipsies in the wood, the dances and songs under the blue starlit heavens, while the sylvan bugle sounded from afar, made up a picture, the magic of which was never forgotten.'—Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, ed. 1864, pp. 231, 232.

NOTE 314, PAGE 293.

The Herald, following the manager, introduces the piece with a comment upon its title, 'The Golden Wedding-Feast.'

NOTE 315, PAGE 293.

Oberon, called also Auberon and Alberon, is a dwarf elf. Shakespeare took the name and story of Oberon from a romance by Huon de Bordeaux, an English translation of which had appeared in 1570. The principal source, however, of Shakespeare's elfin kingdom seems to have been the English romance of *Robin Goodfellow's Mad Pranks and Merry Jest*s, which is identified by Mr. Thoms (*Early English Romances*, i. 258) with the *Pleasant History of Friar Rush*. He is the same as Puck (Swedish *pojke*, boy), and is represented as a stout spirit—'a lob of elves' with a brown complexion, clad in a leathern gown, and carrying a besom or threshing flail. He can change his shape, and

delights in playing all sorts of mischievous pranks. See Duntzer, s. 365. Also *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 1:

‘Fairy.

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Goodfellow.’

And Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, Fam. Lib. ed. p. 181: ‘The constant attendant upon the English fairy court was the celebrated Puck or Robin Goodfellow, who to the elves acted in some measure as the jester or clown of the company.’

NOTE 316, PAGE 294.

Ariel. Hebrew = ‘Lion of the Lord.’ See 2 Sam. xxiii. 20, where it is translated in the Authorised Version, ‘two lion-like men [of Moab];’ and in the margin ‘lions of God.’ Compare Isaiah xxix. 1: ‘Woe to Ariel;’ and in the margin, ‘O Ariel, that is, “Lion of God,”’ and Ezekiel xlili. 15.

In mediæval times the name had come to be applied to an evil spirit, as e.g. in *Faust's Miracle, Art, and Wonder Book*. (Scheible, *Altester*, b. ii. s. 862.)

In the text, however, he is the same as Shakespeare's Ariel in the *Tempest*, that is, the spirit of the air, who, when delivered by the magician, Prospero, from the pine tree in which the witch Sycorax had shut him up, was ready to serve his deliverer in any way he could—

‘To answer his best pleasure, be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds,’ &c.

Further he appears as a very charming singer, ‘Come unto these yellow sands’ and ‘Where the bee sucks’ being both his songs. (*Tempest*, act i. sc. 2, and act v. sc. 1.)

NOTE 317, PAGE 294.

Titania, Duntzer says, is a name coined by Shakespeare for the Elfin Queen, from ‘Titan,’ signifying daughter of Titan, the sun; and he compares Ovid's calling Circe ‘Titanis’ (*Metam.* xiv. 14).

NOTE 318, PAGE 295.

Embryo-Spirit, or ‘spirit which is just forming itself’ = the tribe of poetasters.

NOTE 319, PAGE 295.

A little pair = probably musicians of the same calibre.

NOTE 320, PAGE 295.

Inquisitive traveller. This is Nicolai again, and alludes to his elaborate *Tour*. See above, Note 304.

NOTE 321, PAGE 295.

Oberon, the lovely god. In the French romance by Huon de Bordeaux Oberon is described as a diminutive figure, 'qui n'a que trois pieds de hauteur ; il est tout bossu, mais il a un visage angélique ; il n'y a personne sur la terre, qui, le voyant, ne prenne plaisir à le considérer, tant il est beau.' (Duntzer, s. 369, note.)

Wieland calls him '*ewig schon und ewig blühend*' (ever blooming, ever fair).

NOTE 322, PAGE 295.

Orthodox. This is supposed to refer specially to Count F. Stolberg, who had attacked Schiller's poem, 'The Gods of Greece,' calling it 'a compound of the grossest idolatry and the dreariest atheism.' Just as the ancient classical gods of Greece and Rome were regarded by the fathers of the Christian Church as devils, so, in Northern Europe, after the establishment of Christianity, the ancient deities of the people were degraded to a similar position. It appears to be an admitted law of the struggle for existence among religions, that the gods of the conquered peoples should become the demons of the conquerors. See *Lectures on Demonology*, by M. D. Conway.

NOTE 323, PAGE 296.

Northern Artist. This is probably Goethe himself—though others may no doubt be intended too—who regarded these 'phantoms of the elfin world as vague and shapeless in comparison with the perfect forms of Greek and Italian art.' Speaking of the Northern mythology as it is exhibited in the fables of the Edda and the Sagas of Resenius, Goethe says : 'All these things, worthy as I held them, I could not bring within the circle of my own poetic faculty. Nobly as they excited my imagination, they nevertheless entirely withdrew themselves from the sensuous perception, while the mythology of the Greeks, changed by the greatest artists in the world into visible, easily imagined forms, still exhibited before our eyes in abundance. Gods in general I did not allow often to appear,

because at all events they had their abode out of Nature, which I understood how to imitate. What, now, could have induced me to substitute Woden for Jupiter, and Thor for Mars, and, instead of the Southern accurately described figures, to introduce forms of mist, nay, mere verbal sounds, into my poems?'—*Autob.* i. 466, 467.

Goethe, however, refers only to the influence of Gothic mythology upon poetry, painting, and sculpture. As regards architecture, of course the case is different. There Coleridge's remark holds good, that the Gothic is 'a sublimer effort of genius than the Greek style;' it is 'infinity made imaginable.'—*Table Talk*, ed. 1851, p. 256.

NOTE 324, PAGE 296.

Purist. This and the five following stanzas contain allusions to the nudities of Greek and other statuary at which some prudish persons had taken offence. Goethe himself was an ardent admirer of the beauty of the human form, which he calls the masterpiece of Nature. (*Autobiog.* ii. 180, 181.) An excessive purism in language is also aimed at, and the Purist himself is intended, Duntzer says, for a certain Joachim H. Campe, who is represented in the 'Xenien' as a washerwoman vigorously scouring the language of the Teuton with soap and sand. Duntzer, *Erläuterung*, s. 370.

NOTE 325, PAGE 296.

Bandmaster (Capellmeister) is obliged to call the orchestra to order, as they would seem to have been distracted by the 'few words' between the old and young witch, &c.

NOTE 326, PAGE 297.

Weathercock. These weathercocks are intended for the brothers Counts von Stolberg. Goethe was introduced to them in 1775, and accompanied them into Switzerland. They were at first warm supporters of the 'Storm and Stress' revolution, and out-heroded Herod in their defiance of all conventionalities. In their eagerness to return to a state of nature, they outraged all the ordinary decencies of life; they would even bathe *in puris naturalibus* in the most public resorts. At Darmstadt and Zurich they scandalised even their own friends, as well as the inhabitants, by their proceedings. See Goethe's *Autobiog.* ii. 111, 112, 134-5. Twenty years later, however, they had become narrowly orthodox and absurdly prudish. In the 'Xenien' they are satirised as

'Centaurs who once roam'd free in the depths of poetical forests,
But soon the wild stock was converted to order and ways of religion.'

A description of them by Lavater is given in Goethe's *Autobiography*, ii. 143-7.

NOTE 327, PAGE 297.

Xenien. From ξένια (*scil.* δῶρα), 'friendly gifts given by a host to his guests.' (Lidd. and Scott, *Gr. Lex.*) See Note 312. The sting of the 'Xenien,' says Düntzer, was so sharp that they were said to owe their origin to the inspiration of the Devil. Hence the reference here to 'Satan, our papa.'

NOTE 328, PAGE 297.

Hennings. Aug. Ad. F. von Hennings was Danish Chamberlain at Plon, and editor of a journal called *The Genius of the Age*, in which he had replied to the 'Xenien,' and charged Goethe and Schiller with 'coarseness, dullness, want of courtesy, and malice.' (Düntzer, s. 372.)

NOTE 329, PAGE 297.

Musaget. Μουσάγέτης, leader of the Muses—an epithet of Apollo. (Pindar, *Fr.* 82.)

In 1798-9 Hennings brought out a journal, under the title of *Musaget*, which was intended to rival Schiller's *Musen-Almanach*, and be a companion to the *Genius of the Age*—here called *Ci-devant Genius*, in allusion to its early death. The verse assigned to the author in the text alludes to his habit of promoting his friends to a place in the German Parnassus without sufficient regard to their merits. The extent of the German Parnassus was an old joke. Even in 1830, or a little before, Mr. Hayward says, it was computed that there were no less than fourteen thousand living authors in Germany.

Compare Goethe's poem, 'Deutscher Parnass,' written in 1798, in which a perfect mob of writers is represented breaking into the sacred precincts and trampling down the flowers. The Blocksberg itself has a flat summit of about 2½ square miles, surrounded by a thick belt of firs. (Zerffi's *Faust*, p. 114.)

NOTE 330, PAGE 298.

Inquisitive traveller, i.e. Nicolai again, who at one time was so eager in his persecution of Jesuits that he got the nickname of the 'Jesuit-smeller' (*Jesuitenriecher*). (Düntzer, *Erl.* s. 373.)

NOTE 331, PAGE 298.

Crane is Lavater, the physiognomist. Goethe has described him in the *Autobiography* (ii. 13) as having 'a rather hollow chest and a slight stoop in his carriage, but otherwise a commanding presence.' Enthusiastic in his admiration of Lavater at one time, Goethe was subsequently much disappointed in him. See *Autobiog.* ii. 8-16 and 136-41. His final opinion was probably that which he gave to Eckermann in 1829. 'Lavater was a truly good man, but subject to strong delusions; the whole sole truth was not in his mind; he deceived himself and others.—This made a perfect breach between him and me. The last time I saw him was in Zurich; and he did not see me. I was coming in disguise down an avenue; seeing him approach, I stepped aside, and he passed without recognising me. He walked like a crane, and therefore figures as a crane on the Blocksberg.'—*Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Soret*, Oxford's Trans. p. 238.

NOTE 332, PAGE 298.

Worldling. (*Weltkind*, world-child, i.e. Goethe himself.) In the *Autobiography* (ii. 21, 22) he says: 'I have preserved the memory of a strange dinner at an hotel in Coblenz in some doggerel rhymes, which will perhaps stand with all their kindred in my new edition. I sat between Lavater and Basedow; the first was instructing a country parson on the mysteries of the Revelation of St. John, and the other was in vain endeavouring to prove to an obstinate dancing-master that baptism was an obsolete usage not calculated for our times. As we were going on to Cologne, I wrote in an album:

"As though to Emmaus, on their ride,
Storming they might be seen;
The prophets sat on either side,
The world-child sat between."

See also *Gedichte*, 'Diné zu Coblenz im Sommer, 1774.' He adds: 'Luckily this world-child had also a side which was turned towards the heavenly.'

NOTE 333, PAGE 298.

Dancer. This and the next stanza were first inserted in the last edition of Goethe's works, published just before his death, in 1832. They are intended to introduce the principal philosophic schools, and

religious and anti-religious or sceptical parties. The rivalry and pugnacity as well as the inelegant style of the writers are satirised by the dancer and the 'fiddler.'

NOTE 334, PAGE 299.

Fiddler (Fideler). If this is not a misprint for *Fiedler*, fiddler, who might be expected to accompany the dancer—in which sense, too, it is understood by Hayward and most other English translators—it means good or merry fellow, from *fideli*, merry, as Duntzer and also Prof. Blackie and Mr. Taylor translate it.

NOTE 335, PAGE 299.

Dogmatist represents the Wolffian or dogmatic philosophy which prevailed in Germany before the time of Kant, the prime error of which lay in assuming the truth of certain fundamental axioms which themselves required proof, as e.g. that 'all *clear* ideas are true' (Descartes), and involve the existence of things they represent—as that geometrical figures, because they can be distinctly conceived, exist; or that the idea of God, because it includes existence subjectively, therefore involves His existence objectively—on which see Mill, *Logic*, ii. 302, sq., and Lewes, *History of Philosophy* (Descartes, Kant, &c.) The dogmatic philosophy was effectually destroyed by Kant, especially in his *Critique of Pure Reason*. The natural consequences of the *Critique* were scepticism, both philosophic and religious, that is, both as to the existence of any substratum or substance underlying phenomena, and as to the so-called demonstrative proof of the 'being of a God.'

The point of the stanza is, that the dogmatist concludes from seeing devils that they, or rather *the Devil*, must exist; whereas he is only justified in concluding that he has the idea of them—that they are *subjective*, but not therefore necessarily *objective*.

NOTE 336, PAGE 299.

Idealist is the representative of Idealism, as maintained by Fichte, who asserted that we ourselves or the *I* was the creator not only of its ideas and sensations, but also of the substance to which they belonged—'an ingenious paradox,' as Mr. Lewes says, but nothing more. We naturally believe in the existence of an external world, although we can never prove it, owing to the interposition of the senses between it and ourselves. We can only *know* what our senses show us, i.e. ideas, and we can never *prove* that our senses show us the real things (*das Ding in sich*).

The Idealist here says that if he is the creator of these devils, then he is lunatic. It is said that 'when Goethe heard that a company of riotous students had collected before Fichte's house, and smashed his windows with stones, he remarked that Fichte might now convince himself, in the most disagreeable way, that it was possible for the *Not-me* to exist externally to the *Me*' (Duntzer, *Erl.* s. 376)—a species of 'fun' which was continually 'poked at' Berkeley by Dr. Johnson and others for his denial of 'Matter,' and for which Fichte was no doubt quite prepared.

NOTE 337, PAGE 299.

Realist, on the other hand, represents both the old Realism of Descartes, Spinoza, &c.—before the time of Berkeley and his Idealism—and the later Realism of Kant, between which, however, there was the vast difference that while the former *affirmed* as an axiom the latter *only postulated* the existence of Matter as the substratum of our sensations and ideas;—a postulate to which common sense and faith must always return, even after the dogma has been shown to be incapable of philosophic proof.

The Idealist here is staggered to think that these fancy-created devils should have any real substance in fact, and so feels the ground giving way under his feet.

NOTE 338, PAGE 300.

Supernaturalist. That is, the religious world, which, from the existence of devils, concludes, though somewhat illogically, as to that of good spirits too.

NOTE 339, PAGE 300.

The Sceptic, in the genuine spirit of a Voltaire, laughs at Supernaturalist's inconclusive reasoning, and compares him and his followers to the treasure-hunters who were led by a flame to their treasure; while he himself, he says, as a doubter, was in his proper place, for a sceptic was regarded as next door to a devil, just as *Teufel*, the German word for 'devil,' was the only one which rhymed with *Zweifel*, 'doubt.'

NOTE 340, PAGE 300.

Bandmaster has again to call the orchestra to order, it having been disturbed by the wrangling of the philosophers, &c. He curses the frogs and crickets as dilettanti, but more mildly reproaches the flies and midges as professors.

NOTE 341, PAGE 300.

The adroit ones. Political parties and classes of society are said to be alluded to in this and the four following stanzas. The adroit and the helpless are, respectively, those who can and who cannot easily accommodate themselves to such a total change in the government and all social relations as that from the old monarchy to the republic.

NOTE 342, PAGE 301.

Will-o'-the-wisps = *parvenus* and *nouveaux riches*, who, from the lowest condition, i.e. 'the marshes,' had risen, through the Revolution, into high places.

NOTE 343, PAGE 301.

Falling-star = the old aristocracy, which had fallen from the same cause.

NOTE 344, PAGE 301.

The heavy ones are the strong, but coarse and violent, spirits—the Iretons, &c. of our own, and the Dantons and Marats of the French Revolution.

It should be remembered that at the time when these 'Xenien' were written (1796–1800) the Revolution and its effects were everywhere visible, and fresh in the minds of all.

Puck and *Ariel* now reappear to restore the ethereal character of the 'Intermezzo,' which had been rudely interrupted, especially by the intrusion of the heavy ones. See Duntzer, ss. 376–80.

NOTE 345, PAGE 301.

Up to yonder rosery. A hill of roses was generally the abode of the elves. Compare Wieland's *Oberon*, where the Elfin-palace stands in the midst of a grove surrounded by wild rose trees. Also Milton's *Comus*, sub fin. :

'Spirit,

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie

.
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,' &c.

M. Varnhagen von Ense told Mr. Hayward that many more verses were originally composed for the 'Intermezzo.' If this was the case, we

cannot regret their omission. The 'Intermezzo' itself is an interruption of the drama, and the only way in which it can be connected at all with Faust is, as Duntzer suggests, as providing a subtler means of distraction to his mind, after the coarse sensuality of the witches' carnival had proved ineffectual.

The following passages of the 'Paralipomena,' which Duntzer conjectures were written about 1797-99, show that Goethe had then intended a different treatment of the scene on the Brocken.

As they have been already given in the German standard edition of Goethe's *Works* (b. xxxiv. 321, ff.), and also by Duntzer (s. 381, sq.) and Mr. Taylor, they cannot be withheld here; but it is surely doubtful whether Goethe ever intended them to see the light, and at all events they add nothing to his fame. The scene is:

'THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

A Higher Region.

After the 'Intermezzo'—Solitude—Desert—Blasts of trumpets—Lightning—Thunder above—Pillars of fire—Vapour of smoke—Rock projecting out of it—Is Satan—Great crowd round—Interruption—Pressing through the mist—Hurts—Shrieks—Sing—They [Faust and Mephistopheles] stand in the innermost circle—Heat scarcely bearable—Who stands next in the circle—Satan's speech—Presentations—Investitures (Beleihungen)—Midnight—Sinking of the apparition—Volcano—Disorderly dispersion—Breaking up and storming away.

SUMMIT OF THE BROCKEN.

Satan on his throne—Great crowd round—Faust and Mephistopheles in the innermost circle.

Satan (speaking from his throne).

The she-goats to left,
The he-goats to right,
The she-goats have sniff'd
The he-goats with delight;
And if even the he-goats
Still ranker should be,
Yet scarce could the she-goats
Go without the he.

Chorus.

Down, down on your faces,
And worship your lord!

He teaches his people,
 Give ear to his word ;
 Attend to his preaching,
 He'll show you the ground
 Of the endless existence
 Of Nature profound.

Satan (turning to the right).

For you are there two things,
 Both glorious and grand,
 The glittering gold,

 The one can procure,
 And the other enjoy.
 Then O fortunate, sure,
 Who both can employ !

A Voice.

What, what said the Master ?
 Too far in the rear,
 The words of his precious speech
 Fail'd I to hear.
 Still dark to my mind
 Is the glorious ground
 Of the endless existence
 Of Nature profound.

Satan (turning to the left).

For you are there two things
 Of glory untold

 And the glittering gold,
 Then learn, all ye women,
 In gold to delight.

Chorus.

Down, down on your faces
 Before the great lord !
 O happy who nigh is
 And heareth his word !

A Voice.

I stand in the distance,
 And straining endeavour
 To hear, but there's many a word
 Lost to me for ever.
 Who'll expound to me clearly,
 Who'll show me the ground
 Of the endless existence
 Of Nature profound?

Mephistopheles (to a young maiden).

Why weepst thou, my pretty dear?
 Tears are out of season here.
 Hast thou been rudely push'd i' the crowd?

Maiden.

Ah, no! but the Master talks so odd,
 Of gold
 And all seem so delighted, but
 'Tis only the great perhaps understand.

Mephistopheles.

Come, come, my pretty one, weep not so!
 Would'st thou the Devil's meaning know?
 Then

Satan (speaking plainly).

Ye maidens, who're standing
 All in our midst here,
 On besoms you've all of you
 Ridden, 'tis clear.

*Separate audiences.**Master of the Ceremonies.*

.

X.

And could I but attain unto that bliss,
 All-unrestrain'd within thy realm to revel,
 Albeit from birth a democrat, I'd kiss
 Most gratefully thy claws, thou God of Evil.

Master of the Ceremonies.

The claws ! Well, that's enough perhaps to begin ;
But more than that thou must prepare to do.

X.

What else demands the ritual of sin ?

X.

Satan.

Vassal, thou'rt approvèd now ;
A million souls I grant to thee.
Whoso can laud the devil as thou
Will ne'er lack powers of flattery.'

A second scene, or rather plan of a scene, is :

' ANOTHER PART OF THE BROCKEN.

A Lower Region.

*Vision of a gibbet—Crowd—They climb a tree—Speeches of the people—
On glowing soil—The idol naked—The hands behind the back.*

Hymn.

Where floweth free hot human blood,
The reek thereof for magic's good ;
The grey- and black-robed brotherhood
For new works gather hardihood.
What hints at blood is our delight,
What sheddeth blood for us is right ;
Round fire and blood we'll ramp and rout,
In fire shall blood flow gushing out.
The harlot winks, the sign is good ;
The drunkard drinks, that hints at blood ;
The glance, the drink, the fire's begun,
The dagger's drawn, the deed is done.
One bloodstream ne'er alone doth flow ;
A thousand rills run thereunto.
From place to place they whirl and wind ;
The first stream draws the rest behind.

The head falls off ; the blood gushes out and extinguishes the fire.

Night, uproar, chattering of devil's changelings (Kielkröpfe). Thereby Faust gains experience.'

There is a huge block of stone on the Blocksberg, called the witches' altar, upon which it was believed that the witches offered up newborn infants in sacrifice. (Düntzer, s. 283.)

Changelings (*Kielkröpfe*) are demon-children, which the witches were believed to substitute for natural children. (Düntzer, s. 384, note.)

Immediately after the above scene, we find the following passages of the 'Paralipomena,' which must either belong to the 'Walpurgis-Night,' or have been intended to fill up the gap between it and the prison scene—a gap of which Goethe was fully sensible, and which he made various attempts to supply.

The first passage looks like an answer to the speech of Faust in the early part of the 'Walpurgis-Night' (Note 271).

'Mephistopheles,

Soot and witches would we leave,
Southward must our pennon wave;
Yet, friend, thou must thyself prepare
To dwell with priests and scorpions there.'

Düntzer thinks that by 'southward' Goethe means South Germany. Mr. Taylor, on the other hand, supposes Rome, whither Faust is carried in the old legend.

The next lines seem to be spoken by Faust upon his journey south:

'O soft breeze, blow to meet me,
Blow to me from the south!
O healthsome breeze, I greet thee,
As in the days of youth.'

Then come two verses which seem to be part of a conversation between Faust and Mephistopheles.

'A HIGHWAY.

A cross by the roadside: to the right an old castle on a hill; in the distance a peasant's cottage.

Faust.

What is't, Mephisto? why dost haste so fast,
And why before the cross thine eyes downcast?

Mephistopheles.

A prejudice it is, I know full well,
But say no more; I hate it worse than Hell!

The last of these fragments is a speech of Mephistopheles, which Duntzer conjectures to belong to this conversation :

‘ None now to question dare essay
If of my race I am ashamed ;
For if they ever “ devil ” say,
They think ’tis something good they’ve named.’

The whole conversation was probably written before January 1789, as Moritz, a German author (see *Autob.* and *Travels*, ii. 368, 372, 381-4) with whom Goethe became acquainted in Italy, and who stayed with him at Weimar in the beginning of that year, says that he had heard him repeat them, and was surprised not to find them in the ‘ Fragment ’ of 1790. (See Duntzer, s. 386.)

NOTE 346, PAGE 303.

A gloomy day. In passing from the ‘ Intermezzo ’ on Walpurgis-Night to the next scene, a question naturally occurs—how long is the interval between the two supposed to be? Goethe has left the reader to mark the divisions of time for himself. The first scene opens on Easter-Eve, and the action seems to be confined to a few days until the first meeting of Faust with Margaret. The next hint of the progress of time we come to is the Walpurgis-Night (April 30), but this cannot be the one next following the first Easter, as the Evil Spirit in the Cathedral reminds Margaret of her pregnancy in the words: ‘ And beneath thy heart stirs there not something even now?’ &c. We must therefore suppose more than a year to have elapsed between the opening of the play and the Walpurgis-Night. Now again, in the present scene, Margaret is described as having been ‘ *long* a wanderer over the earth,’ while Faust is only shown to us for a single night upon the Brocken. The remainder of the time we must suppose him to have been passing with Mephistopheles ‘ in tasteless dissipations,’ from which he suddenly awakes to the discovery of Margaret’s history and her imprisonment. The transition, however, from the ‘ Intermezzo ’ to the ‘ Prison scene ’ is obviously too abrupt. Goethe, we are told, made several attempts to fill up the gap, but, not succeeding to his satisfaction, he preferred to leave it as it stood, imperfectly bridged over by this and the next scene.

It is disputed at what time the present scene was written. Mr. Taylor conjectures, from the style, that it belongs to the ‘ Werther period,’ and therefore that it was written at least before 1790. Duntzer, however, says that Riemer, Goethe’s secretary, declared that he

(Goethe) dictated the whole without a pause to him *one morning; immediately after composing it*; and as Riemer did not live with Goethe till 1803, it could not have been written before—perhaps, indeed, not until 1806, when Goethe was preparing a new edition of his works for the press. It is possible nevertheless that Riemer may have been mistaken in thinking that Goethe had composed the scene just before dictating it, and if so it may, after all, belong to the 'Werther' period, or to some time before 1790.

NOTE 347, PAGE 303.

She is not the first. In the Widman version Mephistophiles offers the same consolation to Faust in the prospect of hell-torments: 'Also thou art not the first—think of the heathen Turks,' &c. (Scheible, *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 725.)

NOTE 348, PAGE 303.

Change him, O thou infinite Spirit! That is, the Earth-Spirit, who, along with Nature for his realm, had given Mephistopheles 'for a companion' (see pp. 242-3) to Faust.

NOTE 349, PAGE 304.

Shape of hound, &c. This, of course, refers to Mephistopheles' first appearance in the shape of the black poodle. Mr. Hayward says of his 'rolling before the feet,' &c.: 'This alludes to a prevalent superstition that evil spirits will sometimes place themselves in the path of a foot passenger, in the shape of a dog or other animal, with the view of tripping him up and springing upon him when down. Thus Caliban, in allusion to the spirits set upon him by Prospero:

'Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way.'

Tempest, act ii. sc. 2.

NOTE 350, PAGE 306.

The jailor's senses I will becloud. In the Widman version of the legend, Faust, in a similar way, releases one of the young counts, whom he had carried on his mantle to assist at the King of Bavaria's son's wedding, but who had unfortunately been left behind and imprisoned. See Scheible, *Kloster*, b. ii. s. 485.

NOTE 351, PAGE 306.

Faust, Mephistopheles, galloping across on black horses. In Widman's version, too, Faustus rides on a magic horse from Prague to Erfurt. He also procures a similar steed for a certain young Count Palatine, on which the latter rode from Wittenberg to meet the King of France at Heidelberg. (Scheible, *Kloster*, ii. 512, 625.)

NOTE 352, PAGE 306.

The raven-stone. A place of execution, so called from the ravens which haunted it.

NOTE 353, PAGE 307.

A dungeon. This scene was composed very early in the history of the *Faust*, perhaps in 1775, although somewhat altered and added to afterwards. (Duntzer, ss. 75 and 390.)

NOTE 354, PAGE 307.

*Forward! thy fear
Lingers in vain the coming-on of death.*

Compare Shakespeare's frequent use of to 'linger' in a transitive sense = to prolong, e.g. in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act i. sc. 1:

* *Theseus.*

How slow

This old moon wanes! she *lingers* my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue.'

And *Richard II.* act ii. sc. 2, in a passage bearing some resemblance to the present:

* *Bachy.* Despair not, madam.

Queen.

Who shall hinder me?

I will despair and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a *keeper back of death*,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope *lingers* in extremity.'

And *Troil. and Cress.* act v. sc. 10:

* *Tro.* I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And *linger* not our sure destructions on!

NOTE 355, PAGE 307.

My mother, the whore, &c. This song is founded on a popular German story which is given in the *Kinder- und Haus-Märchen* of the brothers Grimm under the title of '*Van den Machandel-Boom,*' or '*The Juniper Tree*' in the English selection from that work, entitled *German Popular Stories*. The wife of a rich man, whilst standing under a juniper-tree, wishes for a little child as white as snow and as red as blood, and on another occasion expresses a wish to be buried under the juniper when dead. Soon after a little boy as white as snow and as red as blood is born; the mother dies of joy at beholding it, and is buried according to her wish. The husband marries again and has a daughter. The second wife, becoming jealous of the boy, murders him and serves him up at table for the unconscious father to eat. The father finishes the whole dish, and throws the bones under the table. The little girl, who is made the innocent assistant in her mother's villany, picks them up, ties them in a silk handkerchief, and buries them under the juniper-tree. The tree begins to move its branches mysteriously, and then a kind of cloud rises from it, a fire appears in the cloud, and out of the fire comes a beautiful bird, which flies about singing the following song:

'Min Moder de mi slacht't,
 Min Vader de mi att,
 Min Swester de Marleenken
 Socht alle mine Beeniken,
 Un bindt sie in een syden Dook,
 Legts unner den Machandelboom;
 Kywitt! Kywitt! ach watt en schon Vagel bin ich!'

The literal translation would be:

'My mother who slew me,
 My father who ate me,
 My sister Mary Anne
 Gathers all my bones
 And binds them up in a silk handkerchief.
 Lays them under the juniper tree;
 Kywitt! Kywitt! ah what a beautiful bird am I!'

Hayward's *Trans.* p. 210.

NOTE 356, PAGE 309.

An ancient fable hath its ending so. That is the story of 'The Juniper Tree,' which ends with the verse above quoted. Gretchen in her madness, unconscious as yet of having murdered her child, wonders why the people should apply the song to her.

NOTE 357, PAGE 315.

We shall behold each other once again. Compare *The Sorrows of Werther*, Goethe's *Novels*, &c. Bohn's ed. p. 293: "'We shall live again, Werther!'" she (Charlotte) continued, with a firm but feeling voice: "but shall we know one another again?—What do you think? what do you say?"

"'Charlotte!'" I said, as I took her hand in mine and my eyes filled with tears, "we shall see each other again—here, and hereafter we shall meet again."

NOTE 358, PAGE 317.

*Ye angels, heavenly hosts,
Encamp around me to defend!*

Compare Ps. xxxiv. 7: 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.'

And *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4:

Hamlet.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards.'

This is another of the frequent echoes of Shakespeare which were noticed above (Note 264). Others are to be found in the following:

Faust. Into the free air!

Margaret. Is the grave there?' (p. 313):

and *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2 (Clarendon Press ed.):

Polonius. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Hamlet. Into my grave.

Polonius. Indeed, that's out o' the air.'

Also in Margaret's speech (p. 316) :

'Dumb lies the world as the grave ;'

and *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2 :

'*Ham.* O, I die, Horatio ; . . . The rest is silence.'

NOTE 359, PAGE 317.

She's doom'd. Düntzer laments the want of stage directions here, and tries to supply them. Margaret's last prayer, he says, is supposed to be uttered on her knees ; then, at the words, 'O Henry ! I shudder for thee,' she turns away from him, and runs back into the recesses of the prison, whence her voice is heard at last calling 'Henry ! Henry !' Hayward, on the other hand, mentions as 'the more poetical interpretation' that 'Margaret dies'—'that the judgment of Heaven is pronounced upon her as her spirit parts ; that Mephistopheles announces it in his usual sardonic and deceitful style ; that the *voice from above* makes known its real purport ; and that the *voice from within, dying away*, is Margaret's spirit calling to her lover on its way to heaven, whilst her body lies dead upon the stage.'

M. de Schlegel, however, certainly the highest living authority on such matters, says : '*Sic ist gerichtet* se rapporte à la sentence de mort prononcée par le juge ; les mots suivants, *Sic ist gerichtet*, au salut de son âme.'

This, which agrees substantially with Düntzer's view, seems to me the true interpretation, and it is in accordance with the prophecy by the apparition of Margaret on Walpurgis-Night, with the red line round her neck 'no broader than the back of a sharp knife,' which, if she did not undergo the sentence, would be unfulfilled. There is no need, however, to suppose that she 'runs away into the recesses of the prison ;' she simply shrinks from Faust after commending herself to Heaven, and her voice is heard dying away as he and Mephistopheles vanish outside.

Compare the end of the *Puppenspiel* :

'(The clock strikes eleven.)

Hollow Voice from above.

Fauste ! Fauste ! judicatus es !

Again :

'(The clock strikes midnight.)

Hollow Voice from above.

Fauste ! Fauste ! in æternum damnatus es.'

Simrock's *Puppenspiel*, ss. 201-3.

NOTE 360, PAGE 317.

Hitte to me! That is, for Faust to complete his career by seeing the great world of courts and states (see Note 178), and to decide the wager (p. 155), which he does in the Second Part.

The 'Prologue in Heaven' shows that it was Goethe's intention to give Faust at last. As the Lord there says to Mephistopheles :

'But stand ashamed when thou acknowledge must :
A good man, even in his darkest day,
I ever conscious of the better way.'



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